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ANNEX

THE

WILLIAMS QUARTERLY.

VOLUME IV.

Editors.

SAMUEL B. ELMORE,
EDWARD S. ISHAM.

WILLIAM TATLOCK.

DAVID S. JOHNSON,
HOMER B. STEVENS.

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DR. LENOX
FOUNDATION

Dec 27. 1856

THE

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Williams Quarterly.

AUGUST, 1856.

WILLIAMSTOWN:
PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE

SAMUEL BOWLES & COMPANY, PRINTERS.

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The Williams Quarterly.

Vol. IV. WILLIAMSTOWN, AUGUST, 1856. No. I.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1857.

SAMUEL E. ELMORE, | DAVID S. JOHNSON,
EDWARD S. ISHAM, | HOMER B. STEVENS,
WILLIAM TATLOCK.

ECHOES.

The superstitious Greek, as he wandered over the crags or through the valleys of his native country, and at some favorable spot, heard the sound of his own footsteps thrown back from the rocks or the mountain-sides, was accustomed to halt, and with profound awe to listen, or to think he listened, to the voice of a veritable Divinity. He had learned from the wandering bards that these solitary places were the abodes of a divine Goddess who discoursed thus to mortals, and so he devoutly uttered an audible prayer, and received again, with satisfaction, the faint, though approving answer from the lips of Echo.

With such a reverence did the old thinker, as he roamed through the unexplored wildernesses of mind, and caught the faint reply of his own voice at every advance, listen and bow to a spirit misunderstood, yet imagined to be the acquiescence of a superior Deity. And so it was, but that Deity resided in himself.

Although the rays of philosophy have pierced through mythology, absorbing those dimmer lights of partial reason and imagination, still the essential element is not destroyed—it is only eclipsed, and therefore forgotten. It still exists, and has expanded, with the increase of mankind, over all human nature. Venus Aphrodite was once worshipped, as one of the highest deities, but as evil has come to be recognized, and through the luxuries and vices of men, to be classified, that very term which was to the heathen the representation at once of love and reverence, is now used to express the most loathsome crime. The spirit, although it is a

fallen spirit, retains its identity, for as there were then worshipers of Venus, so now there are devotees to lust. The same is applicable to the Oread; she was once an awe-inspiring Goddess; now, in the social world, she is degraded by legions of worthless beings who pervert the significancy of her name and character. Her spirit now appears in forms of flesh and blood which glory in imaging other men's thoughts or acts or characters.

The voices of those first poets, who revelled in new fields of imagination, no longer resound distinctly through the world, nor return upon themselves impeded; for now, each syllable, striking on the adamantine brain of some protruding object, sends forth myriads of confused and empty echoes.

The old moralists, when they gave to the world lessons of wisdom and virtue, thought they were benefiting it, and marking out for humanity a sure and speedy road to the millenium. But those very truths, encountering the obtuse mind of the imitator, are thrown into a thousand fragments, which come to the people jumbled and incomprehensible. Here is a sufficient argument for the slow progress of morality and religion. Although truth in the abstract lives forever unimpaired, yet it is evident that the tawdry and unbecoming apparel, in which it is and has been the fashion to clothe it, is very apt to make it repulsive, or to conceal it entirely.

The critics and essayists too, who held over the literature of olden time an iron rod, and labored assiduously that the channels, through which the rising stream was to flow, should be free from obstructions, ended their labors with the conviction that their own examples of style and manner of criticism were the foundations of effectual barriers to impurity and corruption. But there were opposing obstacles a little way from them also, and the next age listened to the tumult of distorted language. The pigmy imitators of these, introduced what they called "a more delicate mode of expression"—true, it was delicate—enervated; for where is the voice, ever so strong, that can impress itself upon a diminutive object with sufficient force to elicit any adequate sound? Through such media, the ideas and language of the best English essayists were conveyed to the masses, and in their transmission became but the mangled images of the originals.

The rapid rate at which these weak-minded authors are now being pushed up to the literary atmosphere, augurs a yet darker prospect for purity of style and a rough field for true criticism.

Another class of Echoes are those who endeavor to elevate themselves to a certain pattern of character—more commonly, to that of men eminent for greatness or goodness. These find many helps either in others who are on the same track, but who imagine themselves successful in their efforts, or in each other. They are constantly mimicking their models, and holding them up for others to mimic.

I would not deprecate that spirit of reverence—would it were more prevalent—which attaches a dear and sacred memory to the deeds and characters of men who "wore in death immortal wreaths;" but when biographers and pseudo-orators mingle in indiscriminate medley, the carnage of battles, the "Father of his Country," the babble of Congress, the preservers of the Union, black-headed Negroes, black Republicans, &c., &c., and through all, the American Eagle tangled in clouds and agonizing to reach the third heavens,—then, reverence and decency, become synonyms for sacrilege and disgrace. What evil cannot be calculated on from such influences? The public prints catch the strains and send them echoing through the country—men of all classes speak to one another in the same incoherent terms: add to this the energetic appeals to the rising generation to study the character and imitate the examples of their forefathers, and you have a perfect chaos from which nothing can be formed but ungainly images of men.

Undoubtedly, of the good and evil characteristics of great men held up to view, the evil are in most cases copied, since aspiring blockheads are ever disposed to think that the chief necessity of a great intellect is a deal of extreme dissipation, and extensive experience in polite rowdyism. The useful arts are impeded in their developments by another class of imitators. No invention appears without its accompanying number of echoes. The most trifling as well as the important mechanisms are immediately lost among a host of counterfeits and shams. A few pages of the Patent Office report will furnish a proof of this most ridiculous furor for invention. Look at the pill list—there are names by the hundred pledged to kill or cure (more especially the former) a whole race. After the mutual toil of mind and body for perhaps a life-time, the originator of some useful machine, presents himself as the petitioner for the right of construction. It is granted: yet no sooner has it performed its first successful operation, than one of these gaping imitators can discover a place where some screw or bolt may be inserted, and speedily a model, minus two or three important items, is presented for a patent.

The age of invention is being followed by an age of shams: enthusiasm is becoming suffocated by the vapors of imitation.

Such is the world to-day as seen from a few principal stand-points. It would seem that inherent pride would lead these creatures to despise servile mimicry, or that a laudable curiosity would prompt them to seek original paths however humble. It is not to the ignorant masses that this shame fastens—it is to those who, while they pretend to be uttering their own words or doing their own deeds, are perverting the designs of good men and belieing the characters of the great.

A most successful ground for the experiment and practice of Echoes is in the enclosures of a college. In so small a space, there could not, perhaps, be found a greater or a more perfect illustration of these phenomena. It was said by an English writer that among those in the Universities, "there are many who, instead of endeavoring by books and meditation to form their own opinions, content themselves with the secondary knowledge which a convenient bench in a coffee-house can supply, and, without any examination or distinction, adopt the criticisms and remarks which happen to drop from those who have risen by merit to reputation and authority. These humble retailers, called by a correspondent, Echoes, should be made ashamed of lazy submission and animated to attempts after new discoveries, and original sentiments." But this description is too limited for us. We are not content to rest our opinions on those of the wise—we cannot be satisfied with adopting merely, the sentiments of distinguished men, but there appears to be an absorbing desire to remould and reiterate. A comparison with the world outside shows that the same classes—more expert and therefore finer examples—exist here as there. An author becomes popular, and his works are sought and hastily skimmed. A week is given to preparation, and Echo No. 1 breaks out on the chapel stage in most extravagant ideas clothed in equally extravagant words. It is a source of satisfaction, if many of the sentiments of the original author cannot be discovered, with just enough of the sensible and beautiful expunged to make them disconnected and disfigured. Socrates, Addison and the Bible are mangled with the same degree of recklessness, and the truth so choked out of them that it is difficult to discover whether there be anything but falsehood—at least, when the Echoes are taken into consideration. So, by No. 2, Washington and Webster, and all the statesmen are mutilated; and it sometimes seems as if we were listening to the tones of reproach and irony from the indignant ghosts of their speeches, rather than to primitively grand ideas and

eloquent words of statesmen and orators. We repeat it—it is not the imitation, so much as the empty pretension, we despise. No. 3 endeavors to assume a dignity and other traits of character which ill become him. He has set up, in his heart, an image of his fellow man to worship; has divested himself of his own individuality, as if it were an old jacket, for the purpose of getting the pattern of another man's, because he was great. The only apparent reason for such actions is the lack of brains to discover that such an attempt is not only absurd but impossible. True, there are characters it is well to strive to emulate, and qualities to be desired—not because they adorn another mind or heart—but because they are in themselves ornaments to any man, preserving to him his own independence and individuality.

SCHEDULES.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The communication on "Schedules" in the last number of the Quarterly, reminded me of a curious collection of similar venerable documents which I had, lying, not in a dusty garret, but on the tidy shelves of a mahogany book-case. Taking up my carefully tied bundles, I looked them over again, and observed several interesting circumstances connected with the public exhibitions of our Alma Mater. Some facts I will present to you and your readers, premising that these afore-mentioned schedules furnish all the data I have on the subject.

I observe, in the first place, that College Honors, as they exist at present, were not awarded until 1805, since which time the present system has been in operation, although none of the honors, as they are now named, have been continued annually without interruption. As no list of the honor-men of the College, so far as I know, has ever been

published, and as such a list would be exceedingly interesting and su
tive, I send you one for publication in your Quarterly:—

	VALEDICTORIANS.	SALUTATORIANS.
1805.		Israel Williams,
1806.	Theodore North,	Elizur Goodrich,
1807.	Abel Cutler,	John Bascom,
1808.	Gordon Hall,	Joseph Boies,
1809.		Josiah Clarke,
1810.	Justin Edwards,	Lorrin C. Hatch,
1811.	Cyrus Yale,	Herman Halsey,
1812.	John Woods,	Chris. A. Paige,
1813.	Reynolds Bascom,	
1814.	Orville Dewey,	Caleb Rice,
1815.	Ebaphras Clark,	Franklin Sherrill,
1816.	Stephen Taylor,	F. Stebbins Gaylord,
1817.	Henry W. Bishop,	Emory Washburn,
1818.	William N. Porter,	John Whiton,
1819.	William A. Hallock,	John C. Brigham,
1820.	Charles Baker,	Alvan Wheeler,
1821.	Emerson Davis,	Lucius Field,
1822.	Jonathan E. Woodbridge,	Joseph Hyde,
1823.	Thomas P. Allen,	Elisha H. Allen,
1824.	Mark Hopkins,	Henry Davis,
1825.	Norman S. Sprague,	David A. Noble,
1826.	John Morgan,	Levi F. Claflin,
1827.	Nathan Brown,	James Ballard,
1828.	Edward Lasell,	Joseph L. Partridge,
1829.	William Hicks,	*George A. Williams,
1830.	David N. Sheldon,	Benjamin R. Sheldon,
1831.	G. A. H. Corning,	George Hale,
1832.	N. E. Spencer,	J. E. Field,
1833.	Samuel Buel,	Jonas Denton,
1834.	John Hall,	Azariah S. Clark,
1835.	Chas. A. Williams,	J. Homer Ellis,
1836.	John Tatlock,	Walter Wright,
1837.	Stephen J. Field,	J. H. Ferris,
1838.	John Wells,	Thomas A. Hall,
1839.	George Kerr,	N. Lasell,
1840.	Chas. Hawley,	Chas. Worthington,
1841.	Saml. G. Wheeler,	Timothy Childs,
1842.	Addison Ballard,	L. Fairbank,
1843.	H. B. Hosford,	A. H. Laflin,
1844.	Theron H. Hawkes,	Chas. S. Spencer,

* In consequence of the death of Williams, the Salutatory Oration was delive
Simeon Howard Calhoun.

1845. William D. Whiting,
1846. J. McClellan,
1847. J. L. T. Phillips,
1848. Paul A. Chadbourne,
1849. E. G. Beckwith,
1850. T. F. Van Vechten,
1851. George Moore,
1852. C. Mc E. Hyde,
1853. J. Clement French,
1854. J. Rockwell,
1855. Chas. Marsh,
1856. Chas. S. Halsey.

PHILOSOPHICAL ORATIONS.

1816. Jonas King,
1817. Medad Pomeroy,
1818. George W. Benedict,
1819. Wm. Richards,
1820. Judah Ely,
1822. Chas. A. Lee,
1823. Royal L. Porter,
1824. William Hervey,
1825. Lyman Thompson,
1826. Albert Hopkins,
1827. Jos. Anderson,
1828. Fordyce M. Hubbard,
1829. Sardis B. Morley,
1830. Eli T. Mack,
1831. Caleb P. Seymour,
1832. Thomas Dutton,
1833. Martin I. Townsend,
1834. Wells Colton,
1835. George Sheldon,
1836. Bushnell White,
1837. Israel W. Andrews,
1838. Rowland S. Howes,
1839. A. S. Anderson,
1840. John A. Walker
1841. Melzer Montague,
1842. Wm. H. Edwards,
1843. Seth S. Mellen,
1844. C. H. Demond,
1845. Chas. A. Davison,
1846. A. S. Kellogg,
1847. C. B. Sheldon,
1848. D. E. Safford,
1849. John Bascom,
S. McClellan,
Chas. S. Sylvester,
S. B. Sheldon,
Theodore Strong,
N. H. Rosseter,
William Stark,
Chas. A. Dewey, Jr.,
Edward W. French,
W. Cheney,
James L. Rice,
E. L. Lincoln,
John Lamberton.

GREEK ORATIONS.

1816. J. Burt Goddard,
1817. William Eastman,
1818. Royal W. Smith,
1819. Gerard Hallock,
1820. Elijah Thayer,
1822. Parsons Cooke,
1823. Ebenezer Niles,
1824. Chas. G. Judd,
1825. A. Caulkins,
1826. William C. White,
1827. James M. Arnell,
1828. H. R. Hoisington,
1829. S. Irenæus Prime.

FIRST ENGLISH ORATION.

1830. W. Woodworth,
1831. Wm. Stuart,
1832. Geo. C. Gibbs,
1833. Willis Lord,
1834. E. W. B. Canning.
1835. S. C. Wilcox,
1836. Joseph White,
1837. Saml. G. Jones,
1838. John Isham,
1839. J. Vanderpoel,
1840. J. W. Brown,
1841. R. M. Wright,
1842. Geo. P. Briggs,
1843. Abm. Gosman,
1844. J. H. Budd,
1845. Stephen C. Strong,
1846. John Allen.

MATHEMATICAL ORATIONS.

1847. S. P. Ely,

1850. Dudley Field,
1851. Chas. Newman,
1852. H. M. Hazeltine,
1853. James A. Clark,
1854. H. R. Murdock,
1855. James Orton,
1856.

CLASSICAL ORATIONS.

1847. Isaac N. Lincoln,
1848. James D. Clarke,
1849. M. B. Whitney,
1851. James White,
1852. J. W. Dickinson,
1853. H. A. Smith,
1854. C. S. Horton,
1855. S. F. Woodin.

NATURAL HISTORY ORATIONS.

1847. F. J. Bumstead,
1850. W. R. Tompkinson,
1851. William Goodell.

HISTORICAL ORATIONS.

1847. Thomas M. North,
1848. C. S. Dunning,
1849. J. G. Ogden,
1851. L. Bronk, Jr.,
1854. J. M. Anderson,

ASTRONOMICAL ORATIONS.

1854. E. P. Hudson,
1856. L. Wilson.

1848. S. T. Field,
1849. F. A. Boies,
1850. J. B. Taylor,
1852. H. J. Hunt,
1854. T. M. Wheeler,
1855. C. M. Dodd,
1856. John Tatlock, Jr.

MISSIONARY ORATIONS.

1852. Stephen C. Pixley,
1853. F. N. Peloubet,
1854. Judson Aspinwall.

ETHICAL ORATIONS.

1850. Wm. E. Merriman,
1851. George E. Clark,
1852. C. H. Holmes,
1854. James R. Dewey,
1855. S. B. Forbes.

METEOROLOGICAL ORATION.

1852. Charles M. Freeman.

GEOLOGICAL ORATIONS.

1853. S. D. Barr,
1854. George L. Ames.

ÆSTHETICAL ORATION.

1854. Robert Jackson.

METAPHYSICAL ORATIONS.

1852. Arthur L. Perry,
1854. G. W. Northrop,
1855. W. W. Adams,
1856. J. A. Garfield.

The year 1819, so far as my schedules show, witnessed the institution of the Adelphic Union Exhibition, and the Junior Exhibition, which still continue to be held. A Senior Exhibition also appears to have taken place at the end of the first or Fall term. This has, however, been for several years discontinued. The first Prize Rhetorical Exhibition appears to have been held in 1829. The first mock-schedule of the Junior Exhibition, was issued in 1851. It is therefore no time-honored custom, but one "more honored in the breach than the observance."

And now, Messrs. Editors, you have a goodly array of names, many of which are "not unknown to fame." They do not comprise all that old Williams may be proud to point out on her Triennial Catalogue, but I think they will satisfactorily disprove the assertion often so sweepingly and unthinkingly made, that success in College gives no promise of success in life.

ANTIQUARIUS.

THE FIRST DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.*

No sooner does a useful invention become well-known, than a hundred conjectures and doubts are raised in regard to its novelty, and it would seem as though Solomon's sweeping assertion, that there is "nothing new under the sun," were literally true. Faust's renown as the primitive discoverer of printing, has been considerably shaken of late by the more intimate acquaintance which we have gained with Chinese arts, disclosing as they do, a knowledge of printing much anterior to Faust's time; and extensive research among the buried cities of the East, is continually bringing to light arts and sciences, which we had hitherto confidently asserted to be of modern invention. This is also true of discovery. An obscure Italian sets sail, in spite of the jeers of the incredulous learned, in search of a continent; he discovers it, and immediately his claim to the honor of being the original discoverer is disputed. In his own time Columbus heard the cavils of jealous enemies, but the candid investigation of a later age has proved those objections to rest on very insecure foundation. But we have been within a very few years called upon to examine the truth of a more important claim to the original discovery of America, which has been brought forward by the Scandinavians. Our acquaintance with the literature of the North has hitherto been much confined, but through the careful research of Norwegian and Danish scholars, we have lately become possessed of facts that afford at least plausible grounds to suppose that this continent was known to the Northmen in the Eleventh century. Without now stopping to examine the authenticity of the documents which give us this information, let us consider the facts presented to us and apply the proper tests.

In 1714, attention was directed by Cotton Mather to an inscription upon a rock near the mouth of Taunton River in Massachusetts, but the

* The writer has obtained his information on this subject, principally from the following works:—Antiquitates Americanæ; Henderson's Iceland; Wheaton's History of the Northmen; Mallet's Northern Antiquites; Forster's Voyages and the Analectic Magazine for October, 1820.

subject was soon dismissed without any definite conclusions in regard to its origin being arrived at. All agreed, however, that it was not the work of the Indians, but of some civilized people who had formerly resided there. But the first notice which I find in later years of the traditions of Scandinavians, is in Mallet's "Northern Antiquities," Paris, 1755. In this book the author gives an abstract of the information concerning the Discovery of Vinland by the Northmen, contained in the old annals of Norway and Iceland. The fullest account, however, is to be found in the "Antiquitates Americanæ," Hafniae, 1837. In this work, the editors have collected the principal evidence to be found in favor of this discovery. All this evidence is drawn from full and minute historic records, which have been preserved in Norway and Iceland, and from the inscriptions which have been discovered on a few rocks on the coast of New England.

In order to trace the progress of the discovery, we must go back to the colonization of Iceland. This island was discovered in 861 by Naddod, a Norwegian, who called it Snoeland, or the land of snow. Finding no traces of civilization, he returned to Norway with an account of his discovery. A second visit was made three years later by Gardar, who sailed round it, discovered it to be an island and gave it the name of Gardarsholm, or the Island of Gardar. In 865, the island was again visited by the pirate Floki. He spent the winter there with his companions, but meeting with losses, returned home, after having given it the dreary name which it has ever since held. The account which his companions gave was far different from his. They described it as a most delightful country, and one of them "could not conceive how he could convey a more adequate idea of its richness and fertility, than by saying that 'milk dropped from every plant and butter from every twig!'" In 870, two Norwegians, Ingolf and Hjörleif, obliged to flee their native country to escape the vengeance of enemies, landed in Iceland and established a permanent colony there. The population of the island was greatly increased by the tyranny which Harold, King of Norway, exercised over his subjects. Great numbers of them flocked to Iceland, and settled down as tillers of the soil. In 928, the inhabitants formed themselves into a regular republic, and the laws were administered with great equity and justice.

The discovery of Greenland was made about 982, by Eric the Red, who was the son of Thorwald—a Norwegian noble, banished from his country for having slain a person in duel. Coming to Iceland, Eric,

after the death of his father, committed the same crime, and was obliged to leave the country. Being also under sentence of banishment from Norway, he was in great perplexity whither to flee. Necessity determined him to attempt the discovery of a coast to the north-west of Iceland, which had before been descried by some fishermen The distance was not great and his search proved successful. Landing upon a little island, he there spent the winter, and in the spring crossed over to the main land, and finding it covered with beautiful verdure, he gave it the name of Greenland. Returning to Iceland after a few years, he induced many to go to the new land, where colonies sprang up, and flourishing settlements were made. The population rapidly increased; castles were built and churches founded, the remains of which are still to be seen. Having so far traced the progress of discovery, which the active and restless Norwegians were constantly making, let us follow them still further and mark their steps as they turn toward the western world.

There was formerly, say the ancient chronicles, a man named Herjolf, descended from Ingolf, one of the first settlers in Iceland. This man was accustomed to make voyages with his son Biarne. In one of these voyages their vessels became separated, and Herjolf went to Norway and afterwards to Greenland. Biarne coming to Norway, learned of his father's departure for Greenland, and immediately set out for that country, though it was then but little known and he had no one on board who could guide him to it. He steered by observation of the stars and by what he had heard of the situation of the country. During the first three days, he bore toward the west, but the wind varying to the north and blowing strong, he was forced to run to the southward. He was driven in that direction for several days, and when the wind and great darkness which had prevailed, ceased, he discovered land in the distance and made sail for it. The appearance of this land was that of a low flat country, overgrown with woods. Knowing that the coast of Greenland was covered with lofty snow-topped mountains, he stood off and sailed to the north-west, passing an island in the distance, and after seven days reached the southern-most point of Greenland, where Biarne found his father. There is, however, such a shade of uncertainty thrown over this narration, that it would be insufficient to support the claim of the Norwegians without the additional evidences of subsequent voyages.

Biarne, it is said, made a visit to Norway and related his adventures to Eric, a distinguished Jarl of the country, who reproached him for not having explored the new land to which he had been driven. Returning

to his father in Greenland, there was much noise made about this new country which Biarne was said to have discovered. The Norwegians, naturally a hardy people, were filled with eagerness to go thither, and Leif, son of Eric the Red, was excited to emulate the fame which his father had acquired from the discovery of Greenland. He purchased Biarne's ship and manned it with thirty-five men. After much entreaty, he persuaded his aged father, Eric, to take charge of the enterprise, but as they were going down to the vessel, which was all ready to sail, Eric's horse stumbled, and taking it as an ill omen, he refused to embark. Leif, therefore, set out without him, and weighed anchor with his companions, among whom was Tyrker, a German, who had long resided in his father's family. This was in the year 1000.

They first discovered land, which they supposed to have been seen by Biarne, the coast of which was flat and stony, and which they named Helluland or Rockland. Sailing farther south they came to another coast, also flat, covered with thick wood, and the shores of white sand gradually sloping toward the sea. This they named Markland or Woodland. Again embarking, they pushed their voyage to the south-west for two days and nights, when they came to a third land, the northern coast of which was sheltered by an island. Landing here, they found a country not mountainous, but undulating and woody, abounding in plants which produced a grain as sweet as honey. They did not continue here long, but took to their vessel, and sailing to the west, came to the mouth of a river, up which they were carried with the tide to a lake whence the river flowed. Here they pitched their tents, and found the river full of fine salmon, and the land fruitful and affording good pasturage. They determined to pass the winter here, and accordingly erected some huts, calling the place Leifsbooths.

One day, during their stay there, the German, Tyrker, was found to be missing, and as Leif valued his services highly, since he was acquainted with many arts, a number of the members of the expedition were sent out to search for him. When they at last found him, he gave way to the most extravagant bursts of joy and commenced speaking to them rapidly in his own tongue, which they did not understand. When he was induced to explain himself, he told them that he had discovered vines producing wild grapes, and joyfully pointed out the spot where he had procured them. The men gathering some bunches bore them to Leif, who at first doubted whether they were grapes; but the German, who had lived in the South, assured him that they were grapes, and accord-

ingly Leif gave to the country the name of Vinland, or the Land of Wine.

Leif returned to Greenland in the spring, but his brother Thorwald, not satisfied with the exploration just made, borrowed Leif's vessel, and with thirty men sailed for Vinland in the year 1002. He reached Leifsbooths and made use of the huts there constructed, and lived during the winter by fishing. In the ensuing spring, Thorwald sent a part of the company in the ship's boat to the westward, to examine the country. They found pleasant shores with thick forests, and sandy beaches. They were occupied during the whole summer in this survey, and in the autumn returned to their winter quarters. In the following spring, Thorwald set out with his men in the large ship on another excursion. They sailed eastward, and then northward to a remarkable headland, enclosing a bay, and opposite to another cape where their vessel was cast on shore in a storm. It was so much damaged that the whole summer was spent in repairing it, and the old keel, which was now useless, was set up in the sand; and either from this circumstance, or because of a fancied resemblance in the outline of the coast, they called the cape Kiljarnes or Keel-cape. Thence they sailed along the eastern coast of the land into the nearest bay, to a promontory, and which was everywhere overgrown with wood. Here they disembarked, and Thorwald exclaimed: "This is a goodly place; and here I should like well to fix my dwelling." When they were preparing to return to the vessel, they discovered three hillocks on the beach. Upon nearing them, they found them to be three leather boats, under each of which were three Skiellings or natives. They came to blows with them and took them all prisoners save one, who escaped in his canoe. They inhumanly slew their prisoners. Not long after this, however, a great number of natives came in their canoes and made an attack upon them. Defending themselves from the arrows by means of wooden balks on the ship side, they were none of them struck except Thorwald. The natives seeing that it was useless to stay there longer, discharged a great flight of arrows at the Northmen and then left. Thorwald, finding that his wound was fatal, called his companions about him and said: "I now advise you to prepare for your departure as soon as possible, but you shall bring me to the promontory where I thought it good to fix my dwelling; it may be that it was a prophetic word that fell from my mouth about my abiding there for a season; there shall ye bury me and plant a cross at my head and also at my feet, and call the place Krossanes (Crossness) in all time

coming." He died, and they carried out his wishes. Afterward they returned to Leifsbooth and spent the winter there, but in the spring of 1005, they went back to Greenland to render the account of their expedition to Leif.

Another attempt was made shortly after this by Thorstein, a brother of Thorwald, who with his wife, Gudrida, and twenty five companions, embarked for Vinland with the ostensible purpose of procuring the body of Thorwald. The attempt was unsuccessful. They were beaten about for some time, and finally reached the western coast of Greenland, where Thorstein and many of his companions died. His wife returned with the remainder of the crew, bringing with her the body of Thorstein. In the following summer there came to Greenland from Iceland, Thorfinn, a man of noble birth and great wealth. He there became enamoured of Gudrida, and with Leif's permission married her. The subject of the colonization of Vinland was much agitated at that time, and he determined to set out thither. He gathered about him a band of sixty followers, his wife, Gudrida, and five other women, and with these he set sail for Vinland, having on board agricultural implements, cattle and various preparations for founding a colony. After coasting along Greenland and stopping at different places, they stood out to sea and in due time reached Leifsbooths. Here they passed the winter, and in the spring sailed farther south and went on shore; here they were visited by great numbers of the natives, who were very desirous of trading with them, offering all manner of furs in return for cloth. They were very anxious to procure the swords and other weapons which the Northmen possessed, but Thorfinn forbade his followers to sell them on any account. One of them, however, stole a hatchet, and trying his skill upon one of his companions, slew him upon the spot; whereat, one who appeared to be of authority among them, indignantly hurled the offensive weapon into the sea. But the Northmen did not remain long at peace with the natives, and though Thorfinn abode there three years, he finally considered it unsafe to stay longer, and accordingly returned to Greenland with his vessels laden with skins and rasins. The chronicle relates, that after several voyages, Thorfinn ended his days in Iceland, where he built a splendid house and lived as one of the first lords in the country—that he had a son named Snorro, who was born in Vinland—that after his decease, his widow went on a pilgrimage to Rome, and having at her return devoted herself to religion, died in a monastery in Iceland near a church erected by her son. We dwell upon these minor circumstances, because they

seem to confirm the authenticity of the main account, by being facts, which, related so minutely, appear from other sources to have been well-known to the inhabitants of Iceland.

The principal voyage after this was undertaken by two brothers, Helge and Finnboge, who, coming from Iceland to Greenland, were induced by Freydisa, who had accompanied Thorfinn, to sail to Vinland and take her with them. But this shrewish woman, when they had reached Vinland, stirred up such a revolt among the servants, that it terminated in the massacre of the two brothers together with some thirty of his followers. She returned after this to Greenland, and though she endeavored to keep the cruel deed secret by bribing her followers, it became noised abroad and she lived and died in great disgrace.

This is the substance of the most certain knowledge which we have concerning the discovery of America by the Northmen. The Icelandic chronicles occasionally mention the colony after this, and there is reason to suppose, that there was a communication kept up for a long time between Vinland and the mother-country. One of these chronicles makes mention of a Saxon priest—John, who, having served a church in Iceland for four years, passed over to Vinland to convert his unbelieving countrymen; but his attempt was not probably successful, since we find that he was there killed. In the year 1121, Eric, bishop of Greenland, went over for the same purpose, but we never hear of him after this. Since that time, Vinland seems to have been lost sight of. That part of Greenland which embraced christianity was lost, and Iceland too fell from its former state; while internal feuds, and a dreadful pestilence which swept over the north of Europe, so weakened the kingdom of the Northmen, that they did not keep pace with the progress of other countries in Europe, and finally the remembrance of the discovery was in a measure obliterated. The colony in Vinland receiving no further assistance from home, was probably swallowed up in the tribes of Indians about the settlements; and in fact, French missionaries have discovered traces of the Norse tongue, as they believe, in the language of the Indians who reside about the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Other vestiges too remain, as we shall presently see, which seem to aid in establishing the laims of the Scandinavians to the first discovery of America.

In a magazine article, it would be impossible to note down all the accounts which the chronicles have transmitted to us, of the voyages made by the Scandinavians to Vinland; but any one who is interested in the subject, can find a more detailed narration in Mallet's "Northern An-

tiquites," Vol. I., Chap. 2; Wheaton's "History of the Northmen," and Forster's "Voyages and Discoveries in the North." To prove, however, that the Vinland of the Northmen is America, requires more lengthy arguments than can well be embraced in the limits of the present essay, and we will therefore defer the consideration of the proof of their identity to another number of the Quarterly.

(*To be Concluded.*)

IN THE FOREST.

We lie beneath the forest shade
  Whose sunny tremors dapple us;
She is a proud-eyed Grecian maid
  And I am Sardanapalus;
A king uncrowned whose sole allegiance
Resides in dusky forest regions.

How cool and liquid seems the sky;
  How blue and still the distance is!
White fleets of cloud at anchor lie
  And mute are all existences,
Save here and there a bird that launches
A shaft of song among the branches.

Within this alien realm of shade
  We keep a sylvan Passover;
We happy twain, a wayward maid,
  A careless, gay philosopher;
But unto me she seems a Venus
And Paphian grasses nod between us.

Her drooping eyelids half conceal
  A vague, uncertain mystery;
Her tender glances half reveal
  A sad, impassioned history;
A tale of hopes and fears unspoken
Of thoughts that die and leave no token.

"Oh braid a wreath of budding sprays
  And crown me queen," the maiden says;
"Queen of the shadowy woodland ways,
  And wandering winds, whose cadences,
Are unto thee that tale repeating
Which I must perish while secreting!"

I wove a wreath of leaves and buds
  And flowers with golden chalices,
And crowned her queen of summer woods
  And dreamy forest palaces;
Queen of that realm whose tender story
Makes life a splendor, death a glory.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EPICURUS.

ANCIENT poetry, like modern, was not solely imaginative. As it is said of the poet to-day, that he must be a natural metaphysician; so of the Grecian poet it was true that he must be a philosopher. The quick intuition which perceives the truth it cannot explain, and like the mind of woman knows by instinct what plodding reason hesitates to accept, which perceives the nice distinctions of the ideal and the real, and their mutual illustrations, and brings the pearls from the well of truth by the buoyant power of the imagination, is characteristic of the poet of all ages. It was to the poet as such: as an expounder of highest truths, which imagination alone can comprehend, that Grecian philosophy owed its birth. Whether native to the Grecian soil, or introduced by colonists from foreign lands, it certainly first appeared in the works of poets. As the savage knows the Deity only by the conceptions of a vivid imagination, so only the poet's fancy dared first to speculate on the laws of spheres and the systems of Gods. Perhaps to the influence of this poetry, may be ascribed much of the genial warmth which pervades the systems of philosophy, and makes them sought for by those who love to read of moral beauty as well as moral sublimity. For through all the dark webs of heathen speculation there gleams the golden thread of love,

binding men to their tenets then, as it binds christians now to the religion which Revelation has substantiated. Priests snatched the speculations from poets: for there is always much of religion in poetry: and the shrine of philosophy was transferred from the summit of Parnassus to the grottos of Delphi. Philosophy then ruled the world, and nations trembled before the obscure oracles of Apollo, as did Israel before the smoking Sinai. Tinged as it is with the conceptions of poets, and shrouded in the obscurity of superstitious mystery, it is no wonder that when philosophy became a profession, each mind found theories for itself, adapted to its own tastes, modified by its own character: that they differed even, from Pantheism to Atheism, from a laughing Democritus, to the tearful Heraclitus. And far from truth as they all may be in their theories, it will certainly be admitted that there is, in many of them, much excellent morality, and much pure enjoyment. Strange as it may sound, yet it seems true that of them all there is none, which in its ideas of conduct, and its immediate influence, approximates more closely to the tastes of the present day than the Epicurean school. Though abuse of its doctrines has seemed to render just, the calumny which oppresses it, it still bears a vein of richest ore, which needs but the cleansing power of Christian discrimination and the stamp of modern society to make it current coin. The physical doctrines of Epicurus are no less ridiculous than false. It seems impossible to conceive a more strange admixture on the one hand, of truths which modern science has scarcely yet verified, and on the other, of absurdities which a savage never believed. Denying both an overruling Providence and an irregular chance, he not even embraced the doctrine of blind fatality; but referred everything to a necessity dependent upon material laws. He believed that this necessity acted in the formation as well as government of matter: and by it accounted for all the various forms in which nature is developed. That indestructible atoms by the power of gravitation formed the earth, the sky, the stars, and the vegetables and animals—that these grew first by accident and afterwards by habit—that the eye was not made to see, nor the ear to hear, but that the seeing and the hearing were qualities accidentally discovered—that the mind and the soul were formed by atoms of matter, and were so governed—in short that there was no design in creation, was this strange theory, unworthy of philosophy. A theory at which the Christian and the Poet, who sees a God of love and wisdom in everything, shudders as at blasphemy. And yet even here we may find traces of truths which honor their discoverer. If he ignored a

Creator and a Governor, God, he believed that all things were governed by laws as regular and immutable as the Christian's creed. And in this, after all, he differs but slightly from us. We too believe all things are governed by laws immutable, but we see in all only an illustration of the principle that "Order is Heaven's first law." He looked upon order as the Heaven of power itself. We "look through nature, up to nature's God." He looked to nature as the primeval author. We see through the wondrous system of material things as we look through the firmament above us; only a connecting medium between Heaven and Earth. He looked at it all, as he looked at the sky, as enclosing this vast arena of Heaven and Earth commingled.. We see in man the noblest work of God. He saw in man the God of earth. We recognize the human heart as a broken harp string from the hand of God; to be here attuned by grateful love, for an angel's harp in Heaven. He thought it an angelic harp, fit for heavenly melody. When separated from his absurd theories of the origin of matter, his ideas of the laws which govern it were singularly correct. They imply no fundamental error, but are simply too limited—displaying what to us seems a surprising lack of research. And yet it can scarcely be wondered at, that a heathen should refuse to believe that of which only Christian faith can convince the mind enlightened by Revelation from God.

From the midst of this chaos of absurdities, there arose an idea of exquisite beauty—the Epicurean doctrine of the Gods. While they denied their office as Creators and Governors of the universe, they yet believed them as do we, to be eternal, infinitely good and supremely happy. Pure and holy beyond the conception of man, they deemed them, for this reason alone, deserving of his unbounded love. We can scarcely conceive an idea more worthy of an angel; nor one which were it practicable, would bring men nearer God. That men should love virtue for its own inherent purity and sweetness—should love the Gods for their wondrous excellence. Having no blessings to crave, no punishments to fear, having no selfish motives to induce praise or prayer, but loving them solely because they are so good.

We read how poets have cherished an ideal beauty till their death, and lavished upon it the love which human nature never could command. And Shelley has imagined for us his Alastor wanderings the wide world over, for the impersonation of loveliness and goodness. But surely it is an idea which lives but in the poet's brain. And happy must be the man who can believe it real. Worthy of enduring gratitude is the

philosophy which could implant in human hearts a love like this, free from every influence of selfish gratitude or fear. For if it be true, that

> "He's not a pious man whom fear constrains
> To acts of piety,"

it seems almost as true that piety, because of gratitude for favors received or hoped for, partakes of the selfish, the mercenary spirit which has a taint of earth.

The moral philosophy of Epicurus has met the severest censure, as well as the highest applause. He believed that pleasure was the whole of virtue, pain the whole of vice. Yet that pleasure was not always to be accepted because greater pain might follow—nor pain always avoided, but it should prevent the enjoyment of a greater pleasure. Thus he made prudence the guide of enjoyment. And prudence, exercised in the choice of pleasure and pain, of good and evil, is only virtue or vice. It is but prudence that the Christian uses, when he prefers eternal happiness to worldly pleasure; and if it be said that he is influenced by his graetful love to God, it certainly is true that his love is not so free from selfishness as that which the Epicurean strove to exercise.

The Epicurean's prudence supplied the place of the Christian's conscience. The vice prevented by the one for virtue's sake, was prohibited by the other for the shame and sorrow which might follow it. The analogy is still closer. The Epicurean believed that happiness was the end to strive for: that virtue was the means by which to attain it. The Christian believes that virtue is the end, while happiness will follow as a sure reward. In result they are the same—the attainment of happiness by the means of virtue. It was the misfortune of the Epicurean philosophy, that this leading principle was so stated as to admit of false constructions. For it were an easy matter to forget the virtue if the happiness were attained. And prudence was not always an unerring judge between lasting pleasure and momentary enjoyment. Not only was this a great misfortune, but it was a great fault. It gave men no high ideal to look to, no ennobling object for which to strive. Honor, generosity, self-sacrificing patriotism had no share in the motives of such a philosophy. All things were weighed by the calculating policy of a cautious speculator. The gladdening was seized with the avidity of a heartless pleasure-seeker. Yet the influence of this philosophy was far from being wholly evil. A man who has ever stood in the conflict of opinion when passion runs riot over judgment, and reason is forgotten, can easily understand

how an independent mind should seek in a medium course, relief from the disgust attendant equally upon both extremes. Such was the situation of Epicurus. And if he imbibed the faults both of Zeno and Aristippus, he united also many of their excellences. He changed the path of virtue from a rocky steep to a delightful garden; and a garden, which abounding in the beauty and music which made Eden the abode of happiness, yet was free from the sensual gratifications which corrupt good taste, as they destroy good morals. He represented virtue herself, as she appeared to Hercules, a figure indeed of grace and beauty and loveliness: but draped with the pure white robe which modesty of look and sobriety of demeanor alone could render appropriate. Like this same virtue, in promising to her votaries a better happiness, he did not at all disparage the untroubled enjoyment of meat and drink; the sweet tranquility of peaceful rest. And not the least prominent, as not the least beneficial of all, was the cordial love which characterized his disciples: friendship so great as reigns now but in private circles. Their intimacy was too close, their friendship too sincere to need the bond of distrustful oaths or require the tribute of formal thanks, when mutual kindnesses came thick as blessings from the Gods. It was their doctrine to cultivate manners as well as morals, to make gentlemen as well as citizens; to endow all their members with lively, cheerful dispositions, with urbane and captivating address; to cultivate politeness in its truest sense of "kindness, kindly expressed." Book-worms he did not encourage, declaring nothing was worthy of study that did not conduce to the happiness of life: thus making not ambition, but the love of learning, the sole incentive to study. And last of all was the crowning principle of unselfish love to God for his excellence. It was these doctrines which influenced the Epicurean for good. And how could men believe them to be gross, sensual, detestable. True, vice pays homage to virtue; but never was there a taste depraved by vulgar appetites, that free from selfishness, could love with religious fervor, a virtue like the fabled goodness of the Gods. And if men do become like the objects of their adoration, such devotion to such goodness could not but have been virtuous and good.

The influence of this philosophy upon its advocates *was* good. It was what the hearth-stone is to-day to the man of labor; wooing him to a tranquil enjoyment of his own tastes and his own opinions; the place where men acquired what we now need so much; that equability of temperament which makes one capable of real enjoyment. It was where

the heart was educated. And true it is—far more true, than this ambitious age admits,—that:

"The heart may give most useful lessons to the head."

The life of an Epicurean was what we conceive to be the life of a poet; all within. A man who with the imagination of a Shelley, the passion of a Byron, and yet the common-sense of a Shakspeare, sees beauty and love and joy in everything. And yet who, never having learned a Christian's faith, thinks of it all as poetry. Who can love a God, and even love all nature more, because he deems that

"Beauty was lent to nature, as the type
Of Heaven's unspeakable and holy joy;"

and yet shrinks from religion because he cannot bring so pure a thing in contact with the cold, base world. The Epicurean philosophy developed such sensitiveness of mind, such purity of taste. Wicked it may be; wrong it surely is. But who would not rather be the gentle novice of the convent, erring on the side of nature's loveliness, than the heartless matron who looks on all love, all joy, all music, as sin.

The Epicurean system of philosophy was eminently a system of moral beauty If it lacked the sublimity of character, which made the French philosopher almost wish Christianity were changed for Stoicism, it lacks too the sternness which made of man that doubtful thing, between a hero and a brute; it lacked the unfeeling harshness for which angelic harps never tuned. Tom Moore, in his Epicurean, beautifully displays the virtues of this system. He represents it as it is, almost a stepping-stone to Christianity. As the chief of the Epicurean sect wandered in his prosecution of such pleasure, through Egyptian Edens, his refinement of taste, his purity of heart increased from step to step, till in his life "pure love took the place of religon." And when at length, his fickle temperament found in the maid Alethe, the type of Christian innocence, it was but one step for the mind thus prepared to rise to Christianity. Divest Epicureanism of its physical errors, free it from all gross associations of the name, and it seems in that benighted age like the smile of a weak but lovely unbeliever, far preferable to the wanton laugh of the debauchee, or the haughty pride of a stoical Pharisee, and second but to the radiant gentleness which only Christianity can bestow. It seems as it was, the vain aspiring of an earnest but unenlightened heart, feeling that there is a purer, holier pleasure than mere experience, and yearning for a happiness which only Christians know, only angels feel.

NATURE'S VOICES.

"I am the mountain grand;
I speak with a voice sublime;
I came from my Maker's hand
Far back in the records of time.
I witnessed the bridal in Eden,
When God was the father and priest;
And I joined in the choir of creation,
As they sang, at the first marriage feast.
And yet, in my free might I stand,
As firm as when Eden was new;
And nought but that one mighty hand
That reared me, can ever subdue.
The rocks on my shoulders I bear,
The forests I wear as a crown;
On the valleys, all smiling and fair,
I look in my majesty down.
With clouds I envelope my form,
I hurl back the thunder's deep voice;
I mock at the wrath of the storm,
In the fierce howling tempest rejoice.
In my cavern's away from the light,
The cloud-given waters I hide;
And I well them up, sparkling and bright,
In the fountain, that leaps from my side."

"I am the fountain,
Child of the mountain.
I came from its caverns deep,
Where its treasures are hidden away;
With a struggle, a shout, and a leap,
I came up to the light of the day,
In the sunbeam I linger awhile,
With the shadows a moment I play,
And then, with a sparkle and smile,
In the rill I go dancing away."

"From the fountain I spring;
I dance, and I sing,
And I never a moment am still:
My spray-drops I fling
Like a wild, wayward thing—
I'm like the gay, merry mountain-rill.
In a sly nook I hide,
O'er the pebbles I glide,
And I glimmer, and murmur along;
With a gay laugh, I leap
From the rock, down the steep,
And the cliffs echo back my wild song.
Merry sisters have I,
And like children we vie
With each other, in frolicsome chase;
Then we shout, and we sing,
And our gay voices ring,
As we sink to each other's embrace.
On together we dash,
With a gleam and a flash,
And a cheery, glad greeting for all;
Till, checking our speed
On the green grassy mead,
In the lap of the valley we fall."

"I, like the green valley, my tribute would bring,
To the song that the children of Nature sing.
My voices are legion. They rise from the glade,
From the herds that recline in the cool forest shade;
From the harvests, the husbandman's noble delight,
From each thing of beauty that beams on the sight;
From the streamlets, through grove and field wandering free,
And the broad, rolling river, that runs to the sea."

"I lift up my voice; like the thunders I roar;
My foam-creasted billows I dash on the shore.
The huge, laden ship like a feather I toss;
From nation to nation I bear it across.
When the tempest is on me, I rage with delight,
I heave madly my billows, sublime in my might;
I welcome the sunlight, when the tempest is still,
And yield up my waters, the cloud-urns to fill."

"My home is on high,
On the wind-wings I fly.
The waters I bear
Through the regions of air,

From the ocean, the place of my birth,
To water the thirsty earth.
I speed on, through the darkness of night,
Till I welcome the rosy light:
I blush at the kisses of morn,
As the gates of the East I adorn;
I curtain the Day-god's bed,
With drapery golden and red.

I gather in blackness, I thunder in wrath,
And the earth is laid waste in the wild tempest's path;
I scatter in fragments, I robe me in white,
O'er the valleys I hover, like a spirit of light.
I come down to the earth, in the mild-dropping shower,
And steal—in to the heart of the fresh-opening flower."

"A humble song would I sing,
For I am only a flower;
A frail and defenceless thing,
My beauty and fragrance my dower.
I am found on the wild, craggy height,
I beautify valley and wood;
I *everywhere* gladden the sight
And soften the hearts of the good.
With the rich, and the poor, I abide,
I bloom on the graves of the dead;
In the glens of the forest I hide,
On the desert I lift up my head.
The bee comes, my waking to greet,
And revels in nectarine bliss;
The zephyr, on airy wing fleet,
Comes flitting, and snatches a kiss."

"Softly, from my viewless home,
I, the viewless zephyr, come.
Fragrance I bring from the gentle flower,
Coolness I snatch from the summer shower;
Laden with these, like treasures of love,
I come, like a messenger sent from above;
Through the trellis I steal, to the chamber of death,
To fan the pale cheek, and revive the faint breath.

I cool the hot, throbbing brow, fevered with care,
And stir the bright locks of the maiden at prayer.
A murmuring song in the tree-tops I breathe,
The cloudlet in garlands of beauty I wreathe.
To everything, coolness and fragrance I bring,
And I call all the voices of Nature to sing."

Zephyr, flower, cloud, and mountain,
Ocean, valley, rill, and fountain,
Though unconscious, ever raise
A song of freedom, and of praise;
And all Nature's countless throng
Join to swell the ceaseless song.

They sing of the wisdom and goodness, displayed
In the work of the Master, by whom they were made,
And they tell that in love, when He caused them to be,
He bade them to glorify Him, and be *free*—
Subject only to man, to whom they were given,
And man subject only to his Father in Heaven.

But alas! where, all fresh, as they came from God's hand,
They have robed in its glory this beautiful land,
Let them vail them in darkness, and weep not, but mourn!
For Freedom, fair Freedom from man has been torn!
Even now, in the broad, smiling fields of the West,
In vain she is seeking a place for her rest.

And shall she be driven away in disgrace,
And the blight, and the mildew, be left in her place?
Shall the reign of that Beast, by the lost spirits bred,
To the shore of the Peaceful Ocean be spread?
Shall the fruits of the lash e'er be borne on its wave,
And those mountains reëcho the cry of the slave?

Shall his tears be like rain on the wide prairie's soil,
And its rich waving harvests be dressed by his toil?
Shall those valleys resound with the slave mother's wail,
And the bay of the hound, on the fugitive's trail?
Sons and daughters of Freedom, oh! say, *shall it be?*
Shall the black pall of slavery be spread o'er the *free?*

God of Heaven, forbid! Save a suppliant land!
Turn its mourning to joy, by the might of thy hand!

APHORISMS representing a knowledge broken, do invite men to inquire farther; whereas carrying the show of a total, do secure men, as if they were at farthest.—*Bacon.*

WANDERINGS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

CONTINUED FROM NO. 3, VOL. III.

UP hill with heavy packs! We often complained of the river, but now after a short trial, we should have been glad to have its aid. While walking by its side, the canoe would carry our packs, but now we were compelled to make our way as best we could, along the deer path thickly lined with gnarled bushes. From the river, we ascended a steep hill-side some two hundred feet high, after which, the land extended for a great distance nearly level, with here and there a deep ravine. A line of hills stretched along the horizon apparently ten or twelve miles distant. These we hoped to reach before night. The vegetation was stunted by the frosts, and the ground covered with low bushes and vines. Dwarf fir and spruce formed in many places dense thickets, so interwoven that they were impassable, except where the deer in their semi-annual migrations had broken through them. Where they were wanting, lichens, cranberries, sedges and dwarf blueberry bushes alternated according to the soil. There were many little objects of interest noticed as we passed along. Now it would be an insect, now a bird—and now some curious forms or grouping of plants; but little occurred worth noting. Whiz from the low bushes went a bird! Another and another followed so quick that our guns were of no service. We had sprung a covey of Ptarmigan Grouse. In Winter they are wholly white, at that season, (September,) the wings milk white and the body the common color of the partridge tribe. No finer mark could be desired, and Jemmy succeeded in bringing down one that had loitered behind its mates. It was feathered to the toes and well protected for the cold Winters. They were now migrating from their breeding places among the hills, to the coast where they spend the Winters, and can then be taken in great numbers. Such excitement on a dreary march is a great relief. Coming

to a fine clump of dwarf firs on a high table land, we halted for dinner. The sun was shining bright—the breeze fresh and invigorating, and the scenery beautiful, save the barrenness which renders every place sad. While leisurely enjoying our fried pork and sea-bread, a pleasant sound as of some sweet singer broke upon the ear. And immediately after, a flock of golden plover flitted above us and lighting among the berries commenced a dinner more palatable than ours. They had scarcely lighted before three guns were ready for their destruction. But though in the wilds of Newfoundland, they seemed to understand that men were their enemies, and before we could reach them they flitted away again, giving forth their sweet music. After a long chase and creeping through bushes, Jemmy succeeded in bringing in one—a fine plump fellow, whose skin now often reminds me of that pleasant dinner hour and the sweet note of the golden plover among the highlands of Newfoundland. Our afternoon's path was a winding way. None but an Indian could attempt to follow it with any hope of success. Now across a wide marsh, now through tangled bushes, and again along the rocky bed of a small stream. About five o'clock we came to the top of the hills that in the morning had stretched along our horizon. Just as we reached the top, the quick eye of the Indian caught an object we had much desired as a curiosity and comfort—a fine Carriboo or Reindeer. He was walking leisurely among the low bushes some three hundred yards from us, cropping the asters and other coarse herbage. He was not fully grown, being but two years old, as the guides said. But he was a fine fellow, and young as he was, towered high above our ordinary deer, and would probably weigh nearly four hundred when dressed. We could hardly realize that such a fine animal could be wandering about there without an owner! We fancied his skin well stuffed gracing the Natural History room, and his steak well fried as making an agreeable change from rusty salt pork. The guides slipped stealthily around the hill, and the deer unconscious of danger moved on slowly towards them. When near enough, Jemmy fired and missed, but as the deer turned to bound away, he received Mic's charge in the side, and after two or three powerful leaps that fortunately brought him on to smooth ground, he fell dead. That was game worth looking at by one who had before considered it large business to bag grey squirrels and partridges. We bargained with the guides to take off the skin and carry it to Sandy Point, where it was taken by Mr. Orton on his return home, and after a long time it reached Williamstown, and now hangs up among the Natural History specimens. Mic shouldered the

skin in addition to his pack, and Jemmy cutting off the brisket and "round," took along some fifty or sixty pounds of the fresh venison, and left the remainder with many regrets to bears and hawks. The Indians believe that if they wantonly destroy the deer they shall be unlucky afterwards, and leaving more than three-fourths of a fine buck to be destroyed by the birds and beasts seemed very much like waste. The old tribes of Red Indians destroyed the game, especially the deer, for mere sport, but the Micmacs that now have taken their places are so careful that the deer are increasing. We shall become better acquainted with the island, now that the electric cable stretches from its shore to the main land, and our hunters will hardly neglect a place, where the hills abound with game and the streams with fish.

The day was far spent, and the clouds were gathering for rain, so that we were compelled to push rapidly on, to find in the valley below a tree-sheltered spot for our camp. We should have been glad to camp on the hills that we might have dry ground to sleep on once, but the cold night wind,—appearance of rain—and absence of wood and water forbade it. The best place we could find was damp and poorly sheltered; but protecting ourselves as well as possible, we supped heartily from venison steaks, and lay down to sleep. The guides replenished the fire, spitted the brisket that it might be roasted by morning, and were soon snoring in happy forgetfulness of the hardships of life. To Indians and reckless hunters such camping may have a charm, but for myself there was something dispiriting and gloomy in being thus surrounded by wilderness, with many hardships, not to say dangers, between me and home. The thoughts wander away, and when you compare the reality with the account which you must give, you feel willing that others may have the glory of exploring, if they are willing to endure the hardships.

Sleep is a great blessing, not only by bringing rest, but by throwing for a time at least the veil of forgetfulness over troubles. But it cannot shelter us from rain. In the night it began to pour. The sail was but little protection, and the scathed and stunted trees around us seemed of no service but to fill their matted boughs with water, and then to shake it upon our camp, as the gusts swept by. The fire replenished flickered and struggled awhile, but finally being beset with falling water above and running water beneath, it left us in darkness, and the rain drops soon ceased to hiss as they fell among the embers. Some nights like this have already been described. The rain, however, was colder than any that had fallen before, and from the sparseness of trees, we were more exposed

to its beatings. The morning found us cold and drenched, the rain still pouring, the wood too wet to burn, so that there was prospect of a cold, wet, cheerless and hungry day. The rain finally abated sufficiently for cooking breakfast. The fire was as desirable as the food. The day, how long and dreary! Jemmy told us Indian legends and hunting exploits. The guns were tried, notes filled out, pictures drawn of camp, and finally as a last resort we commenced or rather continued the study of the Indian language! The day and the night passed slowly away and brought us clear sky, so that we could renew our journey, although the ground was soaked with water and every bush that we brushed gave a miniature shower. But being already well soaked we were more comfortable walking than in camp.

Among the Indian legends was that of the first canoe, which Jemmy introduced by holding up the brisket bones from which he had knawed the meat. "The Indians formerly," said he, "used rafts instead of canoes. But the deer swam so much better than they could, that they modeled their boats from his breast. For the breast bone they placed a keel, and for the ribs, bent limbs of the Var, (Fir,) and over the whole stretched the skin of a deer." Their canoes are perfect in proportion to their approach in form to the lower half of this swift swimming animal. They build skin canoes at the present time, although upon the ocean they prefer the English built boat, on account of the heavy storms. But when they return from their hunting excursions in the country, and reach the rivers, they quickly frame a canoe, and shaving the hair from a deer-skin, cover it, so that they speedily manufacture a vessel that bears them and their burdens safely home. These skins then, thus prepared and stretched, are so clear that the bottom of the river can be plainly seen through them, if the Indians are to be credited. We saw no skin canoes and therefore cannot speak positively.

The wandering and camping from this place to the coast, were but a repetition of what had passed. Every scene is daguerreotyped in the mind and almost every word treasured up; and although the whole often unrolls from the archives of the memory like a dream, the account would be dull, for the pleasure was in things not transferable to paper. Here grew the wild flower, and there fresh berries to be gathered by birds and bears. Here gurgled a wild brook that went dashing down, down the deep cascade, and bursting into spray that pleasure-seekers never came to admire. Here in the valley, protected from frosts, rises the tall fir or stately spruce, draped with hoary waving lichens, while beneath, spread

out in all its Northern luxuriance, thick carpets of the yew, while thick upon roots and rugged rocks, covering fallen timber and pit-falls, spread the deep moss that almost covers Newfoundland. To one who has spent his life where land is owned and marked by bounds, where every well grown tree has been marked for the axe, there is something strange in thus wandering away into a wilderness, where men have never been, unless perhaps the hunter in his rapid marches, and more than that, where man will never come. In our Western wilds the whistle of the steam-car soon salutes the wanderer, so that in all our broad domain he could hardly hope to live a hermit unmolested. But here in these wilds, where frosts reign, there is no hope of inhabitants. The deer and bears are sure of their possession forever. A narrow belt of land along the shore, around good fishing stations, will be inhabited, but the back lands of Newfoundland will belong to Queen Victoria and her successor, unless some nation shall become powerful enough and foolish enough to wrest it from her. Moss and berries will always be its chief productions; black flies, musquitoes, bears, deer and ptarmigan grouse its chief inhabitants!

But the last camp in the woods is packed, and the guides, slow almost beyond endurance while preparing, are now making their way with rapid strides through the bushes, that grew denser as we came to the low lands near the coast. Speaking of bushes reminds me of our experience with "Tucking bushes," the night before our last camp in the woods. We had come upon ground where Jemmy had never been except in winter, when the bushes are covered in deep hard snows, so that places impassible in summer are smooth plains. We had followed the slight deer path for a mile or more, laboriously pulling aside the bushes, until they became a dense wall before us. On either side they stretched out like a green sea,—beautiful, because interwoven and flattened by the heavy snows, till they were smooth on top as a well-trimmed hedge. They were four or five feet high, and so interwoven that no written account can give a proper idea of it, because we have nothing with which to compare it. Jemmy was evidently chagrined, that he had led us into such a place, as it seemed to reflect on his character as a guide. Throwing off his heavy pack, he mounted the bushes and actually walked away upon their tops, only occasionally sinking between the yielding limbs. We were much in the situation of the fox in the fable, entangled in the weeds and so given up to the mercy of the gnats. The flies gave us plenty of exercise for hands and patience, till Jemmy's return, when we started once more—sometimes going *through* bushes and

sometimes *over* them, till we reached the woods, having cause to remember "Tucking bushes" the remainder of our lives.

Pushing on to the coast, whether we were hastening when these "Tucking bushes" came in our way, we soon heard the surf breaking among the rocks, and about half past ten on the second of September we stood on the shore.

ORAL DEBATE.

A DESIRE to investigate and sift all public questions grows naturally out of our Republican form of government. An increasingly popular method of gratifying this legitimate, and, when rightly controlled, noble and ennobling desire is Oral Debate.

We boast, and justly, of the freedom of the press and the freedom of speech as the palladia of our free institutions; but man's selfish nature too often makes the freedom of the press the *license* of passion, and with the lawful weapon of open controversy, secretly aims a life-thrust not at the principles, but the character of its antagonist.

But, without the supposition of badness of heart in the disputants, written discussion from its very nature labors under peculiar disadvantages. Often personally unacquainted, the adversaries, each in the retirement of his chamber canvasses his opponent's article; fixes upon its repugnant features; soliloquizes—"like parent, like child"—conceives himself the providentially appointed reprover of wickedness; and hastens to expose over a fictitious signature not only the falsity of doctrine, but the perversity of the heart that could have conceived it.

This tendency, and such as this, are obviated in a well-conducted oral discussion. In it men meet face to face, "perchance, encompassed by a cloud of witnesses," at once a present stimulant to effort and a speaking judge of the fairness of the contest. The pressure of his opponent's warm hand gives to the suspicious controversialist an assurance of a

warm heart. An artless eye and open countenance belie the fancied monster of the private study; personal presence insures personal courtesy; minor differences are forgotten; and the zealous adversaries become loving brothers, struggling against each other for the surer disinthrallment of truth.

Few better illustrations of this subject are on record than those of the late Missionary discussion at Albany, and the Tract Society Debate at New York. Deeply interested in the question pending—possibly prejudiced upon it—by previous written disputation, here meet hand to hand the ultra Reformer and the staunch Conservative. At first reserved and distrustful, they come to know and confide in each other, and to part as brethren—each sensibly nearer the golden mean of their formerly extreme positions.

Here the ardor of youth is chastened by the wisdom of age; the over-rigid predilections of personal experiences yield something to the wider inductions of general observation, and even to the late-born theories of youthful zeal. Deep-rooted antipathies are uprooted; misapprehensions are corrected; while the grasp upon principle is tightened, the "elbow of preference" is rendered more supple; self and party are forgotten in the general search for truth; the result gives joy, because hope, to the Christian world. In our admiration of the instrument we would not disparage the agent in these great enterprises; but Christianity itself could have attained such an end only by a skillful adaptation of the best means, and that means was Oral Debate.

The direst evil that curses our groaning world is but the greatest good, perverted. The instrument of truth we have indicated can be prostituted. *Can* be! The cheek of the American patriot mantles with shame as fancy pictures in the Council Chamber of the "model Republic" the brightest "spiritual weapon" of a free Senator forcibly matched with the black bludgeon of a passion-enslaved Tyrant!

Noble power of Christian principle!—that can use and not abuse the highest gift—we turn in hope to thee! Thy timely example shall live. On the page of history, over against the dark tracings of our nation's deepest disgrace shall shine thy bright record for the encouragement of other times, and the lasting honor of the American Church!

A prominent object of the College Literary Society is improvement in oral discussion; an object to the ordinary importance of which, the peculiar and urgent demands of the present time add special weight. The success and consequent satisfaction of its individual members are,

and must be, measured by the clearness with which they apprehend its real object, and the earnestness with which they pursue it. College has well been styled "the liberalizer of educated men." The Literary Society is a liberalizer of College. If it brings lesser community interests into temporary collision, it is but to teach betimes and impressively that, "party is the madness of the many for the good of the few." If it contravenes personal preferences and selfish schemes, it is but to give with emphasis the exhortation—

> "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
> Thy God's and truth's; then, if thou fall'st * *,
> Thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

The recognition by the student of such ends, and an earnest effort to attain them in the often feigned, sometimes real contests of the Debating Society, go far toward qualifying him to respond to the mandate that soon bids him be, and do, and perchance *suffer*, on practical life's rough battle-field; be, that he may successfully do—be and do, that, if duty calls, he may be reckoned worthy of that more trying, higher, God-like prerogative—to suffer for the truth.

HONOR.

WHILE the good citizen guides his conduct by the law of the land, and the Christian by the law of God, there is a law of honor whose influence is felt by both these classes, and by others which civil and religious law fail to reach. Its code is unwritten, for it is various as the varying circumstances of human life,—fitful as the tide of human feeling. It is simply, in the case of any individual, the moral sentiment of the community, or of that class of the community to which he himself belongs.

This influence is especially powerful in a homo geneous community. A morbid sensibility to personal affront, for instance, has always characterized the gentleman of the sword. Many a patient has slipped into eternity, while the doctor was agitating a point of professional etiquette. Many a student has braved the utmost indignation of College authorities, and the severest penalty of College law, while shrinking from the suspicion of meanness in the estimation of his fellow students. And, last

but not least, experience has proved that there is such a thing as "honor among thieves."

How far this public sentiment is a correct guide, may perhaps be a debatable question. It certainly cannot be trusted in all cases, else it would lead us into all the extravagances of Knight-errantry at one time, and the barbarous practices of the duellist at another. There are few vices which have not, at some period, been stamped as current money in the world of fashion,—and many a wondrous revolution in the general estimate of right and wrong would be evident to our old-fogy fathers, if they could have a temporary resurrection.

Still, there seems to be something common to all ages, in their estimate of honor, though we cannot define it with much precision. Circumstances alter cases, but circumstances do not alter principles,—and we may often be disposed to approve the spirit in which a thing is done, while we condemn the action. The same regard for the fair sex exists now as prompted the gallant deeds of the age of chivalry;—and the feeling that prefers "death before dishonor," is surely not extinct because duelling has gone somewhat out of fashion. There is as much need of caution and moderation in judging of conduct by our own peculiar standard of honor, as in deciding on any one of the infinitely various forms of animal or vegetable existence which we have never seen before.

There are sordid souls, indeed, incapable of recognizing the lineaments of true honor, who deny its very existence as a vital principle of action. Just so there are those who deny the reality of spiritual religion. The inconsistencies of those who profess to be governed by these two principles, is the assumed ground of disbelief. But they stand or fall together. Reason, and Honor, and Virtue, these are the three legitimate handmaids of Religion,—and any separation of them is unnatural, and injurious to all. The infidels of France sought to revolutionize their moral, as they had their political world, and set Reason on the throne of Religion, but they had no conception of the deity they professed to adore. She lived only in the smile of her dethroned mistress, while Folly was the idol which they worshipped. Equally inseparable is true honor from true religion. In so far as the one is professed without the other, it may with reason be suspected. And that large class of men who profess to be guided by the principles of honor as distinguished from those of religion, do nothing more nor less, if they fulfill their pretensions, than obey that voice of society which, so far as it is correct, is only the echo of the voice of God.

True honor, then, is divine in its origin, and universal in its application. It provides a principle to which every item of human conduct may be referred, a standard by which it may be tried, and in this respect fills a place unoccupied by civil law. The principles of the divine government are in accordance with those of true honor, and their manifestation was complete in the life of one who has been styled "the only perfect gentleman." Pythagoras, being asked how man could best resemble the Divinity, replied, "in beneficence and truth." Thus then is man in the image of his Maker, as he is actuated by the principles of true honor.

And while the cynic points to one and another character whose conduct belies his profession, and sneeringly asks "are they not *all* honorable men?" it is truly refreshing, in the midst of this world's selfishness and meanness, to meet with one who in all his principles and actions vindicates his claim to the title a man of "honor." There are a few such, who seem to be made of a different clay from other men,—deposits of precious metal in the baser soil of earth.

Look at the honorable man! His brow is clear and open, unused to expressions of concealment,—for his thoughts and purposes are such as need no covering. Benevolence and contentment are written in the lines of his features, deepened by advancing age. His gait is manly and erect, he fears not the face of man, and walks, the true lord of creation and vicegerent of God. He has within him no consciousness of anything mean or despicable, either in the memory of the past or the principles of the present, to poison the springs of his happiness. He is a center of pleasing and elevating influences, and no jar on his part disturbs the harmony of friendly intercourse. His character extorts the homage of meaner men. He is invulnerable by the sting of detraction,—in him, as in a polished mirror, malice sees her own deformity, and blushes at her odious self. Always qualified for the purest earthly happiness, he is prepared, likewise, for the untainted atmosphere of heaven.

Such is the honorable man. He is not honorable because he is honored, but honored because he is honorable. The Romans dedicated a temple to Honor, the entrance to which lay through the temple of Virtue. Significant arrangement! Honors sit well only on the truly honorable man,—and their bestowal or withholding is neither an advantage nor a disadvantage mainly to him, but to the world which bestows or withholds. A strict adherence to the principles of true honor, whether appreciated by others or not, is infallibly productive of individual benefit.

STANZAS.

I.

The dead—the quiet dead,
Who with us trod life's paths in days of yore—
The young, the strong, the beautiful, the hoar
And silvered head!

II.

Gone from among us now,
Each to a silent pillow in the clay;
The burial-shade hath fallen o'er their way,
And on their brow.

III.

And yet not unforgot
Shall be the mansion where we laid them down;
Love, Friendship, Memory shall join to crown
The hallowed spot.

IV.

Sow we the fragrant flowers,
Whose breath, like their remembrance, shall be sweet;
And open avenues where friends may meet
In twilight hours.

V.

Plant we the forest trees,
Whose whispering shades shall pensive mourners throng,
And hear again loved voices borne along
The passing breeze.

VI.

Yes—we'll adorn the sod,
Whose verdure emblems evermore our love,
And there sweet converse hold with friends above,
And with our God.

VII.

'Tis not for them alone
Our sunny burial-grounds we honor thus;
We'll think 'tis there loved ones will talk of us,
When we are gone.

SCHILLER.

"Das Jahrhundert
Ist meinem Ideal nicht reif. Ich lebe
Ein Bürger deser, welche kouemen werden."

To contest the supremacy of Goethe, the great founder of intellectual culture in Germany, Schiller appeared. A coal from the heavénly altars kindled in his soul the fire whose flame was to shed light over that land. His mission was to purify, to elevate. The romancers of his and preceding times, had been content to oppose to that spirit of improvement, which had been quietly yet surely insinuating itself into the science and letters of Germany, representations of other ages, transcripts of the past, overflowing with fantastic dreams, in which the vanities of a superficial age, played to their heart's content. To please, with little care or wish to instruct, had been their aim. A pure and noble patriotism, humanity improving by lessons in Eternal Right, ideals of greatness and virtue, which might have existed, but had not, were subjects foreign to those, who had given, as a literature to their countrymen, formalism, and a reverence, nay, almost a servility to the institutions of the past. In the History of every country, of any literary reputation, have there been periods of indolence and darkness, but, as surely, have there been men raised up to dispel the gloom and work strongly for Freedom and for Right. So here, Goethe, Schiller, Kœrner, contemporaries—strong in talent, great in soul, expending their energies for the good of mankind, a trio that Germany and the world of letters reverence.

Frederic Schiller was born November 10th, 1759, at Marbach, a town of Wurtemberg on the Neckar. His father, originally a surgeon in the army, was afterwards a captain, and finally a superintendent of a nursery of trees attached to a castle of the Duke of Wurtemberg. His parents were pious and upright, and if his early education did not afford much opportunity for the development of his genius, by intercourse with men of talent, or by a wide field of observation, it was eminently calculated to awaken that sensibility to the good and the true, which forms so essential a trait in his character; and his early acquaintance with the Bible,

making him familiar with the poetical passages of the Old Testament, contributed not a little to develop his poetical genius. When a child, he always manifested a cheerful disposition, and was devotedly attached to his parents. He loved at an early period to repeat the sermons which he had heard at church on Sunday. He would stand on a chair and preach with great zeal, never forgetting the divisions the minister had made in his discourse. A fondness for solitary contemplation and for witnessing the grander operations of Nature, as exhibited in storms and tempests, seems, even at this early period of his life, to have discovered the future and peculiar bent of his genius. "It is said, that, once during a tremendous thunder storm, his father missed him in the gay group within doors. None of the sisters could tell what had become of Fritz, and the old man grew so anxious that he was forced to go out in search of him. Fritz was scarcely passed the age of infancy and knew not the dangers of a scene so awful. His father found him at last, in a solitary place in the neighborhood, perched on the branch of a tree, gazing at the tempestuous face of the sky, and watching the flashes as in succession they spread their lurid glare over it. To the reprimand of the parent, the whimpering truant plead in extenuation, 'that the lightning was so beautiful, and he wished to see where it was coming from.'"

For a long time he wished to study theology, although a brilliant tragedy, which he had seen performed on the stage at Stuttgard, when he was nine years old, strangely attracted his attention to the drama. His first poem is said to have been written the day before his confirmation in 1772. He had till this time, received instruction in a good Latin school, in order to prepare himself for the University, as his father wished to procure for him, the benefit of a good education, though his own had been neglected. At this time, Charles, Duke of Wurtemberg, having become weary of parade and dissipation, turned his thoughts to an object of a better character, though still the whim of a petty prince, viz: the establishment of a school on a military-monastic plan, where no efforts should be spared to give the pupils the best education of which he could conceive. The Duke offered to take young Schiller for a pupil. His father could not well refuse, and in 1773, Schiller was received into the Charles' school, sacrificing his own inclination to the interest of his parents. He studied Law at this institution, in which the students were kept so entirely separate from the world, that they were permitted to see no females except their mothers and very young sisters, who visited them on Sunday. The plan of this institution was afterwards enlarged and Medicine allowed

to be studied. In 1775, Schiller began to study Medicine and Latin zealously. When sixteen he published a translation of part of Virgil's Æneid in Hexameter, but poetry was a forbidden fruit to him and his companions, and hence attracted them the more. At eighteen, he began the "Robbins," a work containing deep views and admirable displays of character. This was written in his monastic cell, and he says of it, "he dared to describe men before he knew anything of them, in his grated cell." This he published at his own expense, no publisher being willing to take the risk. A few years after this he prepared it for the stage, and stole away from the regiment that he might see it played. He was detected and put under an injunction to write no more poetry. After many and severe trials, he fled the regiment in 1782, to Franconia, and lived in retirement under an assumed name. Here with "Frisco" and "Love and Intrigue," commences his literary career, which continued through a period of 23 years. In 1785, he went to Dresden, where, for two years, he devoted himself to the study of all the works he could procure, relative to the history of Philip II., to prepare himself for the "Don Carlos." Three years after he met Goethe, whom, he, at first, did not like; but, with whom, afterwards, a most intimate and pleasant friendship existed. Their correspondence for the years 1794–1805, is of a peculiarly interesting nature, was much as it is "the conversation of a Schiller with a Goethe, so rarely do Schillers meet with Goethes among us." Through the influence of this friend Schiller obtained the Professorship of Philosophy at Jena. This is the date of his historic efforts, as also his philosophic and æsthetic treatises.

After the publication of the Thirty Years War, which appeared in print, first, in a periodical called the "Pocket Almanac for Ladies" from 1790–1793, he married, at 31 years of age. Twelve years after he had the right of citizenship conferred on him by the French Republic, and was raised to the nobility by the Emperor of Germany.

Incessant study and the use of stimulants undermined his health. His physician ordered, without effect, a total abstinence from intellectual exertion. His last and greatest efforts were carried on under the intensest bodily suffering, and while his last play, Wilhelm Tell, was being acted at Berlin, his disease brought him to the brink of the grave. He recovered, however, sufficiently to return to Weimer, where he died on the 9th of May, 1805.

In his private character, Schiller was friendly, candid and sincere. His domestic life was very happy, as indeed it deserved to be, after the

many and serious embarrassments which he encountered, preliminary to his individual experience in that state of existence. He made six bold attempts to secure a fellow voyager from among the gentler sex, five of which proved ineffectual. However, "fortune favors the brave," and Schiller was victorious. His life was spent in retirement. The only public station he ever held was the professorship at Irna. His indifference to the honors of political life is evidenced in that he never adopted the title of Baron which had been conferred on him. He had few intimates, and seemed to regard the social life, as merely the dwelling place of the spiritual. The latter, as is everywhere in his writings manifest, was the one thing paramount. The fact that his stock of money was limited seemed to cause no anxiety. Benevolence and philanthropy were marked features in his character. He often said, "he had no deeper wish than to know all men happy," and if the writings of a man give any insight into his character, his certainly proves he strove earnestly to effect this end. It was his "evening song and morning prayer." For it he lived and died, "sacrificing," in the words of Goethe, "his life itself to the delineation of life."

In intellectual character, Schiller was clear, varied and pure. He saw through the human soul, dwelt on the noble development of passion, and wrote, as he pictured to himself, of character, portraying itself in the highest and noblest forms of the pathetic, the tragical, and the heroic. He looked on character from the side of truth, never with jesting, but rather with earnestness and gravity. He does not teach morality by contrasting it with immorality, but speculates boldly on the duties and rights of man. Man has duties and he ought to perform them—has rights and he ought to know and claim them. He spoke no ribaldry or low jest, and this is the highest praise to the man, coming out, as he did, so in opposition to the indecency that characterized the school of Voltaire, which, in fact, preceded him. From this imputation, his contemporary, Goethe, is by no means free. Schiller's mind was too deeply imbued with the teachings of the Bible, to take delight in low and ribald talk, or the sensual gratifications of the world.

The intimacy that sprung up between Goethe and Schiller, was of a deeply interesting character, both on account of their mutual influence, and because it gives such an insight into their real characters. The outspoken sentiment of their souls are in these letters, and there we can study the men. This intimacy between the rival lights in literature at that period, is indeed an anomaly. The respect, and indeed the love

Goethe had for genius and for learning, was well calculated to find a congenial and sympathizing spirit in the pure and truthful Schiller. Their characters of mind were so far different, that, with their dispositions there could be no ground for envy or unhallowed rivalry. Each eager for self improvement, and thinking, that with every advanced step into the mysteries of the inner world, he might be better able to benefit mankind. Schiller, with his bold, almost untimely ideal; Goethe, with his keen thrust at living institutions, were each doing a great work in the reform of German literature, but in very different ways, and they could counsel and advise and commune with one another, with such freedom and intimacy as has in no similar case been witnessed.

In his poetry, the interest turns on old fashioned, old established matters, common love mania, passionate greatness, enthusiasm for liberty and the like. In these simple yet elegant effusions, there is great delicacy and naturalness of expression. Everything seemed to inspire his lyre, from the glowing ode to the homely ballad—the passionate love song to the amusing elegy. To the human heart he goes. He marches there himself and takes possession. His own soul shines forth from every line, and in the poetry we see the man. His poems made him a great favorite with his countrywomen, and it is said that the lady—who afterwards became his wife—was so enamored with a volume of his poems, that she wrote him with many expressions of gratification, enclosing at the same time an offer of marriage, which was accepted by the poet, and their union consummated.

It was as a dramatic author, especially, that Schiller distinguished himself to the world. To understand the means that led to his great popularity, we should require a knowledge of the state of poetry and the drama in his time. What it was, in the main, we have seen; but Schiller thought the poet had a far higher duty to perform than to put the faults and virtues of one age over against the faults and virtues of another, and that his highest problem was to bring out the eternal and godlike ideal in strong contrast with temporal commonplaceness. Men should not remain obstinately attached to customs and external affairs, but should endeavor to develop their whole natures, and have all their characteristic features represented. His prominent characters are ideals, in each of which we find the presence of a similar mind, but presenting itself in a variety of forms. Modern in "Love and Intrigue," romantic in "Wallenstein" and the "Maid of Orleans," classic in the "Bride of Messina," though in all we find the same creative mind at work. He paints only

man, and that in his highest moral beauty and sublimity. The angelic purity which is always found in the noblest natures, is the first great secret of this beauty. This nobility of innocence re-appears in all his great creations. Following the course of nature, as soon as these creations become conscious of their own happiness, envy, dismal and destructive, is turned against them, but they, blooming with the fire of noble passion and youthful innocence, oppose all the powers of hell, and shine forth in final victory. Thus in Karl Morr and Amelia, Ferdinand and Louisa, and above all, in Max Piccolanini and Thekla. His female creations stand out in bold contrast with those of the great English dramatist. If in those of the latter we find the charm of a lily-like purity, in those of Schiller we find more of the soul of a lily, more of that powerful life-giving fragrance. They do not merely move, they inspire; so pure are they, so free from worldly passion. The holy innocence of the Maid of Orleans appears most prominent when she stands forth as the champion of God. "It is the deep mystery of Christianity that the salvation of the world proceeds from a pure virgin: the highest power from the purest innocence." But this same innocence we find linked with the noblest development of real manliness. Max Piccolanini, the warrior youth, pure and undefiled, needs it all amid the vices of the camp and throne. Proza, whose mind adorned with every intellectual accomplishment, has remained a pure temple of innocence, while that stalwart, honest-hearted son of the mountains, Wilhelm Tell, who is, in his way, a fit companion of the Maid of Orleans, has to the highest degree the same purity of soul. What splendid imaginings of the struggle of this innocence with the pollution of its own guilt, caused by strong passion! How touching the character of Mary Stuart! What more moving than the victory gained by Karl Morr over himself! In what striking colors is the struggle which shake the great minds of Wallenstein and Friesco delineated!

A second prominent feature in Schiller's ideal characters is their nobleness—their honorable character. Powerful, free, independent, original, following only the work of noble natures, Schiller's heroes rend to pieces the web in which common men drag along their common-place lives. His heroes possess that stamp of genius which in real life is most the highest nobleness of human nature. In his earlier tragedies, they may appear a little uncouth and uncivilized, but we discern their grandeur and nobility as well as in his first perfect tragedies of Wallenstein and Wilhelm Tell. We may name again as the highest secret of this beauty, the fire of noble passion, a fire which must animate every true poet, "a sacrificial flame

which ascends even to heaven, the vestal flame guarded by consecrated hands in the temple of God, the Promethean spark brought down from Heaven to infuse a God-like soul into man, the Pentecost fire of inspiration in which souls are baptized, the Phœnix fire in which the race renews its youth for ever." Everything in life or poetry is dwarfed and weakened without this fire of noble passion.

Where is there to be found a more chaste, a more holy love than that which Schiller felt and breathed into the souls of his lovers; and where do we find it so fiery, so powerful, invincible against a world in arousing the deepest energies of the soul and patiently enduring the most trying sacrifices! Schiller's purity could suffer no unrighteousness: he stepped forth into the list for Freedom and for Right: Right was the dearest jewel of his heart. The rights of Man were never advocated on higher and nobler principles than by his Marquis Piosa, who could say with truth,

> "The world is yet
> Unripe for my Ideal: and I live
> A citizen of ages yet to come."

Joan, ordained of God, steps forth into the lists to protect the rights of the people. Tell maintains the rights of the individual. 'Tis thus his genius belongs to mankind. Schiller's soul ever beats in sympathy with Freedom; his life, indeed, was spent in infusing these ideas into his countrymen, and it is only now we can perceive how far in advance of the world he lived, how unripe the world was for his Ideal.

The Philosophical tendencies of Schiller were, as might have been expected, of the school of Kant. The results of the inquiries of the sage of Konigsberg into the grounds and Linists of human knowledge, were fairly before the world in the most active and important era in the Dramatist's life. Like most of the young men of liberal education of his time, he became a severe student of the new doctrines, and zealously appropriated the fundamental doctrines to himself. His philosophical performances relate chiefly to matters of Art.

His religion was the Christian religion, because as he, in his correspondence with Goethe remarks, "he found in it the rudiments of the highest and noblest, a representing of moral beauty, an incarnation of the Holy," and in the same connection, he adds, "it is the only aesthetic religion, hence, I explain to myself why it prospers in female natures, and only in woman is now to be met with under a tolerable figure." He was averse to all formalism; separating the spiritual, in

his worship, entirely from the corporal, and communing with spirit, without reference to things of earth. In a couplet he says :—

> "What thy religion—those thou namest ?"—"None."
> "None—why ?" "Because I have religion !"

The great contrast between his works in different periods cannot fail to be noticed. The Robbers, in early life—Don Carlos, the work of his transition period—Wilhelm Tell, the last and most perfect. A miserable translation of Shakspeare, read in stolen moments in his confinement at Stuttgard, provoked the Robbers. Had it not been for Shakspeare, the world, perhaps, had not been startled by that first and wondrous imagining. It is said to be a fact, though denied by Carlyle, that the heads of the young enthusiasts among the nobility, were so turned by this production, that whole crowds turned themselves loose in the Bohemian forests to plunder, and had to be suppressed by the governors of the provinces, by special forces levied for that purpose. After his extravagances in love matters in "Fiesco," and "Love and Intrigue," and the issue of the "Carlos," his historical and philosophical studies led him to the composition of the Wallenstein, Maria Stuart, and the Maid of Orleans, the two latter of which are worthless except as specimens of poetry, he having taken too many liberties with facts. In the Bride of Messina he attempted an imitation of the Ancient Chorus, but, undoubtedly, mistook its scope. With the exceptions of the failure in the main idea of making it assimilate to the Greek Tragedy, it is the poetical masterpiece of Schiller. "Every one who knows Schiller, knows more than can be told him. And these feelings will never be lost to coming generations; distant lands will participate in them, and to such, perhaps, will it be vouchsafed, to have yet more exalted and godlike conceptions of the greatness of Schiller, for his endeavor was to benefit futurity, a free and noble futurity, foreseen by his holy longings, and his firm confidence in mankind, to which he has led us, and from which his genius beckons us with a promise of a nobler reward.

"Many have gone down into the darkness of past ages, there to find the spirit of man in its pristine fetters; Schiller, with a beaming, angelic countenance, has placed himself at the gate of futurity, has lifted its veil and given to the longing eyes of men a free and cheerful view of what is to come."

THE WINTER TWILIGHT.

> "When the long deen wolds are ribbed with snow,
> And loud the norland whirlwinds blow,"

it is to some the season of happy thought. Then the storms that drive us to our homes become our teachers—and as we sit by the casement that shuts out the rain and cold, but still leaves us in the midst of the drear, wild scene, we can rejoice in the sadness that mantles over the earth. Cowper may sing the praises of the warm and cosy fireside, when Winter is abroad; he may tell of the social circle, the comfortable room made more pleasant by contrast with the storm without. But this is more animal pleasure than mental: we are satisfied and congratulate ourselves on being sheltered, warmed and fed; and of course this enjoyment is heightened by being so closely pressed by the rigor and hunger of Winter.

There is yet another joy higher, and more exquisite, to be drawn from the gloom and fury of those dark days. When the winds laden with the drifting snow surge around the old mansion, and the day darkens to its close, and the bare trees shiver and clash in the gale—it is well to leave the bright fire and make to ourselves companions, nay! teachers of the wild elements—not in our wisdom to make Nature preach of truths she never knew, but to let her lead where she will.

Perhaps we may not by a logical deduction steadily tend to any great truth, we may not even eliminate a bright thought or catch a new meaning in the clouds, or sky, or trees. But silent and musing we may find that quiet joy in the perfect abandonment of every sense and faculty to the spirit of the scene, which is more entrancing than the fairest dream of the imagination, more invigorating than the severest process of logical thought, and more soul-cheering even than the converse of a dear friend. Nay, nature herself in such moods is not a teacher, but a friend, not to store our minds with useful knowledge or wholesome truth, but to lead us out from ourselves; to make our intellect forget for a time its own

being, and cease, for a while at least, from analyzing its own sensations and emotions and flattering or censuring itself, for its penetration or stupidity.

Such commencings with the outward world leave us no thoughts that may be embodied in speech or revealed even in some particular work—and hence, it is impossible to describe the sensations of the mind and soul at such moments, or to tell wherein is the joy and the benefit that the dark, stormy evenings of Winter bring. There are no regular series of ideas or associated reflections—mayhap, we do not even think: we listen to the majestic chant of the winds—we look upon the frowning clouds that hang so heavily above us—and we feel the divine spirit of sympathy—sympathy with the fierce struggle of Nature, steal into our souls—we know that a new life has been instilled into our being—and that we go back to our fireside and friends with a brow clear from the traces of care and a heart swept clean of morbid and selfish musing.

But the state of mind produced by these stormy scenes Nature alone gives—books can never attain it. They may steal over us with the soft languor and beauty of Summer, or with the bright, fresh welcome of Spring that may greet us—and even Autumn with her—"melancholy days—the saddest of the year," has found in our own Bryant a worthy interpreter; but I can remember only one instance where this wild and wintry emotion has been stamped upon the page, and *that* is found in the master-piece of a Shakspeare where King Lear, driven to the verge of insanity by the ingratitude of his daughter, is turned from their door just as night is setting in, and one of his friends pleads for him, saying—

> "Alack, the night comes on, and the black winds
> Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
> There's scarce a bush."

But the husband of the ungrateful daughter in the spirit of his wife, replies,—

> "Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night;
> My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm."

The words are few, very few, and there is the whole secret; language here is so little seen that the emotion of the poet, the storm and gloom that he felt, is thrown into our very soul. I can never read that passage but I feel the cold blast, and see the drifting clouds, and the sorrowing Lear taking his way in the gathering darkness over the broad heath—for it is the crazing grief of Lear that fills up in this scene the measure of sadness that we feel in the Winter tempest.

Thus when I stand at twilight before the Majesty of Nature in her wintry mood, I am reminded of the great sorrow of Lear, and when I follow the tale of his madness and death—the wild, stormy evening of December is around me. And thus am I led to praise the wondrous goodness of that Father who has given me both the creation of the Poet and the Winter's Storm.

HISTORICAL INACCURACY.

When the student undertakes to investigate the history of the past, it is not the multiplicity of facts that appalls him, so much as the difficulty of distinguishing those facts amid the dense mists of prejudice and mis-statement by which they are enveloped. There are so many influences, from education and association, which combine to warp the views and bias the conclusions of the most pains-taking and impartial historians, that they too often present to their readers, however involuntarily, distorted views of historical facts. Would that this were the only or even the principle cause of historical inaccuracy! But there are those, traitors to every principle of duty and humanity, who wilfully put out the beacon-lights which the God of history has placed on every shoal of human error,—faithless pilots, who, for interested purposes to themselves or their parties, would lure individuals and communities to danger and destruction. The most gigantic intellect, the most far-reaching sagacity, the keenest penetration, afford no ground of certainty that the narrator has not been deceived, the highest degree of conscientiousness and morality is no proof that he will not deceive. Nor is he alone to blame for the erroneous impressions he conveys to the minds of his readers. Prejudice is objective, as well as subjective. We are ourselves so much under its influence, as to receive with blind confidence all that may coincide with our own prepossessions, and with distrust all that may be said in opposition to them. With teachers apt to deceive, and scholars

apt to be deceived; therefore, can we wonder at the prevalence of historical error. "If the blind lead the blind, shall they not both fall into the ditch?"

These considerations, coupled with the fact that the history of the past has an important influence on the present and the future,—invest the office of the historian with peculiar responsibility. They stamp with indelible disgrace not a few writers of the present day, whose works, prepared with a simple view to their sale, taint the minds of the young with a prejudice which the more profound researches of maturer years are often unable to eradicate. If such works were given to the world under the name of *fiction*, their influence would be sufficiently mischievous. They seize upon those characters for their *heroes*, (as if there could be any heroes in *true* history) whose course has been comet-like,—brilliant, but lamentably eccentric, possessing an indescribable but potent charm for young and ardent minds. Glossing over their faults, magnifying their virtues,—especially those, as generosity and valor, which please such minds more than the milder and more passive virtues,—they by turns arouse the admiration and excite the sympathies. How much of that false principle which influences the minds of the young at the present day, is to be traced to the impossible characters whom Headley has dubbed with the names of Cromwell and Napoleon, the day of revelation of the secrets of men's hearts alone can tell.

From this labyrinth, therefore, of error, of voluntary and involuntary misrepresentation, how are we to extricate ourselves? The light which we follow is an *ignis fatuus*. A cloud enwraps us. How shall we detect the one, and escape the other? What are they? They are but different phases of the same principles,—*selfishness*. Selfishness in the historian misleads—selfishness in the student of history blinds. To the first we have already referred,—it remains briefly to speak of the second.

One difficulty in the way of historical accuracy, and which may be traced to the principle of selfishness, is to be found in the reverence which a people entertain for the memory of their ancestors, political and religious, even more than natural ancestors. It is one of those principles of human nature which all the modern declamation about "progress" cannot eradicate. Those who are most called, by way of eminence, "the men of the age,"—who most heartily despise anything that looks like "old-fogyism,"—are wonderfully anxious to prove, and wonderfully elated when they do prove, that their forefathers thought as they do. "Progress," indeed, would sometimes seem to be simply motion outwards from

the present, without regarding whether the movement be backward to the past, or forward to the future. Thus, as historic research brings to light the facts and theories of by-gone ages, the world may suddenly find itself where it was a hundred years ago, and the revolving cycles of knowledge prove the truth of the preacher's declaration, "There is nothing new under the sun." Whether this be so or not, we are far from condemning a due reverence for antiquity. It is a sentiment whose influence on this utilitarian age and nation cannot fail of being eminently salutary. Would that it were more generally diffused! But while on some points it is wanting, to a lamentable degree,—on others, again, it is carried to such an excess as to incapacitate men for taking impartial views of history. The founders of a nation, or a sect—political or religious—are in imminent peril of deification. Heathen Rome gave her founder a place among the gods,—and the band of outlaws who took refuge in the infant city of the seven hills, were referred to, in after ages, as the parents of many a proud patrician stock. Papal Rome, in like manner, has exalted her supposed founder to a position far higher than he desired or deserved, and has enrolled many of his successors in her catalogue of Saints, whose names would have disgraced, by the moral infamy which attaches to them, even the calendar of Newgate. On the same principle, the memory of the leader of a great political party is carefully cherished by his followers, long after his decease; while to be the founder of a religious sect is a sure passport to an earthly, though not a heavenly immortality.

How great an obstacle this is in the way of the student of history, can be appreciated by one who attempts to form a judgment on the character of Cromwell. He lived in one of the crises of history, when men were representative men. He stands associated with certain principles. His name is the shibboleth of a party. Nor would it be a much more difficult task to collect from the four winds the dust of his unburied corpse, than to gather from the numberless and varied representations and misrepresentations of his friends and enemies, such elements of his character as would bring him entire before us,—the soldier, the statesman, the man, the Christian.

Nearer home, however, we have another instance of a similar difficulty, in connexion with the history of the Puritans. Surely no body of men have suffered as they have, from the over-wrought zeal of their partizans. "Deliver me from my friends." We say they have suffered, for a one-sided view, even though favorable, can never be of permanent advantage to any one. And the Puritans, if past experience do not fail us as to the

ultimate fate of historic heroes, will yet lose as much from undue depression as they may be supposed to have gained heretofore by undue exaltation. From Connecticut to Maine,—nay, wherever the ubiquitous Yankee has carried the traditions of the Mayflower and Plymouth Rock, on Thanksgiving day from the pulpit, and on the 4th of July from the platform and the stump,—the Pilgrim Fathers, their piety, their sufferings for conscience sake, their superlative wisdom and far-reaching statesmanship, their virtues, exhausting the whole catalogue,—these are the threadbare themes of lay and clerical eulogizers. Their *actions*, indeed, must be admitted to look a little dubious at times, for "facts are stubborn things," but their *motives*, especially in the earlier period of their history,—their motives, who shall impugn their angelic purity? Judicious praise, indeed, they merit, and judicious censure, too,—their misfortune is to have no historians, but panegyrists and detractors.

But we meet, if possible, a still greater difficulty in the way of historical accuracy, in the relation which the events of the past sustain to the opinions of existing parties. Remoteness of time seems to be unavailing to secure coolness and impartiality of consideration. The reason is, and it is one of the greatest embarrassments under which history labors, that the principles of the present are linked with the actions of the past. Contending parties fight around the dead bodies of their leaders, more fiercely than the Greeks and Trojans around Patroclus fallen. Their names are the watchwords of their respective partizans, from generation to generation. But it is a *living principle*, and not a mere dead historical *fact*, which excites the passions of the combatants.

Partizanship, however much to be deplored, is, perhaps, after all, a necessary evil. On the world's great battle-field, neutrality is impossible. We *must* take sides,—and on our own side we seem to see arrayed all that is good, and beautiful, and great. If only the *writers* of history were under the influence of party prejudice, it might be possible for their readers, weighing their statements in the balances of a just criticism, to bring order out of chaos,—and, amid the opposing forces of error, to attain the equilibrium of truth. But it is otherwise,—and the fact that *we* are prejudiced, while it impedes our own view of truth, often renders those who have the ability and the inclination, reluctant to bring it out fairly. It is an ungrateful task to go in opposition to the general current of popular feeling. In some circumstances it savors of presumption. But the student of history will not realize the full benefit of his pursuit, if he allow the fear of such an imputation to restrain him either from a

fair and unbiased investigation into the character and actions of the men of other days, or from making known the results of such investigation, under proper circumstances. He should do this, both because the men of the present can never be permanently benefited by a one-sided view of the events of the past,—and because, in so doing, he may both interest and profit by the exhumation from the dust of ages, of many a historical curiosity.

THE ENTHUSIASM OF THE NATURALIST.

ARDOR in the pursuit of an object is the first requisite to success. Whoever with enthusiastic love undertakes the accomplishment of a design, is almost sure to succeed. He would be but a sorry architect, however, who should plan a magnificent structure, with no definite adaptation of its several apartments. So is enthusiasm without a definite aim, not only futile, but destructive.

The late progress of science, and its present popularity, has led us to consider somewhat the source of that enthusiasm with which the naturalist prosecutes his labors. To those who have been permitted to read a page or two from Nature's book, in her own language, such zeal appears of no mysterious origin. If aside from the almost numberless visible forms that inhabit earth, air and water, we remember that every plant as well as every oak, every drop of glistening dew, as well as the limitless ocean, is peopled with thousands of minute sportive organisms, who can be otherwise than enthusiastic in the study of their forms and habits, who can help asking himself: for what do these almost invisible beings, whom I can crush without the slightest effort, live, and how do they spend their ephemeral existence?

Yet numbers there are who have been called naturalists, while they understand scarcely a sound of that language in which Nature proclaims her oracles, who have looked at science only as a system of meaningless names—neglecting their connection with living objects.

> "These concealed by the kind art of favoring
> Heaven, escape the grosser eye of man."

The separate theories of a Copernicus, a Bacon, a Newton or a Locke, they can rehearse with surprising minuteness and enviable accuracy. But the true Naturalist has not to do with these disjointed facts and theories alone. To him Nature is but one volume on a single subject. True every created thing is made to illustrate and explain the grand subject of the work. So in the "Book of books" the idea is single, the illustration complex and varied.

In entering upon his work the naturalist expects to derive happiness for himself, benefit for humanity, and glory for the Creator. As he advances, his mind expands, clearer and more distinct ideas of adaptation, of power and of goodness, fill his mind. He gains a view of the Almighty's works, grander and far more sublime than the imagination of most men ever affords them. Then he feels his responsibility as an interpreter of that sublime language which is poured into his ravished ear. Truths that for ages adamantine rocks have held are spread out in intelligible characters before him. He is to be the translator of the Almighty's first revelation. The herald of those truths which Nature has proclaimed since time began, but which no mortal ear before has caught.

When at the twilight hour he seeks the shady grove or the meandering stream, to pursue his chosen study, sweet voices discourse to him melodies which the unattuned ear never hears. The wild birds as they wing their weary way to some far distant clime, or alight on some tall oak to rest, speak to him in an intelligible language. Countless insect forms, peopling every twig and every leaf, rendering the twilight hour vocal with their songs, utter to him words that he can understand. The finny tribes, gaily disporting, offer signs for words. Earth, air and sea hold familiar converse with him who has been taught their language. To him the dumb speak and inanimate matter assumes the appearance of life.

Gazes he into the blue expanse above, the empyreal stars are lights hung in his pathway. They glow amid the surrounding darkness with unwonted brilliancy, as he contemplates their surpassing beauty. They are speaking eyes. They beckon him on, still farther to explore their mysteries. Looks he to earth, millions on millions of forms, animate and inanimate, utter to him their partial voice. Myriads beseech him to become the interpreter of their lessons.

How high the honor! How exalted the privilege, to hold converse with the infinite creation around us! How appropriate the highest enthusiasm! when we may read lessons of duty and destiny, in every flower

that unfolds its beauties to the rising sun, every bird that warbles forth its sweet carol, every insect that flits in the twilight, and on the everlasting pages of the adamantine rocks.

THE SCHOLAR'S HELPS AND HINDRANCES.

THERE are certain special and incidental helps and hindrances to intellectual effort, peculiar to every age and nation, some of which we would briefly notice.

Among those prominent in our time we mention first the existence of complete spoken and written language. Since we uniformly think in words our thoughts must be much modified by the accuracy and extent of our knowledge of language, since language too is the medium of communication between different minds, and, as says the Arab proverb, "A fig-tree looking on a fig-tree becometh fruitful," it must also aid essentially to quicken thought by facilitating its expression. To some, however, who only play with words, those sublime agents of human thought, it would perhaps be better—more conducive to their inner life if there were none of those sounding epithets for them to mouth—no tinkling cymbals for them to beat.

Next come *books*, those inexhaustible store-houses of truth, by which we occupy high vantage ground—start where our fathers died—stand upon the accumulated strata of buried centuries of intellectual lore. Books! by whose magic wand all the scenes and heroes of the mighty past are resuscitated, marshalled anew and made to move before us in solemn slow procession. Books!—powerful engines of good or evil—rightly used, they can hardly be estimated too highly, but they may be abused. Multitudes of them can only belittle and degrade—corrupt themselves, they breed pestilential vapors—they diffuse all along their track the very miasma of intellectual and moral death—of all the scourges that have afflicted humanity none is more fearful or fatal than a rotten literature.

Good books are only for data and for inspiration. I had better never see a book than make it a substitute for original thought—be warped by it, entirely out of my natural channel—be transmuted from a thinking man into a mere book-worm—a parrot—a paltry vender of other men's ideas.

We cannot omit, in this connection, our *Institutions of Learning*, with their experienced instructors and ample, illustrative apparatus. They may do much in the way of opportunity and stimulus—teachers may remove certain obstacles, but with all their skill and zeal or patience, they can never make a royal road to learning—they may direct and assist, and so very much facilitate our progress, but under circumstances ever so favorable, we shall not learn and grow without personal exertion. Others cannot do the work for us—blackboards will not cypher alone—instructors can only teach—we must learn ourselves—every man who is educated at all is self-educated. He who hopes to inhale knowledge by breathing a literary atmosphere—to receive science like electricity by induction—to hold his teachers responsible for brains or application—will find the academy, the college, and all the educational appliances of our times, a curse, and not a blessing. Such men, too lazy for profit in any other business, should never be set apart for scholars—they should be put to ditching or sent to sea—there are already too many literary idlers, both in and out of the professions, and the old hives of learning send forth many a drone among their annual swarms.

We notice next the *Spirit of the Age*, and very important it is in its bearings on scholarship. It is an age of revolution—the authority of dogma is disputed—her fear-fetter is broken. The conflict of principles is rife, and truth jostles truth in the wild affray. The barriers of the past give way, and beside its gigantic, tottering structures, are brought in close and free comparison—all the wonders of the present—all the possibilities of the future. It is an age of free thought and bold daring, and, emphatically, like all times *good* to those who know how to use it. It is an age of steam and hurry. Men used to walk but they run now—everything is on the trot. Several portions of human life have fallen out amidst this general rush. There are no boys and girls now-a-days. Those dear, sweet, merry, laughing creatures are all young ladies and gentlemen—in fine there are few infants now—the Scripture prophecy is, in one sense, well nigh fulfilled—the child is born a hundred years old. Men are old fogies at thirty, and imbeciled and superannuated at forty-five. Light and electricity are slow coaches—all is bustling headlong

haste—nimble, restless, and, too often, aimless, swallow-like activity. There is too little patience for the well-directed, self-possessed energy of the birds of passage—and man is such a bird. This operates, perhaps, to quicken somewhat the tardy minds of certain individuals, but is, doubtless, on the whole, injurious to genuine scholarship—men cannot wait for natural development—they employ hot-house culture and they secure a sickly, superficial, hot-house growth. Men cannot linger to observe or gather facts and deduce laws. Principles, general truths are all the go. Now general principles, as the result of severe personal inductions as a chain from links of one's own forging, a laborious ascent from particulars, are the very blossom and crown of all scholarship, but a few general truths, borrowed for display cost no labor, and are worse than simple facts, since more showy, and a safer covert for indolence and ignorance. Such a knowledge of general principles is not scholarship—it may make a shrewd Yankee, but it is no part of scholarship. And yet, how often are we dazzled by its gilded credentials, and how many little men are liveried in it, or snugly tucked up by it in some post of ease, and influence, and honor.

Students hasten through the preparatory course, hasten through College, and then, hasten into their professions. We live fast, and die fast,—too fast to live and die well. Thus many practically choose to be a rocket, rather than a star, to dazzle and astonish by a few daring evolutions and brilliant coruscations, and then expire, rather than shine forever with a sweet and steady light. I am persuaded that for this reason mainly there will be *few* illustrious scholars produced in this age.

It is an age of *avarice* and *practicality*. There is an amazing scramble for wealth. The muck-rake of Bunyan is in great repute. California is all about us. The fabled midas is a real character. True, there are many exceptions—many shining examples of generosity—men of large estates and large souls whose munificence has founded and fastened temples of truth; but still the very air we breathe is thick and fat with avarice. The facilities for making money are vastly augmented—wealth is the theme of every tongue—the key to honor and fashion. Hence many a noble and gifted mind instead of worshiping at the altar of truth is offering his devotions before the golden calf.

There is connected with this, a spirit of excessive practicalness—there is a class of men, and their name is legion, who stupidly wonder at the educational apparatus and appliances of the times—propound over all the awful question "cui bono," and measuring everything by the scale of

immediate availability in dollars and cents mutter with Judas, for what purpose is this *waste*—who burdened by the misapprehensions of a doltish ignorance, and stimulated by the bitterness of a conscious littleness, tremble at the result of such a flood of light so dazzling and painful to their moonish orbs, and seem to dread therefrom another fatal inundation not of water, but of truth.

It is an age of *conceit* and *pretension*. Every third man is said to take off his hat with profound respect when speaking of himself. Emphatically, now is he the master of the world who can see through its sophistry and sham.

Quacks of all descriptions in every profession and rank in life abound. In the politics of every day life, most men and many women are orators and take the stump for themselves. There is a great show of learning—great parade of wealth. Now a paramount desire for display is fatal to the true scholar—he must wed solitude as a bride, and be clothed in humility, if he would ever stand beyond the portico of truth; otherwise, he can never enter her holiest sanctuary, and worship at her inmost shrine.

It is an age of imitation. "It was to be expected that when in America all the straps and bonds of feudalism and despotism were cut, earth, too long the mother of dwarfs, would reimburse herself with a brood of Titans, who would leap and laugh in the continent, and run up the mountains of the West, on the errands of genius and love;" but there is too much looking over the Atlantic for models—too much reverence for our fatherland. Imitation, ever tame and the very death of all genius, is too rife among us. There are too many marked and labeled with another's name and principles—too many who borrow all their politics, philosophy and religion—vastly too many in the condition of Jonah of old, in the bellies of some larger fish. Now it never benefits these modern Jonahs to be swallowed—to be personally annihilated. Were this result intended, there was a great mistake—an egregious blunder made in our creation—such a waste of materials, a single soul might suffice for some dozen or score of bodies. "Clear your minds of cant;" says Dr. Johnson. The most feeble and modest may say to the mightiest—to Homer, and Milton, and Shakspeare, and Webster,—"Keep off, gentlemen—not quite so near, if you please; you can do me signal service if you do not drown me; my personal being is small, but allow me to say of it as Touchstone said of Audrey, his wife,—'A poor thing, sir, but my own.'"

The true scholar must be a free man thinking—he must gather his inspiration from the future, and not from the past—he must not think

that all is done, and he is limited to its enjoyment and transmission—he must feel that history has not yet begun to be written, that the first song is hardly sung; that the sun of science is not yet risen; that 'tis but her gray morning; that the language of God to him is,—"I give you the universe a virgin to-day." Against the scholar has been laid the grave charge that his labor is unproductive; but how false the charge. "Take care of the scholars or they will take care of themselves and of you too," said one to a distinguished English civilian. Says a brilliant essayist "When the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet, then all things are at risk."

The thought precedes the action. Great actors are often but the personification—the embodiment of some idea, some single thought, which some obscure thinker originated and patented for immortality. There have ever been some leading thoughts, the birth of scholars, pilots of their own generation—certain luminous truths—pillars of cloud and of fire which have guided and guarded humanity in all the journey of its pilgrimage. It was conquest at Rome, refinement at Greece, religion under Constance. The crusades were nurtured into life by Peter the hermit; of the reformation, Luther was the soul.

Scholars are not mere consumers; they are the agriculturists of mind —the manufacturers of nature—toilers in the mines of truth—chemists who, through the world, have fixed points where all truth aggregates—centers of crystalization around which are forming, under the laws of nature gems of radiant beauty and priceless worth, which they bequeath to mankind as the rich legacy of their lives.

But were they no producers, we could well afford to support a few scholars to irradiate this darkened world—to assure us of the dignity of our nature, of the subjection of matter to mind—to point at, in our evening sky, as the galaxy of country, the glory of our age.

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

I.

TWILIGHT sinks o'er the city Babylon.
Still glows the westering pathway of the sun,
That lately vanished; and encircling round
The crescent moon, like wreaths of gossamer,
The silver clouds float light and motionless.
The summer breezes wanton 'mid the bowers
Of the ærial gardens. Shadowy groves
Of waving palm from sunny Araby,
Of parasitic betel twining round
The cocoa's feathery bough, and cinnamon
And golden citron brought from coral Ind,
Breathe fragrant odors on the drowsy air.
The broad Euphrates rolls its sullen flood
Between its massive banks, as though it were,
As e'en it is, the life, the heartblood of
Great Babylon. Enshrined within its calm,
Transparent depths, from either side arise
Assyria's stupendous palaces.
Gigantic colonnades, full featly hewn
In many a marble peristyle sublime,
And terrace above terrace, with their rows
Of massy balustrades, surmount each other
In regal grandeur, till the loftiest towers
And golden pinnacles the eye may scan
Are lit up by Astarte's setting beams.
Within 'tis one continuous labyrinth
Of light arcades and corridors and halls;
And gorgeous draperies rich with Tyrian dye,
And looped with jeweled clasps in heavy folds,
Wave round the carved pilasters. Sculptures rare
Adorn the walls, which speak the hunter deeds
Of Amazonian Semiramis and
The royal Ninus. Fountains, trelliced o'er
With golden net-work, rise, like magic, from

The tesselated pavement, and their streams
Of laughing waters sparkle in the flash
Of myriad torches, pensile from the high
And fretted arches. In a rich alcove,
Just seen in glimpses through the windings dim,
Mysterious, of the marvellous halls, upon
A couch enwrought of Libyan ivory
Belshazzer sits, his royal visage veiled
In clouds of odorous incense. Warblings faint,
And sweet as when the blithesome choristers
Of Eden first essayed their tuneful notes,
Float soft and dream-like through the airy domes,
Vibrations wild of viol, harp and lyre.
Belshazzer is the skilled musician's theme.
And louder yet the symphonies arise,
Until "Belshazzer" peals from hall to hall,
In one vast diapason, and reechoes
By tower and battlement, and strikes the ear
Of the astrologer on Belus' height—
Who turns him from his mystic reverie
To hear the universal festal din.
And thus the merry hours unheeded fly.
Careless alike, the drunken sentinel,
The monarch and his slave, all scorn the thought
Of Cyrus and the Mede's beleaguering host.

II.

'Tis midnight over Babylon the great—
The scene how changed! how awful! how sublime!
The sky, so late serene, is hid with black,
Impenetrable gloom: the whirlwind rides
Upon the driving mist, with fury hurls
Amytis' lofty forests from their roots,
And shakes the golden bed of potent Bel!
The flash of the destroying angel's wing
Sends instantaneous day to murkiest night,
And lights th' embattled clouds with lurid fire.
And peal on peal of thunder presages
The dread arrival of a nation's fall!
Stillness profound usurps the sounds of mirth
That swelled erewhile throughout the pillared halls.
The sovereign's cheeks are blanched with deathly pallor,
And all th' assembled rant of courtier, queen,
And magian, fall back struck with nameless awe;
And every eye, with fascinated gaze,
Is fixed upon the wall, where—fearful sight—

An unknown hand indites in words of flame,
Inscriptions strange, whose import deep defies
Th' appalled magician's vaunted arts. Alone,
In all the majesty of age, his heart
Undaunted, and his countenance unmoved
'Mid that tumultuous storm of human fears,
The prophet stands. He speaketh, and his words
Sound pleasant to the breathless multitude
As summer rain upon a sterile soil;
For oh! how sweet another's voice, when fear
Of things unearthly grasps poor, trembling man.
'Twas thus the sage outspake: "Belshazzer! know
That yon prophetic writ reveals too true
That the Supernal mandate's given; the just,
Omnipotent tribunals seals the doom,
That shall consign thine empire and thyself
To mute oblivion"—he said; and then
Belshazzar cries, "Slaves, bring our princely gift,
The promised mead to the diviner's skill!"
But while he speaks, along the vaulted roofs
The cry rings wild and high, "the foe! the foe!"
Wail! ye chaldean daughters, wail! and rend
Your locks unkempt, give loose to your despair,
When thus to stem the broad Euphrates course,
To beard the lion in his den, to snare
The eagle in his eyrie Iran dares,
And scorns the brazen gates and ramparts towering
E'en unto heaven, and slays your sceptred king!
Ah! woful morn whose inauspicious hour
Beheld the murky sun loom dimly up,
To view—a star departing from its blaze—
Assyria's fortune waning in a night,
Her boasted dynasty o'erthrown forever,
And Persia rampant o'er her fallen pride!

III.

Oh how insufferable the simoon
That bloweth, warm as the Chimæra's breath,
Along this parched waste! The dingy sun
Slow wheeling, right up in the hazy sky,
Rains vivid fire upon the treeless scene.
No cooling shade or shadow falleth here,
Except the stealthy lion's dusky form
Pictured at noon-day on the arid soil—
Or of the carrion vulture sailing round
In dizzy circles o'er some putrid corse—

The only cloud opaque eclipsing here
The orb of day. For not as in those climes
Salubrious where the showers of April beckon
The wee forget-me-not to heaven's pure light,
Do clouds diversify this wilderness.
When nears the level horizon the sun,
Then lieth long the shadow of yon mounds—
The rugged barrows those, which mark but too
Significantly the drear sepulchre
Of a proud race and city famed of eld—
And with a leaden flow a river winds
Its sluggish stream along the wreck strewn plain.
High on the lonely height of Birs Nimroud,
The genius Ahriman has set his throne.
The demon foul who laugheth o'er the wilds
Of desolate Persepolis, who spurns
The fabled wealth of lost Passargadæ,
And overthrew the hundred gates of Thebes.
His hand unfurls the standard black that marshals
War, sorrow, pestilence and direful crime—
The cohorts fell of sin o'er all the world.
At night the soorau of this spectral train
In phantom state sits on the crumbling site
Of Babel's shrine: and in the ghastly moonlight
White troops of blear-eyed ghosts dance grinning round,
To the hyena's chilling piercing howl,
And the lone hoot-owl's midnight song of woe!
And this is Babylon! the Queen of cities!
Whose turrets seemed to rake the stars of heaven,
Whose walls were strong as adamant, whose name
Was feared from Phœnice to the sacred Ganges.
She that sent forth her bristling hosts to war,
Her serried ranks to laureled victory.
She was the world's emporium; hither flocked
The white-sailed triremes, bearing 'neath their decks
Sweet sandal wood, and gems, and pearls, and fruits,
And singing birds, from ocean's storied isles.
Time unresisted sealed her parapets,
And undermined her costliest palaces;
And then the flitting dust of mother earth,
Blown to and fro by every shifting wind,
Sufficed to bury all her splendid piles
From mortal sight. We think of her as of
A dream escaping from the memory
When one awakes, as of some fairy myth
By fancy decked to captivate the mind.
And they that triumphed here for centuries,

Who seem like specters thro' the mist of ages,
Went down in solemn stillness to the grave;
The city they erected was their tomb!
And thus 'tis everywhere; the world is but
A mass of rank corruption, of decay
Within decay; the architect is laid
Beneath the falling dome his genius planned;
And feeble man but glories in his tomb.

OLD BOOKS.

In the economy of human wisdom, it frequently happens, that those pursuits which should prove pleasurable duties are made laborious tasks, the execution of which men regard as praiseworthy deeds. This truth we may see daily exemplified if we wander no farther than these College walls. All students—excepting those who "run the race for honors," and those who make it their highest ambition to become distinguished in vice, read much,—and this is well; but how few in this important branch of their mental discipline really combine pleasure with profit.

One of the most common and yet injurious mistakes existing among College readers, is the immensely disproportionate amount of time and attention spent on modern literature, particularly on the essays, reviews, critiques, and miscellaneous articles, into which forms modern authors for the most part throw their thoughts. This species of literature, calling forth but little mental exertion from the reader or sympathy with the author, is hastily skimmed over, leaving but a misty notion of that which, at best, is second-rate. The study of simplified metaphysical writings, and of popular expositions of the sciences, also engrosses much of the student's time. Filled with a vague idea that he must acquire a large stock of material from which to fabricate the necessary orations, poems and debates that go to making up the College genius, books are to him mere magazines of ideas from which he may draw supplies, or models of

fine writing from which he may form his style. Thus misconceiving the mission of books, he naturally prefers the writers of our age whose works are—

> "Volumes of detail where all is orderly set down
> And they that read may run, nor need to stop and think."

Why not then leave these turbid streams, confusing by their number and diversity—and seek the pure fountain-heads of wisdom and truth—let us acquaint ourselves with those simple yet grand old thinkers who, unlike their successors, are not satisfied to give us a description only of the glorious old Temple of Truth, but who lead us to the threshold, and, laying open her inmost recesses, invite us to tread her sacred halls ourselves. Why, where do you suppose the much-lauded matter of the essayists, lecturers, pseudo poets, and novelists that fill our libraries, is obtained? It is merely a mangled version of the glowing truths stored up by the poets and dramatists of England's palmy days—faint glimpses of the wit and wisdom of Spain's soldier-author—the impassioned grace of the Italian bards squeezed through their narrow minds and then thinly scraped over the mental bread so sparingly doled out to hungry Young America.

Johnson, I think it is, tells of a man who in his whole life read and studied no author but Shakspeare, and he says farther, that his views of life were more comprehensive, his reason clearer, and his sentiments far more liberal than a thousand scholars of greater pretensions. This may be an extreme case, though that subtle observer and lover of his fellows would well repay the study of a life-time, yet how much better would it be to keep, as our daily companions, a few of those sterling old authors who in their simplicity and constant freshness, lead us to think and reason for ourselves, than to fall in love with the gorgeous yet fictitious splendor of Alexander Smith or Gilfillan, or even the keen fencing of Macaulay, or the heavy thunder of Carlyle. Better would it be; for it is only when, forgetting self, we go back and lie in prison with John Bunyan and Cervantes, stalk deer and moralise with merry Will, and chat quaintly with pithy old Burton, that we receive with frank and teachable minds the varied lessons of their world—wide observation and keen mother wit. These are they who give to us—

> ——"Half suggested thoughts, the riddles thou mayest solve.
> The fair ideas, coyly peeping like young loves out of roses,
> The quaint arabesque conceptions, half cherub and half flower,
> The light analogy, or deep allusion, trusted to thy learning."

But apart from the expansion of mind derived from communion with these bright intellects of bygone days—what spiritual joy and good does their companionship afford us—after the toil of the day when the evening lamps are lighted, like wise and loving friends they sit down by our fire-sides, talking of the scenes and duties of life, telling of good men of old, encouraging every germ of good, and beguiling from us every stormy passion, till the stony selfishness of our conceit melts away into the broad open affection that embraces all our fellows. Thus they leave us wondering that ever we had gone from our own hearth-stones in search of friends and companions, while they, so full and calm, so unintruding, and yet, so true and frank, are ever close by our side. With such teachers and friends we may bid defiance to poverty and misfortune, for the noble philosophy taught in the hour of prosperity brings home its stores to us; for us one who had found it so has testified. "We may crown ourselves with glorious memories of Cervantes though we beg; if we night it under the stars, we dream heaven-sent dreams of the prisoned and homeless Galileo. We hum old sonnets, and snatches of poor Massinger's plays. We chant Dryden's Odes, and dwell on Otway's rhymes. We reason with Bolingbroke, or Diogenes as the humor takes us; and laugh at the world; for the world, thank heaven, has left us alone."

CIVILIZATION.

Bella geri placuit nullos habitura triumphos?

—*Pharsaliæ.*

THE dawning light of early civilization shone first upon the banks of the Euphrates and the Nile. Where arose the palaces and temples of Babylon and Thebes, men first were trained to regard the principles and obligations of social life, improved by means of mental and moral culture, and subjected to the control of salutary laws and a regular government. Thence, civilization by successive steps, advanced through Greece, Rome, Gaul, Germany and Britain, until at length she crossed the ocean, and erecting her altar on our shores, kindled anew the flame amid the darkness of the West. Now, the "sea has come up upon Babylon,"—the muses have forsaken Helicon—the tread of a foreign soldiery is in the streets of the eternal city, and America is to modern Europe what was Greece to Egypt, whither her philosophers resorted to learn her wisdom and admire her proficiency in art.

In the two portions of North America, the civilization of Europe pursued its course under vastly different auspices. In the North, the aboriginal races were not only conquered, but exterminated, and Europeans and their descendants reared a mighty nation in the land they occupied; but when Cortes and his Christian soldiery began their conquest of the kingdoms of Anahuac, they found before them not a wilderness where roaming savages held undisputed mastery, but a lovely land, where a powerful and cultivated people lay waiting to receive them, whose populous and wealthy cities filled the plain, while fields of waving grain and fruitful orchards spread upon the sunny slopes. Public works of utility and art, proclaimed a government rivaling the intelligence and power of ancient Egypt. Statuary and painting decorated her palaces and temples. Her kings reigned over a simple hearted and industrious people, proud of

their country's civilization, but having no ancient history, for the memory of their fathers was buried in the forests of the Northwest. Although in hieroglyphics, an elevated literature distinguished them, and regular tribunals, as among the ancient Greeks, awarded prizes for essays upon history, morality or tradition; and on the ruins of a polity involving most of the essential elements of the Feudal system, Montezuma had but just established absolute dominion. Still were they a barbarous people, for their captives shed their blood upon the altars of the God of war, and their warriors and the frantic populace made their horrid banquet on the refuse of the sacrifice. Upon this people those representatives of superior European civilization began the work of conquest—not to exterminate, but to conquer—mingle with and improve. With slow but certain progress, they advanced upon the capitol of the Indian monarch whose power was paralyzed by superstitious fear. With the might and main of the Gods they were believed to be, their polished armor flashing in the sun's light, those mailed heroes, whose hearts were stouter than their bucklers, trod beneath their fiery steeds the trembling ranks of a fear-disarmed foe. The mighty cities Cempoallo and Cholula yielded to their thunder, and the bloodstained hands of Cortes reared the cross, over altars whence holy horror hurled Astec deities, and the rifled temples resounded to the adoration of the mass, which so lately echoed to the shrieks of human hecatombs. Then fell Mexico, and Tezcuco, the Athens of Anahuac. The civilization of Europe had conquered the barbarism of America. The conquest completed, on the lofty plains of fruitful Mexico, almost in sight of either ocean, the glory of the old world, and the pride of the new, found a common grave. Why is it that while on our soil, whence the blood of an exterminated race seems to cry to God for vengeance and a curse, in Mexico, when religious zeal endeavored to transform barbarism into civilization, the civilizer and the savage have together fallen? It will be found that Mahomet's two-edged apostle, although he may work fearful things among the nations, is not the one whom history has proved most efficacious in propagating civilization. This is old and true.

The character of a man's desires is the scale by which we estimate his condition. We rank him high or low, according to the origin of the motives by which he is actuated—whether they spring from sense, imagination or from understanding. By the same criterion we estimate a nation's civilization. Civilization is not lofty and expensive structures, palaces, temples, aqueducts and bridges. It is neither literature, nor music, nor statuary, nor painting, nor any branch of art. It is not the

civil polity, be it absolute, feudal, or republican, nor the scientific knowledge which the existence of these necessitates, but an attainment to the experience of those wants and cravings of the mind, which it is the province of these to satisfy—an experience which renders works of art and public decoration as essential as those of practical public utility. This experience is civilization. Works of utility and art are but manifestations of its existence. Thus one may not be called civilized though possessing all the works of genius of which the world can boast, unless he feel the necessities they are designed to answer,—for the Scythian might stand in wonder beneath the grandeur of the Parthenon, and be none the less a barbarian, because in the midst of Athens. The character of his wants constitutes the essential difference between civilized and savage man. Civilization such as this requires lapse of time—a nation cannot be subjected, without detriment, to sudden change. The manners, modes of thought, and language of a savage are no more susceptible of being at once expanded so as to answer the requisitions of civilized men, than an infant can be stretched at once to a manly extension. Accordingly if we wish to civilize a people, fire and the sword are, by no means, the most fitting bearers of our tokens of good will. When deep seated prejudice, national habits and customs, popular superstition, and the shades of ignorance are to be dispelled, they prove but little efficacious. When light and knowledge are to be conveyed, the light of his burning home, and the anatomical skill you may display in cutting up his comrades, will do but little to illume the poor man's soul. Defy his gods, and overthrow his temples, until not one stone be left upon another, and he will tell you that the wisdom of his deity doth but postpone his vengeance. Attack their language, and the race will fade away like mist, for if that, without which there is no thought, be altered or confused, where is vitality? When the conqueror would extinguish every spark of Saxon spirit, he brought a strange tongue into England. When Rome could by no other power check the wild freedom of the ancient Germans, she introduced her language and her courts among them. A little time so clearly exhibited this new danger, that when the noble Augustus exclaimed, "Oh! Varus! Varus! give me back my legions!" Varus could not give him back his legions, for their bones were whitening in the forests of the Zentoburghe. Our Mango Capsae among the savages of Peru, accomplished more, than all the crosses, and cathedrals, and priests, the powers of Spain established in conquered Mexico. We may wipe out every vestige of a race, and where they stood, with new material

erect the towers of civilization, but we may not hope to improve a conquered people.

It was partially in view of this that it was said, "The civilization which conquers barbarism, is fraught with inherent decay; while the barbarism that conquers civilization bears with it a fertilizing and self-perpetuating principle." Be the remark intrinsically true or false, history has developed nothing to conflict with it. Egypt did not conquer Greece, nor Greece Rome, nor Rome Germany, and though her eagles were victorious in Gaul and Britain, it was not until the barbarian Franks had overrun the one, and the wild hordes of Hengist and Horsa the other, that the flame began to kindle in France and England, which has brightened into the broad light of the present day. But Spain conquered Mexico, and transplanted to her shores her civilization, then a vigorous sapling; and she dug its trench with the sword and watered its roots with the blood of a submissive foe. But the plant thrived not upon its unnatural aliment, and corrupted in its nature, withered and died, and with it fell the civilization of Anahuac. Its history is written upon earth, and rock, and architectural ruin. Its records lie upon the banks of the Ohio,—the forests of California conceal them in their shadows, and every stone in Chihuahua and in Mexico embodies them. But only the God that wrote them there, can read them now. We know whither it is gone, but we know not whence it came.

PAINTING.

THE faculties of the human mind have undergone no change in kind, from age to age—and so we find, in our own mind, an index by which we can read the manifestations of mind in all ages. Perhaps we may not fully comprehend the deep and thrilling joy that moved the soul of Adam as he gazed upon the refulgent glories of Eden, ere they were darkened by sin; yet, I have sometimes thought that then, while dwelling in the midst of that purity and loveliness, the mind of our Great Ancestor formed those higher, purer, and more beautiful conceptions that have been transmitted to all his race; for surely, when those glorious beams, too brilliant for a vision beclouded by sin, earth-stricken and bereft, as she was, no longer contained originals from whence these conceptions might be drawn. Troy fell, but Æneas brought away the Penates and sacred fire to tell him what Troy had been, and inspire the hope of a second Troy, still more glorious. Thus, when man was exiled from the beautiful home of his innocence, he was permitted to carry forth some mementoes of its brightness and glory, to cheer him on his darksome way, and impel him to a world whose beauties and perfections, far above those of Eden, shall be realized. And thus have been obtained those conceptions of Beauty, Truth and Goodness, higher and more perfect than could have been afforded by the world in its present state. These conceptions are more or less vivid, in different minds. In some, they burn and glow with such intensity, that some means are eagerly sought to reproduce and embody them. The first method of communication was formed, perhaps, in wild, soul-stirring song; but soon, painting was seized upon, "by which art, her perfect image Nature sees." Painting must have had a divine meaning, for it has been a universal language of Genius in every age. These conceptions must have been strong in the minds of Raphael and Reubens, to give them form and color—almost life and breath upon the canvass. We feel a great curiosity about the works of those old masters that we can never see. But Painting, like popular books, receives a

great deal of affected admiration. Mrs. Stowe, in her lively sketches of travels in Europe, says she found herself, sometimes, admiring pieces that she was afterwards informed, it was very unfashionable to admire; and it may be a question how much of the effect of a painting is due to the imagination of the beholder; yet the reverence always felt for this art, is sure evidence that there is something true and real in it. Besides, this kind of painting, in which the artist works from his own ideals scenes are painted true to Nature; and from Death it gives back "the sacred image of a friend;" so that perhaps Campbell was not too enthusiastic, when he said,

> "Blest be nature's guardian muse
> Whose hand her perished grace redeems;
> Whose tablet of a thousand hues,
> The mirror of creation seems."

EDITORS' TABLE.

We can well remember with what a respectful silence and patience we sat, nearly four years ago, in the Freshman recitation room for half an hour over the usual time, listening to profound remarks from a Senior, on the possibility, feasibility, and finally, the actual certainty of the issue of a Quarterly Magazine, to be edited by members of the Senior class and sustained by all college. Our ideas of that Senior and his class were immediately enlarged—and they have not contracted to this day. Many were skeptical—a few ridiculed the project. One presumptuous fellow was heard to say, he "didn't believe the Magazine would be worth powder enough to blow it up," and another thought it would be "nothing but a blow, full of blank cartridges and squibs," and a conceited Soph remarked that "an attempt to issue a Magazine every four months would prove an abortion." The class of '54, however, trusted to their exertions, copy was soon sent to the printer, and in due time a Quarterly appeared.

From that time to this we have been the witnesses of many laudable efforts for, the listeners to *not* many execrations against, and the interested readers of, three volumes of the Magazine.

The exertions, inasmuch as they have been voluntary, have been hearty, and therefore comparatively successful; the execrations, when reasons were demanded for their support, eased off in objections to the literary character of the contributions; while the subscription list is gradually increasing. The objections may be well-founded—if they are, let the men who make them, determine to aid in removing them; if they

will not do this, then don't let us hear further quibbles. But the most encouraging things—better, at this early season of our year's connection with the Magazine than objections, or even subscription lists—are a few letters received from old graduates. From the bustle and travails of life, they rest a moment to look back upon the "memories of days departed;" and these glances mark plainly that their hearts are deeply interested in the prosperity of their alma mater, and everything connected with her. We beg pardon, but we cannot resist the inclination to copy a few extracts:

CORRESPONDENCE.—"*Messrs. Eds:* * * * I am glad to know that your class are going on with the publication of the Quarterly. I think it an honor to the College, and it would be a disgrace to have it dropped, now that it has such a fine start. * * * * It is one of the best college magazines I have seen. With best wishes for your success, &c., &c."

"GENTLEMEN:—My long non-intercourse has not been owing to indifference to your work and object; for no Alumnus receives ye Quarterly, I am sure, with greater pleasure than ye subscriber. I loved my college life too well to forego my remembrance of "Old Gull," now that some twenty-two years have intervened since my graduation. I value your periodical, not less on account of the intrinsic value of its general contents, (which, in my humble opinion, are much above the usual tenor of college journals,) than on account of ye faithful record of present College history. Long live old Williams! * * * *"

With such encouragements and a bountiful supply of hopes, aspirations and everything except money—we make a welcome, and, at the same time, a retiring bow.

Prize Essay.

In order to add to the literary merits of our pages, and also as a slight stimulant to more general efforts, there was offered a prize of ten dollars for the best essay written for publication in our present number. Owing, however, to the absence of the Seniors during their vacation, the extra

grubbing of the Sophmores for Biennial, and the limited time for preparation, a sufficient number of essays were not presented in time for adjudication and publication in this number. The Editors have therefore decided to renew their offer, and a prize of ten dollars is hereby offered for the best Essay, under the following regulations, viz: 1. The Essay may be on any subject chosen by the writer. 2. The length of the Essay shall be such as to occupy not less than seven, nor more than twelve pages of the Quarterly. 3. Each Essay shall be marked with some fictitious signature, and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the real name of the author, and marked on the outside to correspond with the fictitious name. 4. The writer must be an undergraduate of the College and a subscriber to the Quarterly. 5. The Editors shall have the right to retain and publish, with or without the names of authors, such of the Essays as they may select, simply as articles. 6. The Editors will request graduates of the College to act as adjudicators. N. B.—Essays must be handed in on or before the 8th of October.

Rejected Addresses.

The complaisant author of "College Critics and Criticisms" manifests a good degree of that spirit which he allows to others. If his language could have kept his ideas on their feet, perhaps the piece might have limped into the Quarterly, but, as they were halt and blind, leaders of the blind, they have together fallen into the—fire.

The unassuming note which accompanied the article on "Pigeon Hunting," was a fit prologue to the communication. We cannot well pick out a man in College with such "thumby fingers," spell-bound tongue, and flighty thoughts, as this piece would indicate the writer to possess—in fine, it was devoid of a capital beginning, or pointed end.

Other addresses, payed in good faith, and, at first, seeming pleasure, on her part, were afterward rejected by Maga.

College Annals.

There seems to be a certain magic in the customary preparations for commencement, that drives every cloud from the sky, and parches the

dull earth. Occasional showers fall around us, but *we* have had no rain since the class of '56 bade farewell to prayers and College duties. The heat and dust have become so oppressive that the student longs for the time when he shall *retire* to *country life*. Commencement this year comes earlier, by two weeks, than usual, but it seems as if its nearer approach made it the more desired, and never have we seen more heartily welcomed the days that shall complete another collegiate year.

We have no news of vital importance to communicate. Shortly after the last issue of the Quarterly, the electioneering talent of College was brought to bear on the coming elections. But the minds of all were so generally made up as to who was, and who was not, "around," that it was no difficult task to foresee that the results would be what they are.

The following were the officers chosen by the various societies :—

The Literary Societies.

Adelphic Union.

GEORGE BLODGETT, President. ANDREW PARSONS, Secretary.

Philotechnian.

N. J. BARTLETT, President.
ALEX. WALKER, Vice President.
GEO. W. FAY, Secretary.
JAMES DEANE, Librarian.
R. H. WARD, 1st Ass't Lib'n.
H. B. CRANDALL, 2d Ass't Lib'n.
B. F. PARSONS, Treasurer.
F. L. MONROE, Senior Editor.
J. P. BIXBY, Junior Editor.
J. W. GRUSH, HENRY HERRICK, } Library Inspectors.

Philologian.

E. C. HOOKER, President.
ISRAEL CARLETON, Vice President.
IRVING MAGEE, Secretary.
J. M. NICHOLS, Reader.
THOMAS POST, Treasurer.
S. E. ELMORE, Librarian.
C. J. LYONS, 1st Ass't Lib'n.
H. S. ANDERSON, 2d Ass't Lib'n.
R. H. MOREY, H. E. SCUDDER, } Library Inspectors.

Mills Theological Society.

WILLIAM TATLOCK, President. GEO. W. FAY, Vice President.
ANDREW PARSONS, Librarian. HORACE E. SCUDDER, Treasurer.

Lyceum of Natural History.

SAMUEL E. ELMORE, President. WILLIAM TATLOCK, Vice President.
SAMUEL H. SCUDDER, Curator. M. LA RUE P. HILL, Secretary.
EDWARD H. FITCH, Treasurer.

Gymnasium.

SAMUEL H. SCUDDER, President. HARRY HOPKINS, Secretary and Treasurer.
E. C. HOOKER, W. D. DAY, H. E. SCUDDER, Directors.

Landscape Gardening Association.

PROF. JOHN BASCOM, President.

PROF. ALBERT HOPKINS, PROF. ISAAC N. LINCOLN, Vice Presidents.

ELIJAH CUTLER, Head Gardener. DAVID S. JOHNSON, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Marshal's supper given on the evening of July 1st, by Messrs. Bowles & Bronson to their class, was—judging from a near view, and a few snuffs snatched at intervals when nobody was looking—an agreeable affair. The tables were set in the customary place, Mr. Meacham's grove, and a bountiful supply of good things disappeared in the course of the evening. There was more interest manifested in devouring viands than in disgorging toasts; and the speeches, with few exceptions, were evidently ill-digested. After the supper, the "Class of '56" marched up to the President's study, preceded by appropriate music, and received his benediction—words ever to be remembered—and then, after parading a short time, they sang their significant song and dispersed.

The Fourth passed off very quietly; some even thought they were about to have another Sunday in the week. Towards evening, however, an occasional fire-cracker or torpedo startled us from our dreams and woke us up to celebrate.

On the 8th and 9th following, the Seniors passed their last examination, known to all "old graduates" by the name of "Senior Examination." The days were far more comfortable for those being examined, than any which have been set apart for that purpose for some time before. This is of course the result of being earlier in the season than usual. During a good portion of the last day rain fell, and so did horse hire, and the countenances of many who were anticipating a ride to the *rural districts*. Towards night it cleared up beautifully, and the evening proved a very fine one for the Adelphic Union exhibition. The list of exhibitors was given in the last number of the "Quarterly." The music by Hodges' band gave much better satisfaction than that by the same band at the Junior Exhibition. The speaking was good, the house full, and everything passed off creditably to the Societies and their representatives.

A short time since an excellent report was returned, in each of the branch literary societies, on the propriety of a system of prizes, two, to be given by the Adelphic Union Society to the best and second best orators, at its annual exhibition; also a prize for the best essay to be read at each of the Adelphic Union debates. But, though it was proven to be a very *worthy* object, when it came to the ground of *expediency*, it fell through. The Societies do not feel able in the present state of their libraries, to take upon them any such additional expense. We trust, however, the time is not far distant when some of our Alumni, or some friend of the Institution, will consider this a worthy object and treat it accordingly. In our opinion, nothing could add more interest to the exhibitions, which will otherwise become second rate performances. As to the essay, no one will doubt that something of this kind will do very much to bring out the talent for writing that exists in College.

There has been lately issued a new steel engraving of our worthy President. The likeness is very fine, and in great demand. For the first time, after many failures, a good picture has been obtained, and will consequently meet with a general sale.

The poor Soph, who has waded through five of those horrid (in anticipation) Biennials, now begins to look more cheerful. He might have been distinguished, all the term, by his disconsolate appearance; but now the muscles of his face begin to relax, and he appears more like a human being than he has for the past term. It is reported about town that sundry individuals, composing a respectable portion of the class of '58, had formed *base plots* against certain biennial papers. It is further rumored that the aforesaid members came in contact with the above mentioned papers. And further, as to the time when, and place where, said papers were found, the deponent saith not; suffice it to say that those which were left were discovered by their owner, covered with the sable contents of the ink-bottle. Ten-fold is the vengeance meted out in consequence to the perpetrators, insomuch that, in place of forty questions, (undoubtedly *familiar*,) some ninety, more or less, entirely original ones were substituted. Verily there is, in the words of ——, such a thing as "jumping from the frying pan into the fire."

The bronze eagle, sent by Nathan Jackson, Esq., to guard the entrance to Jackson Hall, is being perched upon a platform over the door, in imitation of the Ninevite figures which adorned the palace of Nimroud.

It is our lot here to record the destruction of the "Greylock Tower" by fire. Some careless or designing *youths*, (not students, we are happy to say,) set it on fire on Thursday, the 24th, and the structure was completely destroyed. The "Tower" was built chiefly under the superintendence of Professor Coffin. In 1852, it was repaired by a party of students, with carpenters and masons, and put in excellent order. During the following season, a party from a neighboring town, who like the "dog in the crib," were determined that what they could not enjoy, no one should, visited the tower, and tore up the floor, destroyed the chimney, and committed various other disgraceful depredations. Since that time, little by little, it has been demolished, until it had become scarcely habitable, even for a night. Yet the view from it was good; without it, indeed, there is almost none at all.

Now it is to be hoped that it will be replaced by a stone one, for that is the only material that will last in such a place, and of these there are plenty. There is certainly no other Babel in the limits of Massachusetts, at least, where a tower could be reared so nearly to the skies as on "Old Greylock."

Another item of news is that the Franklin Library, that time-honored and time-*worn* institution, has been placed in the hands of the Faculty, who now appoint the Librarians and exercise an oversight of the concerns. This measure will, we trust, serve to make the Library what it should be.

The commencement season this year will be one of peculiar interest. In addition to the usual exercises there will be a Missionary Jubilee held on the spot where, 50 years ago, American missions were inaugurated.

On the afternoon of Sunday the 3d of August the Baccalaureate sermon will be delivered by the President. In the evening of the same day an address will be delivered before the Mills Theological Society, by the Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox, D. D.

On Monday evening, the Germania Band will give a public concert at the Congregational church.

On Tuesday it is expected that the Alumni meeting will be held in the College chapel at 8 o'clock, and at 10 o'clock will adjourn to the Missionary Park, under the shade of the maple grove. The proceedings at the Missionary Jubilee will be commenced with an address by D. D. Field, LL. D. Prof. Albert Hopkins will then deliver the oration before the Alumni. After a short recess, addresses are expected to be made by graduates of the College and other distinguished visiters,—Ex-Governors Briggs and Washburn, Senator Dixon, Hon. Martin I. Townsend, the Rev. Drs. Tyng and Wyckoff, the President of the College, and others, will also participate in the exercises. In the evening of the same day, the Prize Rhetorical Exhibition will be held in the church. The speakers are as follows:

Freshmen.

W. D. Day, D. F. Fitz, G. M. Wright.

Sophomores.

G. H. Beckwith, S. M. Cleveland, J. H. Doughty.

Juniors.

Rufus Apthorp, Edward S. Isham, Edwin Quackenbush.

The address before the Adelphic Union Society will be delivered by Prof. F. D. Huntington of Harvard University.

The exercises of Commencement proper will take place on Wednesday. The Master's Orations will be delivered by Messrs. Clark and Mitchell of the class of 1853. The first term of the 63d year of the College will commence on Thursday, September 11th, 1856.

Exchanges.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:—Yale Literary Magazine, Amherst Collegiate Magazine, Marietta College Magazine, Beloit College Magazine, Bethany Stylus, Fort Edward Institute Magazine, Ciceronian, Wisconsin Journal of Education, and Putnam's Monthly.

Deaths of Alumni.

Class of 1810.—Rev. James Porter died at Stafford, Conn., June 6th, aged 71.

" " 1813.—Leonard M. Davis, M. D., died at Milwaukie, Wis., July 19th, aged 62.

On account of the occurrence of Commencement at an earlier date than usual, we have been unable to prepare our usual amount of matter for the Quarterly, and two forms are consequently omitted. They will appear in our next.

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THE

Williams Quarterly.

DECEMBER, 1856.

WILLIAMSTOWN:
PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

The Williams Quarterly.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1857.
SAMUEL E. ELMORE, | DAVID S. JOHNSON,
EDWARD S. ISHAM, | HOMER B. STEVENS,
WILLIAM TATLOCK.

Williams Quarterly Prize Essay.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

FRANCESCO PETRARCHA.

The history of literature presents no epoch so eventful and so fascinating, as the period of, and immediately following, the Crusades.

When the tide of Asia's barbarian hordes swept over Europe, it not only overthrew the mighty fabric of the Roman empire, and desolated all the monuments of its glory, but it seemed to have laid a ban forever on the march of intellect, and the progress of civilization. For some time the art of letters had languished at Rome, the pure language of the Augustan age had become corrupted, and the eloquence of a Cicero and the muse of a Maro had ceased to echo in the forum, or to delight the ear of a Mæcenas; they had given place to luxury and licentiousness. And when the final catastrophe arrived, there was no commanding genius to rise superior to the shock, and, guiding his countrymen to the love of liberty, virtue, and science, warn them from their otherwise inevitable degradation. Long, long did mental darkness brood over the nations of christendom. The true faith, and perhaps true learning, glimmered awhile in the isolation of Iona in the north, and the monastic seclusion of Mt. Athos in the south, and then vanished in the superstition that closer

and closer enveloped, with one common obscurity, the various races of Europe.

But a keen discerner may perceive, amid all this torpor and apparent lifelessness, that intelligence was not entirely extinct; and that the human mind still struggled occasionally for the light. The rise of the feudal system had dotted the whole country, from the Oder to the Douro, with those baronial strongholds, whose ivied ruins excite the admiration of the traveler to this day. Time hung heavy on the hands of the nobles in those times, and hence sprung the *jongleurs* and *minnesingers*, who beguiled the hours with their songs of love and war. The deeds of the Cid, of King Arthur, and of Charlemagne and his Saladins, were a prolific theme for the mediœval poet. Upon the verdant banks of the Rhine, those lays of the Niebelungenlied were composed and recited, which have been handed down to us in all their pristine beauty: and the skalds of the North Sea, and the ministrels of Wales, are proof that, poetry, at least, does not require a high state of enlightenment for its cultivation.

At the period when chivalry was at its height, there arose a voice from the Vatican, feeble at first, but swelling until its echoes pealed beyond the steeps of St. Bernard, shaking the Christian world to its foundations. That was the voice of Peter the Hermit, a dwarf in size, but a hero in intellect, and whose religious enthusiasm surpassed even his mental powers. He led the first Crusade; and year after year did the armies of the Cross follow in his steps, to find glory and destruction in the Holy Land. As the wounded and worn-out crusaders returned occasionally from these ill-fated emprises, and coasted, in the dreamy manner of those times, along the shores of sunny Provence, all the scenes of his childhood would rush before his eyes when he beheld the green vallies of his native land, and the hoary heads of the Alps glittering in the distance. Then he lifted up his voice and wept, and his joy found vent in the soothing expressions of poetry, like the passage bird that sings its return to its native grove. Having landed, he found the friends of his youth dead and gone, his patrimony wasted, and his lady love no more; so he wandered from castle to castle, and his romantesque strains were listened to with ardor and admiration, by many a martial knight and blushing maiden along the ancient Rhone. Such was the origin of the troubadour.

A little later, about fifty years after the last Crusade, our attention is drawn to a mournful scene at Ravenna, in Italy. A monk, shrouded in the cowl and mantle of the Franciscan order, is stretched for the last

time on his couch. His pale and haggard countenance, his glassy eyes, his skinny hands and wasted frame, mark him as the victim of harrowing sorrow and adversity. Only one or two friends are present to accompany him to the gates of death, and point his failing vision to hope beyond the grave. This is Danté, the greatest poet of modern times. Danté stands unique and pre-eminent among his cotemporaries, and all who for centuries had preceded him—a colossal genius! as the Sphinx rears its giant proportions unobstructed above the sands of Gizéh, while man appears insignificant in comparison. What a boundless power of imagination, and depth of feeling, were combined in his character. His *Inferno* has a gloomy grandeur about it, like that attaching to some weird Druidic forest. Now the ceaseless roar of the Phlegethon's bloody torrent resembles the tempest howling through the yew's funereal boughs; now the soft harpings of the angels remind one of the sweet music of the dribbling brook that waters the roots of the evergreens. The name of Danté is immortal!

Returning to a few years prior to the death of the great poet, we see a little child gambolling in the meadows, where the Arno washes the palaces of Florence. His childish beauty wins our sympathies, and we keep our eye on him: a little later he is found, a youth of singular promise and ability, dwelling at Avignon, a city in the south of France. This is FRANCESCO PETRARCHA, next to Danté the most fertile poet of his time: he will be the subject of the following pages.

Avignon and its vicinity was, for the greater part of his life, the residence of Petrarch. In the poet's time it was the seat of the Holy See, and the presence of the popes raised the city to a degree of magnificence it has possessed at no other period. Sumptuousness, and levity of manners, were the characteristics of the Avignonians, and costly pageants, and imposing processions, were witnessed daily in their streets. The city is situated on the brow of an eminence, that rises majestically from the midst of the lovely plains of Languedoc. Its battlements skirt the shores of the ancient Rhone, which glides through meadows teeming with almost perennial verdure, until it is lost in the distance, where the blue mountains of Vauclûse loom above the horizon. The fountain of Vauclûse, with its yawning cavern, its foaming flood, salubrious air, and delightful solitude, was ever Petrarch's favorite summer retreat, and the scene of some of the sweetest inspirations of his muse.

In his earlier years, Francesco was remarkably handsome, and nature endowed him with pleasing and affable manners, which gained him many

and lasting friends. His retiring disposition warned him from the follies of the age, and taught him to seek in peace and seclusion, in the companionship of Virgil, Tully, and Horace, his chief enjoyment.

Although taken from his native land while a boy, yet he never ceased to cherish a deep interest in his beloved Italy; he mourned over the calamities that had reduced her to her wretched condition, rejoiced in the auspicious rise of Rienzi, and wept his untimely ruin.

But the most interesting episode in the life of Petrarch was his passion for *Laura*, a name indissolubly connected with his. To her, as he confessed, he owed all his fame, his happiness, and his sorrows. For years she sought to check the ardor of his love, and affected coldness and displeasure: but not always could such a gentle soul as hers remain an indifferent witness to constancy like his. Insensibly her heart learned to beat at his approach, and to long for his presence. When he departed for Rome, the deep expression of her clear, dark eye, spoke a silent farewell, and she pined during his absence, like a turtle dove for its mate; when he returned, the same soft eye uttered a welcome, silent, but thrilling. Her conduct, however, was above reproach; the tongue of slander never sullied the pure fame of Laura de Sâde. A halo of angelic purity seemed to hover around her pensively beautiful countenance, as she moved uncontaminated amid the dissolute circles of the Papal court. She resembled the sweet unobtrusive violet, growing uninjured in a bed of flaring tulips. For twenty years Laura was the polar star of Petrarch's life. But her constitution gradually declined, she was too fair, too frail for this earth to own; it was, however, the plague, at that time desolating Europe, that claimed her as its victim. Petrarch was in Italy when the mournful intelligence reached him. From that hour life was a burden, existence a weight, to him "that longed to go." And when at threescore and ten the shadow of death dimmed his eyes, as a cloud darkens the setting sun, his soul passed away without a murmur to the spirit land.

It is in his literary career, however, that Petrarch more particularly claims our attention. Without hesitation we assign to him the first place in the second order of Italy's poets. Danté is, to make use of a trite figure, the keystone in her noble structure of poetical fame, holding the same rank in her literature, which Michael Angelo holds in her arts. They are twin Titans! both sublime in conception, they are equally successful in imparting their lofty imaginations to their works. Nor do we think ourselves much out of the way in comparing the two; for the poet and the artist are one. The only difference is, that the former appeals

to the soul by means of the ear, the other by means of the eye. It was poetry of the most exalted kind which inspired Danté with his description of *Malebolgé*, and roused Michael Angelo to the creation of his painting of the *Last Judgment*.

On the other hand, Petrarch and Raphael were kindred spirits. While neither claimed the mighty powers of their two predecessors, yet each, in his peculiar line, possessed a depth of soul, an exquisite sweetness and finish of expression, that exerted an extensive and beneficial influence on European literature and art. And here we have an instance of the similarity of thought which unites the poet and the artist. It was not simply ideals that Raphael sought to delineate on the canvas, but ever there hovered before his vision the image of his mother, the mother of his boyhood, and in the heavenly and entrancing beauty of his Madonnas, memory and filial affection traced the expression of her beloved countenance. And thus it was with Petrarch; when the "fine frenzy" inspired him, Laura's gentle form haunted his imagination, and his shell was tuned to celebrate her beauty and his love. In both cases it was the *affections of the heart*, one of the chief elements of poetry, which produced the effect.

Although, in point of date, the first of Italy's modern poets, yet Danté's writings have exerted no great influence, in the way of transforming or improving a language, or creating a new school of poetry. Wrapt up in the sublime figments of his brain, he disdained, or perhaps forgot, to clothe his thoughts with the ornaments of an elegant style, but, content to help himself, according to his exigencies, from any of the thousand and one then existing dialects of Italy, gave his conceptions to the world in all their original grandeur and ruggedness, to speak for themselves. As it is now, we regard his poem with the same feelings that we should gaze at the snow-capt peaks of Mt. Lebanon, whose abrupt and desolate crags, if rounded off and covered with forests, would be shorn of their picturesque beauty and wild sublimity.

But Petrarch, the opposite of his great prototype, labored to improve and remodel his mother tongue, and in the melody of his versification, and the elegance of his diction, resembles our Pope. And yet how incomparably superior is he to the English bard! for the Italian wrote from the overflowings of a wounded and bursting heart, and the language that enriches his ideas is far more mellifluous and poetical than the Anglo Saxon.

Petrarch's "Africa," an epic narrative of the conquests of Scipio

Africanus in Numidia, has conduced little to his fame, but his sonnets and canzonière are replete with the most eloquent passages of impassioned, descriptive, and contemplative poetry. He loved to dwell on the scenes of the past, and commune with the men of old; and his thoughtful but ardent study of Nature in her various aspects, is exhibited not only in his verse, but also in his prose, more particularly his correspondence, which resembles the letters of Gray, and the meditative style of Chateaubriand.

Nor was Petrarch satisfied to be only a votary of the Muses. He studied and investigated the classics with delight, and applied himself, at a late hour, to the acquisition of the language of Homer and Plato, for the Greek was almost entirely neglected at that time. He compiled histories, wrote learned essays, and occasionally appeared as an advocate, not unfrequently serving in cases requiring delicate diplomacy.

The fame of the scholar of Avignon spread over the continent, and the smiles of the great enabled him to gratify the ambition of his life, namely, to revive at Rome, and through himself, the custom of granting to illustrious bards the testimonial of popular favor, a chaplet of laurel; an august ceremony which had ceased with the downfall of the Cæsars. And the triple shout which shook the venerable dome of the Capitol, when Petrarch was invested with the honors of *poet-laureate*, proclaimed to Europe the restoration of literature and poesy in Italy. In return, he gave to his country a gift that will ever be identified with her institutions, he gave her a language; a language which the immortal lays of Tasso and Ariosto have perpetuated, and in which the untutored improvisatore of to-day sings his nightingale strains amid the moonlit ruins of the Coliseum.

How different has it been with his quaint contemporary, old Chaucer, whose "Canterbury Tales" are composed in a tongue that is now nearly, if not quite, obsolete.

The career of Petrarch is one that we are fond of contemplating. Moral when all were corrupt, a patriot in the midst of selfishness and tyranny, a poet, a historian, and a linguist, in an age of mental darkness, and the founder of a new era in modern literature, his example has come down to us, shining in the dark annals of the fourteenth century, as the beacons of the Achaians blazed through the gloom of the night that succeeded the overthrow of Troy.

When we hear the word *Italy*, it is as if we felt the influence of some irresistible charm. Our enthusiasm is kindled, and our imagination

wanders over to that beautiful sea-girt land; that enchanted region where Venice rises from the blue Adriatic,—a second Aphrodite—her island towers glittering in perpetual summer, and the sea-weed washing through her decaying halls; where Naples smiles amid the orange bowers of Campania; where the long-lost and but lately discovered colonnades of Pæstum gaze mournfully on the Mediterranean; and where the Tiber's crumbling fanes are haunted by the shades of the mighty departed. A land whose sons and daughters, light-hearted and oblivious of sorrow as if they had quaffed at Lethe's flood, breathe the fervid expressions of poetry, spontaneously as the birds that carol in the Appenine groves.

And what but *Poetry* is it that has lent this magic coloring to Italy? And would not he who has contributed to throw such an interest over his country, and who could so arouse the finer sensibilities of a people, be considered a benefactor to his own and to future generations? Then must Petrarch be accounted as a benefactor to his native land, for he, more than any one else, has been instrumental in accomplishing these effects, at once so delightful and so beneficial. And his fellow-countrymen are mindful of all he has done for their literary glory, and will ever pronounce with love, gratitude, and veneration, the name of Francesco Petrarcha.

The cathedral is still standing, whose mysterious pavement echoed to the footsteps of his Laura,—Vauclûse still retains its pristine seclusion,—and is not his tomb in Arqua unto this day? but he needs no mausoleum; he could say, with Ennius, as he composed himself for death,

"I live in fame, although I breathe no more."

Never let us say of anything whatsoever, that it happeneth by chance; there is nothing that hath not been concerted—nothing that hath not its own particular design and end, by which it forms a link in the chain of appointed order. There is no such thing as chance. It is only the blindness of ignorance that talketh of things being strange, and unaccountable, and unlucky.—*St. Basil.*

Of all the foul murders ever committed, the basest is surely "killing time."

EVENING.

How calm, how glorious the eve!
  How clear and beautiful the sky!
When, in the west, the bright clouds weave
  Their lovely, gorgeous canopy.

Adown the hills dark shadows fly,—
  With gentle murmur comes the breeze,
Just kissing, as it passes by,
  The shutting flowers and leafy trees.

The stillness hallows every thought,
  And lifts the soul above the earth;
The heart, with kindlier feelings fraught,
  To sad, yet pleasant thought, gives birth.

'Tis then that genial memories wake,
  And thrills of pleasure fill the breast,—
'Tis then refreshing draughts we take
  From out the fountain of the Past.

Then, when the night creeps on apace,
  And darkness glides o'er hill and dale,
When the bright stars the heavens grace,
  And flowers the genial dews inhale,

Insensibly we think of One
  Who doth the mighty work control,—
Whose Omnipresent power alone
  Hath nicely poised the wondrous whole.

Fain would the soul take wing, and fly
  Up to those countless, sparkling gems,
That hang upon the evening sky,
  Bright as the angels' diadems.

THE FIRST DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 9.)

We endeavored, in the last number of the Quarterly, to give a brief summary of the most important events in the discovery of America; let us now, reasoning from the facts which have been presented, and from the information derived from other sources, consider what proofs there are that the Vinland of the ancient Northmen is our North America, and if it be identical with it, the probable situation of the parts of the country visited by them. Mr. Murray's * principal objection to considering Vinland as North America, is the wide separation of that country from Greenland, and surmises that Vinland was only the southern point of Greenland, separated from the original settlement of the Icelanders by a bay. But is it to be supposed that a nation of seafarers so active as the Northmen, should have found anything so difficult in the passage from Greenland to Labrador or Newfoundland, when they had, one hundred and fifty years previous to this, crossed from Norway to Iceland, a distance much greater than that from Greenland to Newfoundland? From data furnished by the Landnama and other ancient geographical works of Iceland, we learn that the distance of a day's sailing was estimated at about thirty geographical miles, (German or Danish, of which fifteen are equal to a degree; each of these, therefore, equal to four English sea miles.) According to the account given above, Biarne was four days passing from Helluland to Heriulfsne in Greenland. The distance of the latter place from Newfoundland is one hundred and fifty Icelandic miles. These will correspond, when we take into consideration the strong gales which helped him on his way. "There is no great improbability," says Mr. Irving in his History of Columbus, "that such enterprising and roving voyagers as the Scandinavians, may have wandered to

* Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in North America. Hugh Murray.

the northern shores of America, about the coasts of Labrador, or tl shores of Newfoundland; and if the Icelandic manuscripts said to be the thirteenth century can be relied upon as genuine, free from mode interpolation, and correctly quoted, they would appear to prove the fact.'

And now what was the situation of the countries mentioned by the and to which they gave the several names of Markland, Vinland, K jarnes, Krossanes, &c.? Can we identify them with any particular pa of our continent? Let us see. We found that the distance sailed and tl time consumed would bring the sailors to Labrador. We know that la now as consisting in part of naked, rocky flats, where no tree, not even shrub can grow, and which are therefore called *Barrens;* thus answeri completely to the *Hellur* of the Northmen, from which they named t country. Taking this then as Labrador, let us trace the course of tl ancient mariners as they sailed still further south and west. The ne country to which Leif Ericson and his companions sailed, was south-we of Helluland. The country was low, covered with thickets and whi sand, and corresponds, according to descriptions of later writers, to No Scotia. Again they stood out to sea, and with a north-east wind, tv days' and nights' sailing brought them to a shore sheltered on the north l an island. The description of the coast by the chronicler Biarne is ve accurate; and in the island which was on the north and east, we reco nize Nantucket or Martha's Vineyard. Hóp, the residence of Thorfin was situated, according to the account, on an elevation of land, near river which flowed in a southerly direction through a bay into the oce From this, the land stretched east, and turning to the north, formed t promontory to which Thorfinn gave the name of Kiljarnes. Th described the eastern coast of this cape as being covered with long, na row beaches and sand-hills, of a very strange appearance, and therefo called by them Furdurstrandir (wonder-strands). What do mode writers say of this very same appearance?

Professor Hitchcock * thus describes the eastern coast of Cape Co "The Dunes, or sand-hills which are often nearly or quite barren of vege tion, and of snowy whiteness, forcibly attract the attention on account their peculiarity. As we approach the extremity of the Cape, the sa and barrenness increases; and in not a few places, it would need only party of Bedouin Arabs to cross the traveler's path, to make him fe that he was in the depths of an Arabian or Lybian desert." . . . . . (

* Geology of Massachusetts, p. 97.

crossing the sands of the Cape, I noticed a singular mirage, or deception. In Orleans, for instance, we seemed to be ascending at an angle of three or four degrees; nor was I convinced that this was not the case, until turning about, I perceived that a similar ascent appeared in the road just passed over. I shall not attempt to explain this optical deception; but merely remark that it is probably of the same kind as that observed by Humboldt on the Pampas of Venezuela: "all around us," he says, "the plains seemed to ascend toward the sky.") "When Thorfinn had passed this Cape, he says that the coast was indented with bays and inlets. The word Hóp in Icelandic, may mean "either a recess or bay, formed by a river from the interior falling into an inlet from the sea, or the land bordering on such a bay." To this Mount Hope, or Haup bay, as the Indians term it, corresponds; through this the Taunton river flows, and passing through the narrow but navigable Pocasset river, meets the waters of the ocean at Seaconnett Point.

If we compare the accounts which the Northmen give of the climate, soil, and natural productions of the country, with what we know of them from other sources, we are struck with the similarity. The climate, they say, was mild, so that the cattle which they brought with them, grazed all the winter long. We can easily reconcile this seeming discrepancy with the severity of our present New England winters, by remembering that the Icelanders spoke comparatively. The coldness of a New England winter would have, to them, the genial mildness of spring. The cattle, too, accustomed in Iceland to browse off the branches of trees during the winter, might have easily gained their sustenance here in the same way; though farmers in Nantucket now often keep their sheep out all the winter long. They spoke of wild grapes as being found there in abundance. This is eminently true of that region, and we know that the Vineyard sound obtained its name from the vine-bearing island situated at its opening. And even if Vinland, according to Mallet and other old writers, is to be looked for upon the coast of Labrador or Newfoundland, there will be no difficulty on that score. Some indeed endeavored to do away with the objection that no grapes grew in those countries, by contending that the grapes which Tyrker discovered, were only currants, which in the Northern languages are called Vūnboer, or wine-berries—a general name in the North for goose-berries, currants and grapes. But this is not necessary; Mr. Ellis in his "voyage to Hudson's Bay," Vol. II., speaks of the vine as growing in that region; and Labrador is not very far distant from that place; it lies partly in the same, and partly in a more

southern latitude, and their several productions seem to be much alike. Other travelers, too, speak of the vine as growing there.

An object of great importance in the eyes of the Northmen, was a species of wood of great beauty, which they called "mazar." This may correspond either to the bird's-eye maple, or to the tulip tree, or the locust. The spontaneous growing wheat mentioned as being there, is the same with the maize discovered by the English upon landing in the country. Fish, too, abound in the waters about Taunton, and game, such as deer, were very plentiful in the earliest times, so that the place was one of common resort among the Indians, for hunting. Thus one sees that the coincidence of the natural productions, also points to the vicinity of Narragansett Bay, as the Vinland of the Northmen. It is mentioned by the chronicle that when Eric was at Vinland, the sun rose in the winter at half past seven, and set at half past four. The latitude from these data is fixed by Professor Rafn at 41° 24′ 10″ North. This would place it in the vicinity of Taunton. Not very much reliance, however, can be placed upon this. The old Icelandic word which we translate hour is of very uncertain signification; and the ancient chronicles may be so understood as to give us room to conclude that at the winter solstice, the sun rose at eight in the morning and set at four. This gives us the forty-ninth degree, which is the latitude of Canada and Newfoundland.

The last evidence which we shall consider, is found in the Dighton Inscriptions. The earliest notice of this inscription is in No. 339, of the "Philosophical Transactions," for the year 1714, where there is a letter from Cotton Mather, calling attention to some remarkable inscriptions upon a rock at Taunton, by the side of a tiding river. There seems to have been nothing further done about this by the Society at that time; and in the "Archæologia," published by the Society of Antiquaries in London, Vol. VIII, there is an "Account of an Ancient Inscription in North America," by Dr. Lort. This was in 1786. In this paper, he speaks of a sermon preached by Pres. Stiles, of Yale College, in which the preacher, following some learned gentlemen of the Parisian Academy of Science, maintains that the inscriptions are in Punic characters, and are a proof that the Carthaginians once visited this country. Others asserted that "the writing was the work of a people who once inhabited Siberia, and passed thence to the great continent of America; and that these were a lettered people, and skilled in all the sciences of those ages, but have been mostly destroyed in the Northern part of America, by great hordes of roaming Tartars who followed them, and now form the savage Indians."

We have not visited this rock, and cannot therefore do better than copy from the report made by the committee appointed by the Rhode Island Historical Society to investigate the subject. "It is situated," the report says, "about six and a half miles south of Taunton, on the east side of Taunton River, a few feet from the shore, and on the west side of Assonet Neck in the town of Berkley, although, probably from the fact of being generally visited from the opposite side of the river, which is in Dighton, it has always been known by the name of the Dighton Writing Rock. It faces north-west, toward the bed of the river, and is covered by the water two or three feet at the highest, and is left ten or twelve feet from it at the lowest tides; it is also completely immersed twice in twenty-four hours. The rock does not occur *in situ*, but shows indubitable evidence of having occupied the spot where it now rests, since the period of that great and extensive disruption, which was followed by the transportation of immense boulders to, and a deposit of them in places at a vast distance from their original beds. It is a mass of well-characterized, fine grained, *grey wacke*. Its true color, as exhibited by a fresh fracture, is a bluish grey. There is no rock in the immediate neighborhood that would at all answer as a substitute for the purpose, for which the one bearing the inscription was selected; as they are aggregates of the large conglomerate variety. Its face, measured at the base, is eleven feet and a half, and in height it is a little over five feet. The upper surface forms, with the horizon, an inclined plane of about sixty degrees. The whole of the face is covered, to within a few inches of the ground, with unknown hieroglyphics. There appears little or no method in the arrangement of them. The lines are from half an inch to an inch in width; and in depth, sometimes one-third of an inch, though generally very superficial. They were, inferring from the rounded elevation and intervening depression, pecked in upon the rock, and not chiseled or smoothly cut out. The marks of human power and manual labor are indelibly stamped upon it. No one who examines attentively the workmanship, will believe it to have been done by the Indians. Moreover, it is a well attested fact, that no where, throughout our wide-spread domain, is there a single instance of their recording or having recorded their deeds or history upon stone."

It will not be possible to represent the different copies of inscription here, but the most authentic one seems to be that adopted by the Royal Society of Denmark as exhibited in the "Antiquitates Americanæ." It is difficult to attach any particular meaning to the groups of human

figures, rudely sketched, which cover the most of the rock; but in the centre of the inscription, appear the following characters, with one exception, distinctly legible:—

TXXXI ᛘᛅ

ᚦᚮᚱᚠᛁᚾᛋ

The first letter is a common form of the Icelandic C., and may, as a numerical letter, express either the common one hundred, or the greater hundred, *i. e.* one hundred and twenty. The letters following it, also, taken as numerals, express thirty-one, which added to the greater hundred, makes one hundred and fifty-one. This number exactly agrees with the number of men with whom Thorfinn landed in Vinland. For when Thorfinn's company of one hundred and sixty men had come to Straumey, there was doubt among them as to the situation of Vinland, and Thorwald with eight companions parted from the rest and sailed to the north in search of it, while Thorfinn with the remaining men sailed toward the south, and, as we are led to believe, landed at Taunton. So that the number corresponds with that on the inscription. The combination which immediately follows the numerals, is composed of the three letters N A M, and has the meaning "took possession of." The first letter of the line below is so defaced, that it is merely by conjecture that the editors of the "Antiquitates" ("vix nimis temerarie") supply the letter which is placed there, and which is the Icelandic T H. The next letter is an old form of O, and as such, is found in manuscripts bearing date 787. The remaining letters correspond, in use, to the English characteristics of the same form. Taking then, the supposition that the greater hundred is referred to in the numeral T, and that the letters T H are rightly substituted for the lost form in the name, the inscription would read:—

THORFINN (or Thorfins,) WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MEN TOOK POSSESSION OF THIS COUNTRY.

"But," you will ask, "what proof have we that these manuscripts and old chronicles are genuine, and not the work of later ages?" Of the

authenticity and age of the manuscripts we think there can be no doubt, and they have, in fact, hardly been called in question. The different manuscripts agree in all the main points, and it is only in a few particulars that they differ, and this would rather confirm the evidence than destroy it, since it shows that they were not fabricated. In the earliest times the Northmen had their Skalds, who, like the rhapsodists of Greece sang the exploits of their warriors, and as early as A. D. 1050, manuscripts are found containing collections of Sagas or songs of the Skalds; and numerous are the traditions among the Icelanders of the deeds of their earlier and more famous days. The traditions and manuscripts in regard to the discovery of America, have always been known and recognized among the Northmen, but the limited means of the Icelandic scholars has prevented their publication heretofore, although some of the leading facts have from time to time been given to the world.

We have endeavored thus to sum up briefly the various facts and proofs in the accounts of the Discovery of America; for a full and minute narration is impracticable in an article like this. And we are sure that the detailed account and laborious arguments which have been so faithfully set forth in the "Antiquitates Americanae," cannot fail to interest all who are curious upon this topic.

But even if it be proved that America was known to the Northmen before Columbus set foot upon our shores, we deprive that great navigator of none of his honor. The glory of discovery belongs to him in a higher degree. A hardy and adventurous band of mariners, roaming over the sea, accidentally discover a continent; deeming it of little importance, a few colonies are sent out to people it — a few straggling bands coast along its shores, and not many years elapse before the colonies are abandoned, the coasts deserted, and Vinland is remembered only in the traditions and the records of the once powerful Northmen. The time had not yet come for the commencement of the grand drama of the West. The world was not prepared to receive into fellowship a new continent, and send out mighty men to people it. But a few centuries pass, the light of Christianity and learning shines forth from the gloom of the Dark Ages, the preparatory work is consummated, and *then* Columbus with his great intellect and determined will, lifts the veil of obscurity, and discloses to an astonished world a new hemisphere. While we look with curiosity and interest upon the voyages of the Northmen, we gaze with awe and admiration upon the Discovery of Columbus.

STANZAS.

I LOVE to hear the wild winds roar
  Through the mountain's deep ravine,
While the forest waves its thousand arms,
  A tossing sea of green.

I love to see the grand old elm,
  Bow down its quivering form,
And, rising, shake its giant limbs,
  And lash the flying storm.

I love to climb the rocky verge,
  And a glorious vigil keep,
When the wild sweeping tempest
  Is battling with the deep.

There is, in the spirit's chamber,
  A harp of a thousand strings,
Which Nature strikes with a mighty hand,
  And stirring music brings.

But I love her gentler touches,
  I love the milder strain,
Which she wakes for the troubled spirit,—
  Which soothes the mourner's pain.

I'd rather see the forest
  When the howling storm has passed,—
Nor ocean's diapason
  Is borne upon the blast.

The crown of summer beauty
  On the brow of every hill,
And the breath of summer breezes,
  These, these are lovelier still.

TIMOLEON.

The fair Corinthian boast,
Timoleon, happy temper! mild and firm,
Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled.—THOMPSON.

SOME one has said that biography bears the same relation to history that portraiture does to historical painting. This resemblance, while it is probably not true throughout, is still sufficiently so to justify the figure. In history, the individual acts, the causes and results, are presented in one connected whole. In biography, the character, qualities, and whole life of the single individual are portrayed. Biography, while individualizing the interest felt in the life described, teaches how men will act under given circumstances, when impelled by certain motives, and facilitates the acquisition of self knowledge, by a comparison with the portrait presented.

To the past we look for exemplars—for the beacon lights of experience. The golden age of Greece produced many worthies who were splendid exemplifications of special virtues and traits of character, and whose lives have ever been the theme of study and admiration. But Greece, in her declining period, also produced some men whose lives, though every way worthy of study, have received comparatively little attention. Timoleon is one of these obscure characters: admired indeed, yet little known, but there was something remarkable in his character; something extraordinary in his early discipline, in his life and destiny, a contemplation of which cannot fail to interest and profit. Born of a good family in Corinth, about three hundred years before Christ, he first distinguished himself in a battle in which the Corinthians were engaged, by defending the life of his elder brother at the imminent peril of his own. When this brother afterwards turned usurper, and became the tyrant of Corinth, Timoleon endeavored, with a few friends, to dissuade him from his base designs, but when persuasion failed, and but one dreadful alternative remained, Timoleon consenting with sorrow to the deed, his brother was slain, and the state rescued from tyranny. Although a majority

approved his course, yet the horror with which his mother regarded his part in the transaction, together with the remarks of his enemies, wounded him sorely. He retired from Corinth and from public duties, abstained, at times, from food, and for years endured the keenest mental sufferings. Severe as such an act may now appear, still, as duty to the state was then considered paramount to all others in importance, and as his brother's evil design was about to bring misery upon Corinth, we must consider Timoleon's course in sacrificing fraternal affection at the shrine of his country, as evincing the purest patriotism.

When Carthage, in conjunction with the petty tyrants of Sicily, was about to establish despotism in that fertile island, Timoleon was recalled by the Corinthians from his voluntary banishment and obscurity, to the command of an armament, designed to restore to the Sicilian Greeks their former free institutions. Under the most unfavorable auspices, he accepted the command. So small indeed was his force, and so fearful were the odds against him, that few predicted his success. But Timoleon was no ordinary man, and an extraordinary good fortune awaited him. Having eluded a Carthaginian force by the way, he arrived in safety at Tauromenium, in Sicily. With a far inferior force, he soon after met the despot Hicketas on the plains of Adranum and defeated him with great slaughter. His rapidity, courage, and energy, were here conspicuous, and the fame of his deeds was soon echoed throughout Sicily. Not to mention the battles that occurred, and the special circumstances that favored him, the rapidity of his success was unparalleled. The Carthaginians, fearing a union of the Greeks against them, departed. Syracuse was taken, and Dionysius, its tyrant, was soon on his way, as a private citizen, to Corinth. The terrified despots fled to their immediate provinces, and prepared to make their last desperate defence. The power was now in his own hands. Ortygia, the citadel of the tyrants, standing in the center of the city of Syracuse, with its massive walls, and its military stores, was in his possession. Now was Timoleon's hour of trial—now the time to test the purity and sincerity of his motives. Would he not become another Dionysius, and impose upon the Syracusans absolute despotism? But no: his early discipline remained unforgotten. Absolute power had no all-moving charms for him, but while, with patriotic devotion, he aimed solely at the good of his adopted country, he had also the good sense to forestall public suspicion and jealousy, by his prompt and significant acts. Ortygia, the Dionysian Bastile, was at once demolished, and on its site were erected courts of justice. A visible

contrast, revealing to all his noble designs. Those citizens whom tyranny had expatriated, were invited back to their homes. Grecian colonists were encouraged to emigrate to these depopulated wastes. Beneficent regulations were made to direct the re-settlement of the city and country, and the original republican code, in use before the usurpation of the first Dionysius, was again adopted, with such modifications as existing circumstances made necessary.

Amid the diversity of materials which the great influx of foreigners and expatriated citizens produced, the assimilation and re-organization of society was gradual, as also the consolidation of the free institutions established, yet all was moving on harmoniously. Daily experience confirmed the wisdom, judgment, and virtue of Timoleon, and the public confidence in him was implicit.

But suddenly clouds gathered above the horizon. Carthage, indignant at the departure of her fleet from Sicily, and fearing the entire loss of her dominions there, united with the native despots against Timoleon. Burning to retrieve the losses she had sustained, her preparations were unprecedented. Her Sacred Band, numbering ten thousand men, all arrayed in splendid armor, with an army of sixty thousand besides, soon landed in Sicily, and prepared to subdue the Syracusans. They, confused and unsettled, were seized with terror and consternation. But Timoleon was not discouraged: nerved by surrounding dangers, he courageously prepared for the contest. Inspired by his presence, numbers joined his ranks, and soon, with a much inferior force, he prepared to meet the enemy on their own territories. With his wonted celerity he moved forward, but nearly a thousand of his men, fearing the result of so unequal an encounter, were, at their own request, discharged. Unmoved by such discouragements, he however advanced, and on the fourth morning after his departure, from an eminence above the Krimesus, he beheld the Carthagenian host on the opposite side. The blue depths of the peaceful Meditterranean appeared in the distance, the morning sun, gilding with fluid gold hill-top and mountain, was rejoicing in the east. The burnished shields of the Carthagenians flashed back the sunlight as it streamed above the horizon, and soon the entire host advanced to cross the river. During the disorder of the crossing, Timoleon, in a clear, commanding voice, gave the forward order; his band obeyed with alacrity; soon they met the glittering bands of Carthage on the banks of the river; the onset was terrible—for a time the combat was equal, but soon the Carthagenians wavered. Meanwhile, clouds had gathered in the sky, and

suddenly a terrific hail-storm burst upon them from the mountain above, striking the backs of the Greeks, but the faces of the Carthagenians. This seeming Divine interposition completed the discomfiture of the Carthagenians. Thousands were slain upon the banks, or drowned in the stream, and the victory of the Greeks, was complete. The power of Carthage was broken, the native despots were soon subdued, and external security was obtained. Thus, within a space of time incredibly short, this overwhelming power had vanished, and, laden with spoils, Timoleon returned in triumph to Syracuse. His brilliant military career, his absolute power, his hold on the affections of the people, and the persuasion of friends, would have turned a mind less firm and exalted than his. But, ascribing to the Gods his success, with a modesty unknown before, and disregarding all schemes of self-aggrandizement in his patriotic devotion, he set to work, with persevering ardor, to perfect that system of government, and to make those arrangements which would secure to the people the blessings of free institutions. Then, when these were completed, he gave up his power, refused to assume public duties, and retired to private life.

The grateful Syracusans, his wife and family in the meantime having repaired to Corinth, presented him with a house and lot in their city. His voluntary resignation, far from diminishing, only increased his influence. Placed above all jealousy and suspicion, and possessing the entire confidence of the people, both in his wisdom and virtue, he exercised an enviable sway over willing men. No important matter was passed without his advice, no enactment was deemed legal without his approval; in all difficulties of great moment, his decision was final. Happy indeed was his position, and cheering, in his declining years, were these testimonials of an affectionate people—the rewards of a well spent life.

Dimmed by age, his eyes gradually failed, and soon he became totally blind. His entrance into the public courts, during the last few years of his life, was a solemn scene. Called by the people when any important question arose, difficult to settle, he was borne along in a car to the temple of justice, and then drawn by the people to the inner court. Seated in his car, the blind old man listened closely to the matter presented, and at the end, gave a wise and impartial decision, which the assembly at once ratified. The grateful cheers that greeted his entrance, and the tearful, affectionate adieus that attended his departure, gave a solemn joy to the scene, calculated to inspire deep emotion. Regarded as he was with

reverence, gratitude, and admiration, by a whole people, his residence was their pride, his deeds their honor, and his presence their joy. But this period of enjoyment was short—too short, indeed, for the prosperity of the Syracusans. He died within about three years after the machinery of the new government began to operate. Sorrowfully the people performed to him the last sad offices, and long they mourned their irretrievable loss.

His memory remains, and his example history has recorded for man's advantage. In military success, in wisdom, energy, celerity, and courage, he has equaled the more brilliant worthies of Athens' glorious age, while his self-sacrificing heroism, his stern virtue, and lofty integrity, exalt his character far above theirs and present him to us as a worthy model of antiquity. True, Timoleon was a heathen, unblessed by the benign, elevating influences of Christianity, yet this deprivation increases the glory of his public virtues, and of his untarnished private character.

When we consider the times in which he lived, the circumstances that surrounded him, and the moral darkness that then pervaded the world, his integrity, patriotism, wisdom, and whole life, appear in sublime relief, and display a character worthy a comparison with the purest heroes that have graced a christian age. With reason we revere the character of Washington—the father of our country. We admire that rare blending of qualities which made him "first in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his countrymen." When, aroused by his country's call, he embarked his all in her perilous cause—and in the darkest hour of her history, when the star of hope had nearly sunk behind the clouds of adversity, he rose superior to all obstacles, and rolled back the tide of invading war, his character towers in colossal proportions, and inspires the profoundest emotions.

Timoleon also, with a zeal as disinterested, wrought for a nation's good, rose above the adverse waves that surged around him, and developing new resources as difficulties increased, outrode, in the end, all opposition.

Washington refused the kingly crown which a devoted soldiery presented, and served his country as her executive, with wisdom and fidelity. He enjoyed the people's confidence in his public career, and in private life their grateful tribute of affection. His death clad a nation in mourning, and his name and deeds are now held in reverential remembrance.

Timoleon also rejected the alluring prize of despotic power, but secured an unlimited moral power, secured the voluntary homage and affectionate

regard of his people. Having rescued Sicily from ruin, and guided her to peace and prosperity, he also was hailed as the father of his country. Thus, omitting important incidents in his life, we have called attention to qualities in his character, a minute study of which must strike the mind with admiration. Considering the fact that he lived at a time when Grecian liberty was about expiring in the Macedonian's fatal grasp, and when universal corruption prevailed, his purity, firmness, integrity, and general worth, fill the mind with wonder. Few characters do the pages of history present, more full of interest, and more worthy our study and imitation, than that of Timoleon—the Corinthian.

THE YACHT "ALPHA," AND HER CREW.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As much interest has been excited in relation to the boating excursion made by some of the students of Williams College, during the past summer vacation; and as many persons seem anxious to learn the fate of said expedition, I propose to give a plain, unvarnished history, as far as is in my power, of all the main items of interest. The party who made the expedition consisted of B., C., G. and P., of the class of '58, and M. and W. of '59.

The yacht "Alpha" was built principally by M., assisted by the rest of the party, and, for a few days, by a ship carpenter from Troy, and was owned equally by all of the party. Her length was nineteen and a half feet, her breadth five and a half; and she carried a main-sail fifteen feet by fourteen, and a jib-sail fifteen by eleven; and was fitted out as well as circumstances would permit.

The intention had been to start on the day after Commencement, but in consequence of the continued rains, which prevented the paint from drying, we did not leave Williamstown until Monday, August 11th. Having stowed our baggage, provisions, etc., in the boat, we placed her on a wagon to be carried to Hoosick Falls, and launched there, as the

water was too shallow above that point for a boat drawing ten inches of water, and, as the sequel proved, in many places below it. Two of the party rode with the boat, the other four chartered a hack, in which we were borne to the Falls. All along the route, the unusual spectacle of a boat mounted on wheels attracted much attention.

The inhabitants of the little village of Hoosick Falls came, many of them, to see the launch, and to give us their sage advice. But to the best of their knowledge no boat ever went down the Hoosick river to the Hudson; and furthermore they did not believe that one could. Some said there were three, others eight dams between Hoosick Falls and the Hudson. All agreed, however, that there were several falls of considerable size, and rapids innumerable. One man warned us not to attempt it, for if we did, we "must encounter more dangers and hardships, than Fremont ever did in any of his Rocky Mountain expeditions." Nothing daunted, however, we launched our boat, and having arranged the baggage, and purchased two twenty-eight pound weights for anchors, we shoved off from shore, and glided down the stream. Our sails were to be made for us by the time we reached Troy, and until that time our progress depended on paddling, poling, and the current of the stream.

We had launched just below the Falls, and as soon as we gained the main current, we moved down as swiftly as was pleasant. Soon, however, the rapids, the dreaded rapids were in sight, or rather hearing, as the ear made us aware of their proximity long before they were visible to the eye. In order to lighten the boat as much as possible, four of the party walked around the rapids, leaving two to manage her. By dint of hard work, and using both of the anchors as drags, these rapids were passed without serious damage to the boat. There was then a constant succession of rapids for the next twenty miles, sometimes one hundred yards, and again a mile apart. They generally consisted of shallows, extending from ten to one hundred yards, over which the water ran with great rapidity, and around which it was necessary that all but two should walk, or else wade, over the places where the boat stuck, and ride the rest of the way. In one place, about three miles below the Falls, the rapids were extremely dangerous, and had it been possible for us to carry the boat around them, we should have done so; but this would have been impracticable, as the rapids were about three hundred yards long, and the boat, including baggage, etc., weighed not less than eight hundred pounds. Accordingly M., who by common consent was our captain, took the helm, and B. and W. the prow, ready to jump overboard, or act as

need required. Soon the rocks seemed to crowd the whole river, sometimes showing their jagged crests above the waves, and anon we only knew of the danger by the breaking of the current into foam and spray. The channel, if indeed there was one at all, it would have puzzled the best pilot in existence to find, for at times the ledges extended entirely, across the river, and again were broken up into sharp-cornered rocks, of every size and shape. Now the water was no more than six inches deep, and suddenly we found ourselves in holes whose depth we could not fathom. The fall in some places was one foot in five, but generally was much less. These were the worst rapids on Hoosick River, and here the boat received several hard thumps, which put her strength to a severe test. It was impossible to keep her clear of all the rocks, and just where the fall ceased, the current ran so swiftly, and the waves were so high that we had to spring aboard, and let her take the chances of striking some of the many large rocks, as the water was too deep to admit of holding her back as we had done on the shallows.

At Johnsonville, thirteen miles below the Falls, there was a dam, and while M. explored on one side, W. swam across, and did the same on the other. The river here was quite wide and deep, but below the dam there were more rapids. Having lifted the boat over the dam, and re-arranged the baggage, we glided on until the shades of darkness closed around us, and we came within half a mile of Valley Falls, or Pittstown, N. Y. Here we tied up for the night, and slept on the ground around a rye stack. We no doubt slept much better owing to the fact that stacks in general, and haystacks in particular, had been much ennobled by the Missionary Jubilee, in which "*The* Haystack" played so important a part.

Early on Tuesday morning, C., whose genius did not allow him to sleep until Aurora had crimsoned the eastern horizon, roused us up, and we were under way before Old Sol had ushered in the morn. We reached Valley Falls sometime before the people were stirring, and had to wait an hour or more before we could decide what was best to be done under the circumstances. From reliable information, we here learned that the remaining six miles of the Hoosick were crowded with rocks and rapids, and that there were several falls, one of which, at Scaghticoke, was thirty feet high, so that in any case we must take the boat out of the water, and place her on wheels; and we therefore concluded that it was best to go directly to Stillwater on the Hudson.

This ride of six miles was delightful, and having purchased some milk

at a farm house, as we usually did, we enjoyed a fine breakfast, which a keen appetite supplied with the best of relish. Arrived on the bank of the "magnificent, mighty, rolling Hudson," about ten o'clock, we soon re-launched the "Alpha." Our route thus far, lay through the valley of the Hoosick, among the Green Mountains. We had passed through a corner of Massachusetts, and of Vermont, but were now in New York, which we had entered near Hoosick Falls. Some portions of the scenery are unsurpassed for their picturesque beauty and sublimity. We passed the "Weeping Rocks," which a College poet has rendered famous, and many other places of interest. At times the mountains come up to the bank of the river, and again retire, leaving a broad and fertile valley, covered with fine farms, and re-echoing the snort of the iron steed, as he dashes across some of the many rail-road bridges over the Hoosick.

Stillwater is a small village on the western bank of the Hudson river, distant fifteen miles from Troy, and one hundred and sixty-five miles from New York city. Its claim to notoriety consists in its proximity to Bemis' Heights, where was fought the battle of September 19th, 1777.

Having crossed to the village, and spent several hours in arranging things generally, we started down the Hudson at about noon on Tuesday. As there was a dam extending from the western side of the river nearly two-thirds of the way across, we had hard work to clear the dam. Here began the ever to be remembered "Stillwater Rapids." The river, for three or four miles, falls in some places four feet in ten, but generally much less. Here we had to wade most of the next three miles, in water from four to eighteen inches deep, with occasional channels where we could ride.

Our fond anticipations of ease and fair sailing after reaching the Hudson were wofully disappointed, for these rapids were infinitely worse than any on the Hoosick river. At times we had to carry the boat bodily, and this was a Herculean task, as the rocks were slippery, the current very strong, and the boat weighed not less than eight hundred pounds, including the baggage. Here we struggled against the fates for five hours, and naught save the determination not to "back out," kept us from abandoning the expedition in disgust. But we persevered, and reached Van Schaick's Island, near Mechanicsville, where we laid up sometime to escape rain. Having passed several other rapids and falls less in size, but more dangerous from the immense number of ragged rocks which crowded the river, we tied up for the night near Fitzgerald's tavern, and slept in a large barn filled with new hay. If any one wishes the satisfaction of being

completely exhausted for once in his life, let him take a keel boat from Stillwater to Lansingburgh. We all agreed that it was the hardest work we ever did, but hardships only tested our perseverance and fortitude. We arrived in Lansingburgh on Wednesday forenoon, and there bade a final adieu to shallow water, for we had reached the head of sloop navigation. We arrived in Troy about noon,—thus it had taken us two days and a half to go fifty-seven miles, which, all things considered, is very good time.

On seeing the man who had engaged to have our sails, etc., ready for us on our arrival, we found that he had been paying his devotions to Bacchus with such fervor, that he had neglected our affairs. As a consequence we had to remain in Troy until Saturday. Meantime B. and W. started on foot for Saratoga, distant thirty-five miles, where they saw all the "lions," and on their return enjoyed a fine moonlight view of the falls of the Mohawk at Cohoes. The rest of the party amused themselves in viewing the various places of interest in and around Troy.

Having been delayed by a combination of unfortunate circumstances, we left Troy about four o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Besides all our luggage, we had two hundred and fifty-six pounds of iron for ballast, so there was little danger of capsizing. We had a small furnace, etc., with which to boil our coffee, cook fish, beef-steak, &c., and a stock of provisions which keen appetites enabled us to enjoy with a zest which few students ever feel. Our bill of fare was generally very good. In addition to the ordinary elements of a good breakfast, the river supplied us with perch, eels, crabs, and various kinds of fish.

From Troy to Albany there was nothing of special interest, and as we had a fine breeze, we concluded to pass by Albany, and run as far as possible that evening. The moon being full and clear, we sailed till after ten, and enjoyed whatever of romance there is in sailing on the noble Hudson by moonlight. Having passed Castleton, we landed on a large island about two miles above Coeymans, where were several large haystacks which afforded us ample accommodation. On Sunday we attended church in Coeymans. On Monday the wind was dead ahead, and so light that we could make but little tacking when the tide was against us. On all such occasions we enjoyed the luxury of swimming, or else spent the time in fishing, writing, or reading the papers which we could obtain from any town on the Hudson river. Having passed New Baltimore, Kinderhook, Stuyvesant, and Coxsackie, we anchored for the night about four miles above Hudson.

On Tuesday morning, having passed Athens and Hudson, we arrived in Catskill about ten o'clock. Here we met D. of '59, who received us with the greatest cordiality. G. and M. concluded to remain in Catskill, while B., C., P., and W., started to visit the Catskill Mountains, distant twelve miles. Soon after leaving Catskill, the rain began to fall, and poured down in torrents until Thursday morning.

During this rain, our great satisfaction was that soon we were as wet as we could be, and, of course, further drenching was impossible. On the mountain we were at times completely enveloped in a dense cloud, and again we were clear above the clouds. Occasionally the mist would for a moment disperse, leaving the view of hill and vale, river and mountain, in all its beauty and grandeur. As there was nothing to be seen at the "Mountain House," we pushed on two and a half miles further, to the "Falls House," which is near the falls of the Catterskill Creek, which Bryant, Irving, and others have immortalized, and which it is not necessary for me to describe. Suffice it to say, that the large fall is one hundred and eighty-three feet in height, and the smaller one eighty feet. Having spent the night at the Falls House, we next morning went out to view the falls. Owing to the torrents of rain that had been falling incessantly for the last twenty-four hours, the volume of water was greater than it had been known for many years before. The scene exceeded all that the imagination had pictured, and despite the rain falling almost in solid sheets, we enjoyed it greatly. High Peak, which is the loftiest of the Catskill Mountains, is 4,804 feet high. Pine Orchard, on which the Mountain House is built, is 3,000 feet in height.

In consequence of the great volume of water that had fallen, the road which runs between the Upper and Lower Lakes was impassible; and therefore we could not return by the same route that we came. Accordingly we started to go around by the "Fawn's Leap," and "Dog Hole," two beautiful cascades, the former said to be one hundred, the latter seventy feet in height. To reach the turnpike, it was necessary to go around some miles on the summit of the mountain, and here, contrary to our expectations, we found some houses, and would-be farms, whose owners seemed to be doing well in the world.

On reaching the turnpike, as it is called, we hoped to make better progress; but as in many places the road is cut in the side of the mountain, with the rugged steep on one side, and an almost perpendicular precipice on the other, slides of earth, rocks, and trees, were of frequent occurrence, and the road, in many places, was well nigh impassable. Several times

we had to run to keep from being carried over by the falling mass. On the way from the "Falls House" to the valley, we saw thirty or forty cascades, each of which was immeasurably superior to the "Cascades" near Williamstown. Many of these do not exist in dry weather, but they were none the less beautiful on that account. We saw one place where the water fell over a nearly perpendicular cliff, at least three hundred feet high, where usually there is no water at all. Not one of the many mills and dams on the Catterskill remained standing, so far as we could learn, and as we hastened on we saw several dams break away. Bridges were all either "going," "going," or "gone," and we rushed ahead to cross the last of the mountain bridges ere it should go down.

In one place, where the valley was very narrow, the water had filled it up, and for some distance we had to climb along the precipitous mountain side. Arrived at the last of the mountain bridges, we were told that it had already moved, and we crossed it at our peril; but we dashed across it, and in a few moments it shared the common ruin. We were now in the valley, but our toils and dangers were by no means ended, for the same Catterskill, which had already given us so much trouble, had to be crossed four times more before we reached Catskill. About half a mile beyond Palenville P. O., we came to a little stream called the Dwaskill, which, the evening before, was only six inches deep, and now was eight or ten feet deep, and two or three hundred yards wide. The stone walls had been washed away, and to cross this was simply impossible, for the current was resistless, and just below was a large pond, or lake, formed by the confluence of the Dwaskill and Catterskill, to have been carried into which would, to say the least, have been unpleasant, although we could hardly have become more completely saturated with water than we then were, having been in a drenching rain for the last five hours.

As there was no alternative, we stopped to wait until the freshet should abate, and were fortunate in finding excellent accommodations at a farm house, where we were provided for in the best manner. Here we remained, employing ourselves in reading, writing, and conversation, until Thursday morning at ten o'clock, when we started for Catskill, distant nine miles. After wandering around sometimes three or four miles out of the way to cross some stream, whose bridges were then matters of history, and wading through mud and water from one to three feet in depth, we finally stood on the banks of the Catterskill, where we were to cross it for the last time before reaching Catskill, at which place this

creek empties into the Hudson. As we expected, "Webber's Bridge" had followed its predecessors; and here and there were farmers riding about to see the extent of the damage, and declaring that this was the greatest freshet they had seen since 1819. Houses, fences, haystacks, and cattle, all had been swept away by the remorseless element. Having obtained a long rope, it was determined to have the ends tied to trees on the opposite sides of the stream and then cross upon the rope. But when we asked a *thing* in the shape of a man on the other side to tie it for us, he refused. W. then offered to swim across and tie the rope, but the others refused to permit this, as they thought the risk too great; and the country people all said that any one who attempted to swim that creek would certainly be drowned. We were now advised to go around, some miles further down the creek, where there was a *chance* of our finding a boat in which to cross the swollen stream. What was to be done? Here was the turbid stream in front, rushing over all its banks, and filled with floating drift wood, and bearing down along with it a large amount of earth and sand. On the other hand, there was a *chance* of finding a boat by going several miles out of the way. All were good swimmers, and W. advocated swimming at once, but no one being willing to risk this, and failing to persuade them to build a raft and cross on that, he determined to swim alone. Accordingly with coat, over-coat, and all his other clothes on, W. plunged into the stream. At first it seemed as if he could not get clear of the trees and shrubs, whose tops were covered with water about a foot deep. Having finally reached the main current, he began to go down with fearful rapidity. The clothes formed such an encumbrance that the struggle was long and severe. Finally, a tree on the opposite bank was gained, and the deed was done. None dared to follow; and having gained the road, W. found a vehicle in which he rode to Catskill. B., C. and P., were so fortunate as to find a man who took them across in a skiff, so that Thursday evening found all the party enjoying the generous hospitality of Mr. D.

Meantime the flood had not left our yacht unharmed. It had been left securely tied to the dock, in the creek which forms the harbor for all vessels stopping at Catskill, and, together with sloops and steamers, had been borne down stream and carried whither we knew not.

M., G., D., and Mr. D., who kindly lent his boat and his own services for the enterprise, had gone in search of the yacht, and found her six or seven miles down stream, hauled up on the Hudson River Railroad embankment, with mast, bowsprit, sails, rudder, ballast, and all the rigging

missing. The sails were at length found on the opposite side of the river. As for the hull of the boat, it was much damaged, so that what had originally cost one hundred dollars, could not now be sold for one half that amount. In view of the facts in the case, a grand council of war was held, at which B., G. and P. voted to disband, C. and W. to refit, and go through to New York, and M. did not vote at all. There being a majority of one for disbanding, it was determined to do so immediately.

Accordingly B., C., and P., left on Friday on the "Glen Cove," for New York city, via West Point, where they made a short visit. G. left on Saturday morning for Williamstown, via Albany, and took with him the greater part of the bedding, etc. M. had been appointed a committee of one to sell the boat, and W. remained with him. On Saturday morning, finding that the boat could not be sold for anywhere near her real value, nor any satisfactory arrangement effected, M. and W. decided to refit, as cheaply and quickly as possible, and go through to New York in the yacht. So many things had to be done, that it was not until near sunset on Saturday that we were ready to set sail, and there was then not a breath of wind. Therefore, obedient to the urgent request of Mr. and Mrs. D., we remained until Monday morning, and then bade Catskill a final adieu, with lively feelings of gratitude towards those who had so nobly entertained us, and done their utmost to make us forget our misfortunes, and fill us with hope for the future.

For the first hour or two after leaving shore, the breeze was light and variable, but soon it began to increase. Laid up an hour or so about noon on account of rain. Passed Tivoli, distant one hundred miles from New York, about two o'clock. W. now took the helm for the rest of the day; previous to this time, M. had always retained it himself. A stiff breeze now sprang up, which increased until it blew almost a gale. The yacht fairly danced over the waves. We had the jib rigged as a studding sail, and twice we ran so fast that the whole forward deck was under water. Frequently the waves dashed clear over the little craft, as she scudded along, and had we turned broadside to the waves for a moment, we must have been swamped. When near Poughkeepsie, there was a succession of sudden squalls which forced us to reef the mainsail, and take in the studding sail. The waves rolled from three to eight feet high, and it was only by the greatest care that we could keep from capsizing. In five hours this afternoon we ran thirty-five miles, and tied up for the night at Low Point, having made a run of fifty miles to-day, which is the best time that we have made.

Having stopped for a short time at Newburgh, about four miles below, we entered the world-renowned Hudson River Highlands. Arrived at West Point about nine, and having seen all that there was of interest, left there about two o'clock, and sailed down under a light head wind to a point opposite Haverstraw, having run twenty-eight miles.

Wednesday, the wind being very light and dead ahead, we made only eleven miles, and stopped at Piermont, the terminus of the New York and Erie Railroad. Thursday, the wind blew hard right up stream, and it was slow work tacking so much. Finally, however, we reached the long looked for city, and having placed the yacht in Newtown Creek on East river, left her in the hands of a responsible person to be sold.

So ended this expedition, ever to be remembered by all who participated in it. In it we were inured to exposure and hardships, as we could have been in no other way. By it, our stock of practical knowledge was greatly augmented, and we enjoyed scenery which my pen has not the power to describe, but which must be seen to be appreciated. We learned to enjoy "life in the rough," to look on the "bright side" of things, and to extract pleasure from that, which to most persons would be a source of pain. Finally, we became firm believers in the truth of that sentiment, so often expressed by one of our number, "'Tis all for the best."

As for jest, there are certain things which ought to be privileged from it; namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity.—*Bacon.*

THE government of man should be the monarchy of reason; it is too often a democracy of passions, or anarchy of humors.—*Dr. Whichcote.*

IT is one thing, to know the *intrinsic* value of a thing; another, to know the current estimation of it.

WHAT IS LIFE?

I wandered by a brooklet's side
  When the leaves were green and bright;
The waters sang in joyous glee,
  And laughed in their headlong flight.

The twinkling dew-drops on the flowers
  Glanced in the moon's soft ray;
Meek tears of joy which they had shed,
  Then tried to smile away.

The summer wind breathed soft and low,
  As o'er those flowers it kept
A mother's watch, and gently sang
  To soothe them while they slept.

It was a night to calm the soul,
  And purify the heart;
To chase away each groveling thought,
  And holiness impart.

And yet my heart was ill at ease;
  The world had tried me sore;
The beauteous scenes which round me lay
  But saddened me the more.

I looked upon the quiet earth;
  There nothing was at strife;
I cried aloud—Earth, tell to me—
  What is the end of life?
  Earth, tell me, what is life?

The clouds were gath'ring over-head,
  The moon and stars were gone;
And with a soothing patter fell
  The rain-drops, one by one.

The thunder muttered from afar,
  But soon it near me crashed;
The lurid clouds their torrents poured,—
  The lightnings gleamed and flashed.

The noble tree beside me groaned,
  And bowed its stately head;
Just then a blinding flash there came;—
  My noble tree was dead.

The mutt'ring thunder rolled away,
  The lightning's glare was gone;
The moon looked kindly down again,
  The stars peeped one by one.

But ah! before me lay the tree;
  It had fallen in the strife.
Withered, seared, and dead, it answered me,—
  This is the end of life;—
  This, mortal,—this is life!

"I trust it not, O Earth," I cried,
  "The stars that gem the sky
Are burning heaven-words, to say
  'Man was not born to die.'"

Upward I gazed; one brilliant orb
  With heavings strange was tossed:
It gleamed a moment, then it fell,
  And was in darkness lost.

Deep sadness filled my heart, and I
  With sorrow was at strife:—
If beaming stars must die—I thought—
  Who, who can hope for life?
  Stars, tell me, *what is life?*

The brooklet answered back the sound,
The mountains echoed it around;
'Twas whispered by the rocking trees,
It moaned upon the cool night breeze.
But when its echoes all were gone,—
Methought I heard another tone,—

"O a joyous sight Is this moon's soft light,
  Shedding down with sunlit hue
O'er tree and flower Such a silvery shower
  Of rays all bathed in dew.

"A solemn sound Is the wind profound
  Sweeping o'er the earth;
In dirge-like tones, It, sobbing, moans
  The requiem of mirth.

"O a lovely thing Is Youth's first Spring,
  Not a tear bedims its eye;
And the weak child's right, Through Virtue's might,
  O'ercomes iniquity.

"A warning sight Is the hair so white
  Of the old man near the tomb;
Yet grieves his heart From earth to part
  To enter the blank gloom.

"But everywhere, In earth or air,
  In age or childhood gay,—
Life, life I see; Thank God, for me
  I yet on Earth can stay.
Enrapturing thought! That never aught
  Can end Life's *future* day!"

* * * * * * * *

I wandered by the brooklet's side
  When the leaves and flowers were gone;
The winter wind howled dismally,
  And the naked trees did moan.

The brooklet's sparkling flow had ceased,
  Hushed was its merry song;
For the Winter-King had chained it fast
  In icy fetters strong.

The gloomy earth was watched by stars
  Which shone most guilelessly;
Like a dark-soul'd man who's gazed upon
  By the eyes of Infancy.

I felt most sad and tired of life,
  In that lonely, midnight gloom;
But I feared to die, and shuddered
  At the horrors of the tomb.

Just then my eye lit on the tree
  Which had fallen in the storm,
'Twas dead and crumbling, but it kept
  Its giant, princely form.

It seemed to me like a haughty man
  Whom trial had brought low;
Yet whose firm will could never yield
  To suffering or to woe.

And e'en in Life's last agony,
  Eternity's dread brink,
His stern pride never falters, but
  He does not dare to think.

And he stands before th' Eternal King
  With not a sin forgiven.
Poor wretch! His self-sufficient pride
  Has made him miss of Heaven.—

I laid me down upon the bank,
  Close by a withered flower;
And thus I thought—Unpitying
  Must be this deathful Power.

For, else, why must a gentle plant
  Whose perfume is its breath;—
As purity lives in itself—
  Be struck and droop in Death?
  Earth, tell me, what is Death?

The mountains answered back the sound,
The valleys echoed it around;
'Twas whispered by the rocking trees,
It moaned upon the cool night breeze.
But when its echoes all were gone,
Methought I heard another tone.—

And lo! there came, with head bent down,
  And step most wearily slow,—
An aged man, whose hair was white
  With all Life's sorrows and woe.

His eye was dull and meaningless,
  His brow was furrowed by care;
The hand of Time had done its work,
  And left its impress there,—

"Some one to love! Oh, I've been tossed
Upon earth's roughest billows all my life;
The fond heart-dreams I've cherished,—lost:
I'm weary, weary, weary of the strife.

"Gladly now would I yield my breath,
With joy could I lie on a bed of pain,
I'd meet the monster-tyrant—Death,
And die, e'en without hope to rise again,—

"But who for me in that hour of gloom
Would wipe the clammy death-damp from my brow?
Who'd smooth my pathway to the tomb
With kindly words and looks? Ah! no one now.

"But once—Ah, once there was a heart
Whose pulses fondly, wildly beat to mine;"—

* * * * * * * * *

Wearily the old man dragged his tottering frame along,
And from the lengthening distance came the echoes of his song,

Life? 'Tis not a shadow, it is not a dream,—
It is not a transient ray, a rainbow beam;—
But 'tis the softened light, that ever above
Shines from the Holy Throne,—angels call it *Love*.

THE culture of the affections and the fancy is a most important branch of Education, though in general it is entirely neglected.

W. B. Clulow.

GOOD sense is common sense well applied. The possession of it is shown in the use.—*W. Danby.*

EVERYTHING is dangerous to him that is afraid of it.—*Dr. Whicheote.*

DON QUIXOTE.

THE fair face of Nature pleases every one, and in ways as diverse as the phases she assumes from day to day, for, accommodating herself to the different tastes and dispositions of men, she adorns herself for all, that from her wealth of varied scenery a deeper or lighter lesson may be learned. In one broad landscape we will find the test of every man's character; the practical observer, looking over broad fields and fertile valleys, luxuriates in visions of waving harvests and thriving cattle; the lover of the beautiful she delights with rich coloring and graceful proportions, with boldly swelling uplands and verdant plains; the philospher beholds a place for the residence of men, and already in imagination peoples the land with a race who shall realize his speculations on morals and government;—but in her truest and deepest meaning she appears alone to the Christian, who, wondering and admiring, looks up through her manifold forms to adore the wisdom and goodness that has ordered the fitness and beauty of all that lies before him.

So in the literary world there are writers of acknowledged power, who have charmed and instructed men of every grade of intellectual ability and taste, who, like Nature, have spread a feast and taught a lesson for all, where the utilitarian, the man of taste, the philosopher, and the philanthropist, may find each his appropriate sphere; but as in Nature it is the wide-extended scene, embracing in its ample sweep every beauty, and unfolding a field for every variety of thought, that pleases all, so it can only be writers of the highest order of genius—a Shakspeare, a Cervantes, a Bunyan, or a De Foe,—who, thus writing for the world and for every age, have alike met the demands of the most exalted intellect, and pleased the fancy of those who read merely to be amused. Such a work is the Don Quixote of Cervantes; from the school-boy who laughs at the broad humor of Sancho Panza to the philosopher who sees expounded in its pages the great laws of the human mind, it has pleased and instructed, and will please and instruct, till literature is a forgotten thing, and wisdom has been lost from among men. In the readers of such a work, we

naturally see, in a marked degree, this diversity of appreciation; indeed, serving as a criterion of refinement and purity of taste, and ability to enter understandingly the world of thought, we need ask for no better test of the character of any man's taste, and his sensibility to the delicate yet truthful works of genius, than his answer to the question: 'What he thinks of Don Quixote.' Among the lower grades of intellect there is a class that is merely pleased with the story, and entertained by its truthful picturings of the humorous side of life, and the delicate yet vigorous wit with which it lashes the follies of men; others admire the discourses on morals, politics, and literature, that the sorrowful knight delivers with such unction to his wondering squire, discourses which, relatively considered, are ludicrous enough, but absolutely replete with wisdom, and enriched with original and most just criticism; by some it is regarded with approbation, as a faithful presentation of life and manners in Spain,—or as an efficient cause in checking the host of foolish works on chivalry, that then constituted nearly the whole, not only of Spanish, but even of European literature. Such are some of the degrees of estimation in which it is held, and in all these lights it is correctly viewed, but not truthfully in any one of them alone, inasmuch, as a partial view of so comprehensive and exalted a work must necessarily be erroneous. A higher estimate, and one embracing all the stand-points above mentioned, must be set upon it, an estimate in which but few hold it, and necessarily but few, for as the Christian, to see in all the developements of Nature the beneficient and powerful hand of his Maker, must have caught somewhat of that loving spirit, which has ordered all things of beauty and use for the good of man, so he who, relishing the wit and humor, and reflecting upon the terse sentences of truth, advances yet farther, appreciating the noble philosophy of life and the genial spirit of love that are the crowning glories of Cervantes' great work, must possess, in some measure, that genius which matured the lesson of wisdom and bequeathed it to the world. Such then is the mission of the loftiest genius, while it scatters in its path beauty and pleasure for all, while it makes all men to feel, though they understand not, its mysterious influences, it walks unseen, revealing its highest and purest truths only to the chosen few; even as Nature, pleasing and lighting up the existence of the whole race by her subtle spirit, teaches her most impressive lessons only to the few to whom it is given to understand the melody and wisdom that her voices utter. Nor is this an idle end, for those favored ones become interpreters, speaking through their plainer teachings those truths that

they have learned from the great masters. Ah! if men only knew what has inspired the multitude of preachers and teachers whom they nightly listen to and love, if they knew that from those lessons given to the chosen disciples, are drawn the beautiful and useful truths that have become to them as household words, they would doubtless pay their homage of wonder, admiration and love, at the shrines of the master spirits that have blessed the world, with yet deeper feelings of obligation and reverence. It were enough, however, for Cervantes to have written for such readers and thinkers alone, to whom this last best gift is in itself a library:—their jest-book, treasury of poverbs, teacher of philosophy, and inculcator of wisdom, friend and adviser, pleader for frail man and vindicator of his glory, yet splendid in ruins, it takes its stand as one of those few books that we wonder at as well as admire, for we turn from it, as the true lover of Nature must ever turn from her fairest scenes, with a feeling of sadness, from the consciousness that of the vast wealth of beauty and meaning before him, the better part is hid from his view; even as Lorenzo felt when he says

> "There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims:
> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Some there are, however, who see neither anything beautiful or instructive in the whole work, who fail not only to discern the finer touches of genius, and the higher flights of thought, but in whose breasts the humor of Sancho and the ludicrous rhapsodizing of his master never stirs the emotion of laughter, and who in the whole character of the hero see nothing to admire. With such men it is useless to discuss the matter, for a mind that is so intensely practical, as to like no writing that does not set out with a preface and fair scheme of all that is to be taught, can never be brought by argument to apprehend that subtle and delicate essence that diffuses itself through every sentence of the works of genius; we may class them with such pickers of flaws and depreciators of the good and great as those sagacious critics, who, admitting the success of Shakspeare, deplore his want of judgment and the erratic course of his genius; who wonder that a politician so clear-headed as De Foe should have wasted his time in writing Robinson Crusoe, to whom Wordsworth is drivelling, and Dickens prosy and silly;—or with those yet

wiser, who, with crocodile tears, mourn over the mysticism of Coleridge's philosophy, and who, as their last great achievement, have brought into the world that exquisite couplet in which they oracularly suggest, that

"Tennyson's Maud should be Tennyson's Maudlin."

All that can be said of the despisers of Don Quixote, is comprised in their classification with those upon whose criticisms and taste the world has long decided, and I need not attempt a defence of the work in question; indeed to attempt the analysis of a work so long before the world, the claims of which are so universally acknowledged, is almost useless, and might seem to savor somewhat of affectation; but the habit men fall into at College of neglecting these old authors who have swept the wide circuit of experience, toiled in the deep mines of wisdom, and left volumes rich in every quality of genius, seems to call for a summoning back to the old land-marks.

Of the life of Cervantes much need not be said, for beyond his adventurous and chivalrous spirit as a soldier, little is known that would be explanatory of his writings, or give a deeper insight into his character. As it was with Homer, seven cities claimed the honor of his birth, but the world, we may say, was his dwelling-place. After long service against the Turks, visiting all the countries that border on the Mediterranean, and passing five years a captive in Algiers, he returned to Spain, poor, maimed, and advanced in life, but rich in glory, in experience, and in knowledge of the world. Like Ulysses he might say:

—"All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea; I am become a name;
For, always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known; cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments."

And well for men did he spend the wealth that in these long years had flowed to heart and mind. His Galatea and exemplary novels would themselves have placed him high among Spanish authors; but there was yet a higher work for him to accomplish; it was when left in prison to the pleasant company of his own thoughts, that, like Bunyan, he repaid the harshness of his fellow-men by pouring forth, from the rich stores of his mind, instruction for every age, leaving a work for which a world is his debtor. He lived but a few years after the completion of this his

master-piece, closing up his earthly affairs, and preparing for his departure. On the 23d of April, 1616, he died, on the same day that Shakspeare, a genius of kindred yet greater power, departed in England, both with the same Christian resignation and peace; adding to the glory of their writings the purer light of a life of Christian faith and love.

But to return to the book itself, perhaps in its analysis we cannot do better than to follow, though not closely, the distinctions we have already made as to the various degrees of appreciation with which it has been received. The wit and humor then that characterize it as the most laughable book ever written, present themselves first for our consideration, as those qualities which, addressing themselves to the most superficial part of our intellectual nature, attract alike the philosopher and the clown. So ready has the populace been to acknowledge its claims in this respect, that the humor of Sancho and ludicrous air of many of Don Quixote's speeches have become by-words, and Sancho bestriding Dapple, and his master mounted with dignity on Rosinante, are images that never occur to our minds without bringing a smile. For how much then, on this ground alone, are we indebted to Cervantes; every work of true wit and humor is a blessing; for mirth, operating on all those genial and good feelings that are the true bonds of society, brings men closer together: so on the other hand, grief, springing from those deep fountains of the soul that men only see when they are opened within themselves, asks for solitude, and in great afflictions we see society disorganized. If mirth, always calling for and finding sympathy, thus draws men together, we are also attracted to him who has caused the mirth; for we naturally feel that he who has introduced so harmonizing an element must have a love for the good of men, that there can be nothing about him repulsive or selfish. Now Sancho is eminently humorous, and notwithstanding all his grossness, and the earthly character of many of his habits of thought, there are in him those genial and kind qualities that please, and consequently attract us to him. This is an essential attribute of humor, for, springing from the deepest sources of the soul, disinterested and generous in its exhibition, it must necessarily create sympathy and regard in the hearer. Nearly related to this power that humor has of attracting and calling forth regard, is its power to individualize; it is mainly from the character of his emotional nature that a man has his individuality, evolving in its exercise nearly all that separates and distinguishes men. But this must not be confounded with the personality of a man which is due wholly to the will; it may be difficult to draw the distinction, though every one

must feel it, that while the will marks the being as a person who himself a complete whole, controlling all his actions from within him the emotional nature distinguishes one person from all others having sonality, giving him individuality. Now humor is intimately conne with the emotions, so that in the humorist the emotional nature is spec brought to view, and we see clearly how he is related to and distingui from all other men. Sancho is then to us a reality,—we recogni: him a particular individual, and feel that he is a fellow man: that his humor that thus marks him. Notice how he compares with Merc we recognize his individuality far more readily than we do that of : cutio, though the latter is a witty character drawn in Shakspeare's manner; not that this want of individuality is any fault in the autho: he is always true to Nature, and he depicts him aright, for in life th is never marked and individualized as the humorist. Wit then is l and, we may say, selfish; it springs from the understanding as humor, but while humor comes touched and mellowed by the ger kinder emotions, in wit it is malice, or envy, or some perhaps uncons bitterness of heart, that arouses the understanding to that brilliant play which, like the play of the skillful swordsman, dazzles whi wounds. We notice in Sancho that when the selfish passions are aro and the earthly part of the man appears, he drops his humor and bec witty; at the wedding of Camacho, when his master interrupts his f ings by some discourses on valor, he is vexed, and replies "Good worship, judge of your own chivalries, and meddle not with judging men's fears or valor, for perhaps I am as pretty a fearer of God as of my neighbors; and pray let me whip off this scum; for all besid is idle talk, of which we must give an account in the next world." is wit; so when he falls into some such perilous situation as the sha in the blanket, or the beating by the villagers for his braying, an master tries to convince him that it is not knightly to rescue the sq he in his anger, with exquisite wit rails at the works of chivalry upset his master's brain, and the follies of knight-errantry that bro him out on such desperate business. These are some of the few sions on which wit is called forth from Sancho; generally his k nature shows itself in the genial humor that attracts all men. Cerv understands this power of humor, for we continually find all the characters in the book inquiring after Sancho and ever showing warmest interest and regard for him. Shakspeare has recognized same truth, I think, in making his humorous characters generous,

and loving of their fellows; Launce in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, and Gratiano in the Merchant of Venice are such, while Thersites the bitter railer, is a proverb for malignity, powerful in wit; and Falstaff, the prince of humorists, is an accommodating, kind old fellow, who suffers himself to be made the butt of all his companions' wit through sheer good-nature, though he might by his own wit have scouted them all; but humor is his characteristic, and it is only in some such scene as the battle-field of Shrewsbury, that, indulging in hard thoughts of men, or sneers at their principles, he bursts forth in such a sally of wit as—"the better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life."

On the ground of his humor we may clear Sancho from any charge of stupidity or mental incapacity. Who ever heard of a man of humor being stupid? Men of genius are always humorists, and humorists have always somewhat of genius, and though we may not dare to say that Sancho was a genius, yet there was something in him very much akin to it. Critics do assert that he is himself unconscious of his humor; if by this is meant that he does not know the name of the power he exercises, it may be so; but if it means that he is ignorant that he is evolving that which is calculated to create laughter, and generate good-feeling, any who have noticed the slyness that pervades so many of his humorous passages can see the falsity of the charge: the very simplicity and seeming unconsciousness with which it flows from him is one of the most potent and essential elements of his humor. Even if he were unconscious of it all, it would merely show that at times the connection between his earthly and his more spiritual being was cut off, still allowing that he had a more spiritual nature; and, having such a nature, it would be folly to suppose that he should live giving no intimation of its existence in his daily life, having it totally cut off from all the duties and labors, the feelings and actions that make up the man among his fellows, and give him a character for good or evil. But we see in him the accompaniments of the humorist, for he appreciates all the worth of character and the real wisdom of his master, and often does he show a keen sensibility to all the noble and generous qualities that even ennoble his madness, and make us to see him in the light that he appeared to Cervantes. I contend that no man not possessed of a genial nature, (and that is as near to genius as any one can come without actually possessing it,) and a mind naturally quick, and alive to all the influences of the beautiful and fitting, could have originated so many and so exquisite comments on all around; could have

fashioned an answer for every question so readily and pertinently as Sancho did. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the very disposition in him that has brought him more ill opinion than any other thing, be not an evidence of something higher in his nature than is generally accorded to him; I mean his inclination to follow the train of thought that has misled his master, his crazy notions upon chivalry. Don Quixote, from the nobility of his nature, is actuated by a high and generous principle, for he proposes to go forth to benefit the world, and this nobility of purpose Sancho feels, though he may not understand it: but while Don Quixote's reason is right, he is misled as to the means that should be employed—here his understanding is at fault, and Sancho, though his own understanding is good, suffers the reason of his master to pass beyond its sphere, assigning (unconsciously though it may be,) the same sanity and wisdom that he felt was exercised in it, to the understanding; thus the reason, as it always does when in strife with the understanding, by its inherent superior majesty and might, overbears it; and especially is this so in a genial nature such as Sancho's. You notice that Don Quixote's housekeeper and niece, and the bachelor Carrasco, never appreciate the motives that led the knight forth to his wanderings; their understandings are as good as Sancho's, though I think clearly shown to be no better, but there is wanting that dash of genius that makes a man to see farther and clearer, and which, as by intuition, recognizes and bows to genius in others.

All that is laughable which we find connected with Don Quixote himself, is the relation of his speeches to his position, and the air with which he delivers them: often he discourses on government, on morals, on literature, on society, with consummate ability and taste, and we are struck and pleased with all that he says, till, in closing, some remark of Sancho's, or conclusion of the knight's, some quaint, subtle comment of the author, or even the suggestion of our own minds as to his appearance, throws over the whole an air irresistibly ludicrous. We might mention, as an instance of this, the long talk of Don Quixote with his squire on the night they were near the fulling-mills, and the comical light into which the truly eloquent thoughts of the knight are thrown by the conclusion of Sancho, to the effect that all this seeking of adventures and perils was of no use, and indeed wicked, as tempting God. In these numerous discourses, we notice that the truthful development of Don Quixote's character in this way, has given an ample field for the exhibition of that exquisitely refined taste, that genial appreciation of the beautiful and good, both in the

literary and practical works of men, and in the broad truths that Nature stamps on all her works and creatures, which was the royal birthgift of Cervantes. Yet these talks, and oftentimes soliloquies, of Don Quixote, on all the relations and duties of life, on all that men hold worthy of thought and labor, are, to certain classes of thinkers, the prime excellence of the work, redeeming all the folly that, in their eyes, characterizes the rest; and if more than commonly acute, they think they discern an incongruity in making a madman discourse so sensibly and eloquently; not perceiving that all this is but a means to the end that Don Quixote may be shown in his true character, a noble genius, whose understanding is blinded, but whose reason towers pre-eminent in glory and in strength. But to go higher, (as some would say, though I question whether the attainment of some practical end be, in a man of genius, much higher than the development of the witty and humorous,) we may notice the wonderful effect that this work had upon the publication and reading of novels on chivalry. Cervantes says himself, both at the beginning and end of his work, that the counteracting of their influence is the sole end he has in view, and perhaps it was well for him to say so then, for who recognized those higher claims which at the present day make its avowed object a dim recollection of the historic past? Shortly after the publication of the Don Quixote, the issue of all works on chivalry was completely stopped, the reading of them was given over, and into such disrepute did they all come, good as well as bad, that no branch of literature is now so little known, and no books are so rare, as the romances of the Middle Ages. As in all reforms, too, some evil was done, though none commensurate with the good. Some novels, gems of art, quaint and beautiful, opening up the dream-life of our fore-fathers in a dreamy age, with a clearness that to us makes their visions almost realities, have been lost amid the rubbish; but the literary field was cleared, an open arena for a new, a fresher literature was afforded, and Cervantes himself, in the very weapon that crushed the hosts of chivalry, has given a model for the new school of novel, and the more genial, life-like works, that have since then brought literature into more intimate connection with the lives and labors of men. As a presentation of the manners and customs and the whole life of Spain at that day, it is unparalleled, and this it does, not by putting into the mouths of the speakers, descriptions, or more awkwardly still, by giving didactic essays upon the habits of the people; but incidentally, in the characters of the persons introduced, in the little traits and peculiarities that we hardly notice as belonging to them, but

which, when we close the book, have left an impression of national characteristics more truthful and graphic than could be obtained from any number of books of travel, or dissertations directly upon the subject. The proverbs of Sancho, by themselves, would let us into the mental life of the Spaniards to an extent that nothing else could do, for if the ballads of a people do more towards the determining of their national character than their laws; the proverbs of a people no less mark what has been their mental development, and the thoughts that their intellects seize upon in Nature and in the relations existing among men.

There now remains to be noticed only the philosophy, (if we may so express it,) that we assert is to be found in this work, and which, when found, is the chief excellence to which the wit and the humor, the beauty and eloquence of the whole, its effect upon literature, and its artistic merit, are but as attendants that indeed give majesty and splendor to the train, but which neither add to nor take from its essential worth and power. But we have neither time nor space in this article to speak of it at any length, or attempt its analysis; we can merely assert its existence, for notwithstanding the sneers of Hallam at Sismondi and Bontermerk in their attempts to explain this deeper meaning, and though Ticknor may laugh to scorn the pretensions of "metaphysical critics;" yet to every man of delicate taste and analytic acumen, the philosophy of the Don Quixote has ever been a subject of admiring study and delight. Coleridge, in his hasty and careless manner, has given an imperfect sketch, that, like all his criticisms, and all his labors, has served as a foundation for many varieties of speculation and acute analyses of this work, but it is not for us to go further in it. We only notice in conclusion the Christian and genial spirit that breathes through every part of this book, its purity and freedom, in a great measure, from the grossness of that age. True it is open and free, avoiding not, with false delicacy, the statement and discussion of any honest fact that is necessary to the development of the plot; but none save a perverted and impure imagination could ever glean from all the blunt speeches of Sancho, or the more elegant discourses of his master, anything to minister to the baser passions. In short, it is a book that calls for some such spirit in the reading as Shakspeare, that demands an implicit trust in the author, confidence that from the true principles of his nature, and his purity of heart, he will not and cannot lead us astray, and to whom, when we cannot understand, we can only look in the assurance that he must be right, for as a fine writer has said, "the gifted spirit is the noblest oracle of God." Such was the feeling of Coleridge, when

he said that whatever he found in Shakspeare that conflicted with his own pre-conceived notions, or shocked his sense of propriety, he knew must in the end place Shakspeare higher, and convict himself of error. Such is the spirit that these mighty men of old demand, and such they will have, or their high thoughts and beautiful conceptions, their genial, generous natures, must be to us all hidden mysteries.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES FROM HAWAII.

* * * One hot day in August our party was engaged in surveying along the coast of the island. It was one of those breezeless, tropical days, when the calm surface of the ocean reflects like a mirror, and the hillsides and valleys of the land glow with heat gathered alike from sky and sea.

We were slowly inching along with our instruments, when the light clouds, that had all the morning hovered over the forests, dissolved away and revealed the hoary peak of Mauna Kea. From the heart of the forest it towered up in distant grandeur, with its swelling outlines clearly defined against the deep blue of the western sky. Near the summit was a large field of ice, which sparkled most refreshingly in the sunlight, at an elevation of fourteen thousand feet above the sea. Selecting a level spot, we made the necessary triangulations, and calculated its distance to be only twenty-seven miles from our base. We longed to be there.

The afternoon slowly waned away. The sun set in gold and purple behind the mountain, and the evening breeze came gently down from the forests and glens of the "inner land." As we sat in the starlight, listening to the murmuring of the ocean and the sighing of the tree-tops, we thought of the ice-banks and glaciers of the mountain; and before the hour of rest came round, a plan had been formed for the ascent of Mauna Kea.

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Early in the morning the line of march was formed, and we set out on our journey. The company consisted of a venerable savage, acting in

the capacity of guide; a pack bullock, laden with blankets and provision his driver; two native servants; the surveyor general of the district his assistant, and the present veracious author.

A walk of two hours duration brought us to the forest which encircles the base of the mountain. Here we halted for a short space of time and then plunged into the mazes of the jungle, where the wildest of tropical luxuriance prevailed. The grand old trees were almost strangled with vines, creepers, and parasitic mosses; the tree ferns grew to a height of twenty-five or thirty feet, while every inch of space between their trunks was occupied by the stems of bananas, guavas, raspberries, and a hundred other plants characteristic of a tropical thicket.

Through this wilderness of vegetation lay our path, and stopping only occasionally to regale ourselves with wild raspberries and ground-cherries, which grew every where in the greatest profusion, we traveled on till noon, when we pitched our camp in the shade of a high rock, close beside a little spring of water. While we tarried here the sky became overcast, and a dense fog rolled in over the tree-tops. We accordingly hurried our departure, fearing lest delay and the obscurity might prevent us from reaching the cave designated by the guide as the place for our encampment that night. As we advanced, the forest grew thinner, but the fog waxed thicker. The trees were different from those nearer the ocean; the vines, tree ferns, and parasites were fewer and more stinted in their growth, till at last they entirely disappeared, as did also our path, and we plodded on through the long grass, guiding ourselves by the course of a small ravine. Thus we proceeded till about four P. M., when the guide declared himself at fault, so, drawing a little black pipe, he perched upon a stump, and began meditating on the error of his ways. Having thus refreshed himself, he alighted from his roost, and stated that we were very near the cave. We therefore proceeded to a most advantageous disposition of ourselves in a neighboring strawberry patch, while the guide commenced beating up the country in search of our resting place for the night. It was not long before we heard his voice in the distance, hailing us with the information that the cave was found, so we groped along through the mist, till we came upon the old gentleman, engaged, as before, in the profoundest meditation.

But where was the cave? There. Where? Under that rock. Sure enough, there was a kennel, three feet high and six feet deep, but who other than a savage would have called it a cave! My friend, the surveyor, was slightly discomposed at the idea of spending a whole night

in such a hole, but it was late, and there was no other shelter, so we were fain to make ourselves as comfortable as possible by gathering dried grass for our nest, and cutting wood for the fire.

All this time we had been half drowned with the mist, but while we were lightening the provision basket and toasting our feet at the fire, the clouds rolled up the side of the mountain, and let in the sunlight upon our camp. There was a little hill near by, so we pulled on our boots, and scrambled up its stony ridge, to view the world, or so large a portion, at least, as might be visible therefrom. Towards the sea-coast there was little to be seen. Our camp was just in the verge of the forest, which stretched away down the slope, while all above was open country. The mountain itself began to rise at a short distance only, and loomed up in truly overwhelming proportions. So lofty and steep did it appear, that it seemed almost impossible for any one to ascend its sides, yet the hunters, we were told, pursued their game on horseback to its very summit. But the finest sight of all was the mist, which shrouded the country below us. White and fleece-like it lay, entangled in the tree-tops, or eddying up in flakes, and dissolving away in the pure air above. Far off on the northern horizon the mountain of Kohala rose from the ocean of mist, like an island on the sea, while the drifting masses of vapor surged along its sides like the heaving waves of the deep. The rays of the sun darted for a moment over the scene, and then darkness began to creep up from the east, and the stars came twinkling out one after another, as we retraced our steps to the camp-fire. Here we passed the night, but *how*, it were not meet to tell. Be it sufficient to say that the condition of a certain Mag. Incog., when

> "Sullen and grim to bed went he,
> Sullen and grim from bed rose he,"

was bliss in comparison with the repose we enjoyed that night. Not a little pleased were we, when the morning dawned, and the birds commenced their matutinal songs. Breakfast was summarily dispatched at an early hour, and we once more resumed the march. The angle of ascent was about eight degrees, which, combined with the increasing rarity of the atmosphere, was sufficient to render our progress slow and tedious. The clouds still hung over the forests, cutting off all view of the lowlands and coasts of the island, but beyond these the blue ocean was visible, rising up like a wall of azure to meet the firmament above. As the morning advanced the clouds began drifting in towards the mountain,

till we were completely enveloped in fog. How to find our way aright seemed a mystery, but the veteran guide kept picking along among rocks and bushes till noon, when we stopped at a shanty formed of branches leaning against an over-arching rock. Here we held a council, and decided to go no farther unless the fog should clear off, for it was evident that if we persevered, and reached the summit that day, the clouds would prevent us from seeing anything. The guide declared that from this point we could reach the highest peak in less than two hours, so it was resolved that we spend the night at the shanty, and start early enough next morning to see the sun rise from the top of Mauna Kea. This encampment was near the extreme limit of vegetation, and scarcely any fuel could be obtained, except the dried stalks of the silver-sword; in fact, the steep side of the mountain appeared to produce little else but rocks and sand. So dense was the fog that we could see only a few yards in any direction, and the abruptness of the slope, combined with the obscurity, made us feel as if on the verge of some profound abyss, filled with whirling smoke and vapor, from which no sound came up;—

> "A dark
> Illimitable ocean, without bound,
> Without dimension; where length, breadth, and height,
> And time, and place, are lost."—

But during the afternoon the awful silence was broken by the distant barking of a dog, far down below, like some hound of hell broke loose. Then came the report of a rifle, followed by the barking of a whole pack;—then another report, fainter and more distant than before, and thus the sounds of the chase continued, growing feebler and fainter, till we could hear them no longer in the distance. The hunters were out in pursuit of wild cattle, which roam at large over the mountains.

Towards evening the damp sea-breezes ceased;—the fog dispersed, and a gorgeous panorama opened before us. We were at an elevation of nearly eleven thousand feet above the ocean, whose peaceful expanse, dotted here and there by the white sails of some passing ship, stretched away to the horizon, where it seemed to melt into the blue ether of heaven. The sky was perfectly clear, with the exception of the little golden clouds which gemmed the horizon at a distance of nearly one hundred and fifty miles, while far below us lay the forests and plains of the island, spread out like a map around the mountain, and sloping gently down to the shore of the sea. Across the plain of Waimea, on the left, rose the hills of Kohala, furrowed with water courses and ravines, down

whose depths we could see the white cascades dashing their foam and spray. Behind us the great dome of Mauna Kea itself swelled up to the skies, cutting off all the western horizon, and hiding the sun from our view long before its rays ceased their lingering along the wave-kissed shores below. Slowly the light faded away; the gathering shadows of night fell upon the earth; the frosty evening air drove us to our blankets, and we beheld the glorious vision no more.

Early the next morning, even before the day began to dawn, we were on our way up the mountain, full of ambition to reach its top before sunrise. The ground was covered with frost, and the little pools of rain-water were frozen hard. Few of our number had ever seen ice before, and we were not a little amused at the discomfiture of one of the servants, who had carefully stored a huge lump of the vitreous mineral in his pocket, when he found his treasure gone, and only a damp place left to show where it once had been. But we could not delay to expound the laws of heat, for the stars were fading, and still the summit was not gained. So rare had the atmosphere now become that it was impossible to make such rapid progress as we desired; and at last, when only a few rods, as it seemed, of the ascent remained, the sun arose, pouring a flood of light over the ocean, and tinging with pink and purple the vast mass of clouds that had settled during the night upon the low-lands of the island. This was a sore disappointment, but the crest of the mountain seemed near, so we pressed eagerly on,—each one ambitious to be first at the snow. But the longer we climbed the farther it seemed, till at length, after nearly four hours' exertion, we reached the point at which we had been aiming, and sank down upon the rocks in utter disappointment and disgust. Instead of finding ourselves upon the top of the highest peak in the Pacific, we had only just reached the edge of the *summit-table*, which is a great plain five miles in diameter, and at an elevation of thirteen thousand feet above the sea. From the center of this table the terminal peak of Mauna Kea rose to an elevation of nearly one thousand feet above the spot where we then were. This was the first time we had seen the peak since leaving the shore. There it stood, with its glaciers and ice-beds glaring in the sun light, but so faint were we, and so great did the distance appear, that we almost despaired of reaching the snow. The clouds also were gathering blackness below, and threatening to cut off all the prospect, but after a short delay we determined to persevere, and accordingly set out once more. Slowly and laboriously we dragged ourselves along, stopping every other minute to catch breath, till eleven

o'clock, when we reached the base of the terminal peak. Here was a large bank of frozen snow, where we quenched our thirst, and cooled our eyes, which had suffered considerably from the rarity of the air. The servants were completely fagged out, so we left them to bask on the rocks, while we commenced ascending the peak. This was a conical pile of volcanic scoria and cinders, in which we sank knee-deep at every step, and more than once only narrowly escaped rolling back to its base. However, after the greatest exertions, we reached the top, and stood in triumph upon the loftiest eminence in the Pacific. Driving clouds unfortunately limited our vision on all sides of the mountain but one; the northern slope alone was not yet covered by the mists that were rapidly drifting before the strong trade-wind. In this direction we could overlook the sun-burnt plain of Waimea, and the verdant slopes of Kohala, and the surf-beaten coasts of Kawaihae, while far away, across the blue waters of the Alennihaha, towered the rugged peaks of Maui and Lanai, with the more distant heights of Oahu just peering above the horizon. Our view was short, for the lowering clouds soon gathered over all the mountain, so having raised a pile of stones, we commenced the descent to our companions, which was speedily effected. By this time the fog had become quite dense, but with the aid of a pocket compass we experienced little difficulty in retracing the path. In less than an hour we reached the encampment of the previous night, but only stopped there long enough to dine, and then continued on our way down the mountain. We took a path leading down the northern slope, and were soon below the clouds, which clustered thickly around the summit. As the sun disappeared in the west we entered the forest, and struck into a cattle-track that led us to a sawyer's clearing, where we were hospitably received and entertained by the semi-barbarous lumbermen, who feasted us with the flesh of wild cattle from the mountain. Having passed the night in their log cabin, where our slumbers were disturbed by the neighing of horses and the barking of dogs, we resumed our journey in a shower of rain at an early hour of the morning, and reached the shore soon after noon, covered from head to foot with mud and glory.

HUME AND ROSSEAU.

THERE is no more palpable evidence that human nature is corrupt and every where the same, than to see two brilliant intellectual geniuses engaged in petty, personal strife. We are sagely taught in our early years, that

"Dogs delight to bark and bite, &c."

but experience soon teaches us, that this is by no means a characteristic solely canine. We almost daily hear of uneducated and degraded humanity swayed by angry passion, indulging in pugilistic encounter, and are not surprised. Nor are we shocked at the sight of two of "Erin's fair" appealing from hot words to their brooms. But when two men of giant intellect, bearing the name of philosophers, each the pride of his native land, descend to a petty quarrel, we cannot but cry, O degraded man! Rely not alone upon high-born genius and brilliant talents to regain thy once proud state! Of what use is that philosophy which will not protect its devotees from such disgrace?

David Hume and Jean Jacques Rosseau were two of the greatest infidel philosophers of their age. Each was the most honored, and at the same time the most unpopular literary character of his country. Brilliant native talent, and untiring energy, had raised each from the common artisan to the courtier. But a cold skepticism and subtle infidelity, defended with bold independence, drew upon them both, from every quarter, the eye of suspicion.

Hume was born, in the early part of the last century, at Edinburgh, not then the intellectual capital of the British empire, which he left it at his death, but a common European city, simply distinguished as the political metropolis of the humble province of Scotland. To no one man is Edinburgh so much indebted for its position in the world of letters as to David Hume. He early saw the dearth, in his native land, of literary geniuses, and especially of philosophers. At sixteen he determined to be an independent thinker, and to receive as truth only what his own reason commended. He resolved to put to silence the jeers of his

southern neighbors upon Scottish jargon and Scottish genius, and to make his native city what it afterwards became, the Athens of Great Britain. For this end he exchanged a world of wealth and pleasure for one of letters. He exiled himself from his native hills, and in a strange land, where no disturbing influence could reach him, began his labors. He chose a quiet village in France, once the home of Des Cartes, and seemed to draw inspiration from the example of the great philosopher, to stimulate his own ambitious fancies. After a few years of hard mental labor he returned to his native soil, and gave the world his treatise on "Human Nature." This was the beginning of a national Scottish literature, the corner-stone in that mighty fabric of Caledonian genius, which, from his day till ours, has continued to ascend, till it has become a massive yet beautiful temple. Stimulated by his success, and encouraged by his favor, such men as Kames, Robertson, Blair, Reid, and Adam Smith, rose up around him as their centre and chief support. He praised their efforts to the world, and soon saw them independent of his encouragement, and his rivals in literary strife.

Rosseau was born a year later than Hume, in Geneva. In his youth he was one of those never-quiet, mischievous boys, who are the subjects of many an unuttered curse from staid old aunts and godmothers. The son of a watch-maker, he was destined by his father to this or some other useful trade. Addicted to every boyish sin, with an especial predilection to larceny, his parents looked upon him with admiring horror. They bound him out to this trade and to that, only to receive him back again after a few days trial, either as a fugitive or disgraced. At sixteen, when Hume resolved to be a philosopher, Rosseau made his last escape both from master and native land. But, unlike his great cotemporary, instead of settling down to hard study and abstruse philosophical speculations, he determined to see the world, and taste its pleasures and its dissipations. The characteristics of youth distinguished him throughout his life, and were the cause of most of the misery of his later days. After many years wasted in the lowest kinds of sensualism and the deepest degradation,—here a tutor, there a lackey, now a music-master, soon obliged to turn Catholic to keep from starvation, then a catechumen at Turin, immediately after gentleman of the chamber to a noble lady,—at the age of thirty-eight he brings before the world his first literary effort. While wandering in France he saw the notice of a prize, offered by the academy of Dijon for the best essay on "the influence of the arts and sciences upon morals." He was a competitor,—and not only won the prize, but

created a wonderful sensation throughout the country. He was no longer Rosseau the vagabond, but Rosseau the philosopher. Voltaire, Diderôt, D' Alembert, and other distinguished philosophers sought his acquaintance, and reckoned upon him as a great accession to their school. But he condemned them all, agreed with none, and set up a philosophy of his own.

In 1765 Hume and Rosseau first met. A cold treatment and utter lack of sympathy had driven them both from their native lands. Hume, for many years, had made Paris his home. Though proud of his native Scotland, he declared "he was too young and too gay to settle down in Edinburgh." Nor had London, cold, gloomy, unfriendly, any charms for him. In Paris alone could his jovial, good nature find real happiness. Rosseau was too nervous and fickle to remain long in any place. But no where was his genius more highly appreciated, or his presence more coveted, than among the brilliant Parisian literati. Long before they saw each other, Hume and Rosseau were friends. Each had studied the other's works, and was filled with admiration. But never did two more opposite characters come together than they. Hume was corpulent, frank, and jovial. Rosseau was thin, jealous, and sour. Hume had always lived a perfect example of his philosophy, maintaining the strictest morality and honor in all his actions. The private life of Rosseau gave the lie to all his teachings. No vice was so low but that he yielded to its allurements. Hume placed implicit confidence in all his friends, and many a time was a dupe to his open-heartedness. Rosseau was jealous and suspicious of every body, and thought every honor conferred upon him was some trap for his overthrow. The "fat old Scotch philosopher" was the especial favorite of those brilliant ladies whose influence was so great in Parisian circles during the last century. No dinner or fête was thought complete without his presence, and the sight of his good humored "broad, unmeaning face" at the opera established its reputation. The same might have been the case with Rosseau. Great ladies teazed Hume for an introduction to his friend. Valuable presents were thrust into his hands for Rosseau, and so popular had his writings made him, that Hume asserts "that he could have raised £50,000 for him in a fortnight, had he permitted it." But even the ladies Rosseau suspected of some foul plot. As age advanced, his mental maladies increased, till at last, with the delusion that he had not a friend in the city, he left Paris in disgust. He sought concealment, and fled to the passes of the Jura, but so repulsively vicious was he that the simple cottagers pelted him with stones. He next took refuge upon a solitary island in the lake of Bri-

enne, attended only by his mistress Le Vasseur, who patiently clung to him amid all his misery. But his ever troubled mind suffered infinitely more in this quiet retreat than amid the dissipation of the city. There was nothing here to drown his conscious guilt. He passed to Strasburg. Here he received assurance that he had at least one true friend, beside his Le Vasseur. Hume, blind to all his faults, was filled with pity to see his treatment by the world, and wrote to him a most polite and affectionate letter, assuring him of his high respect and love to him, and closing with a very pressing invitation for him to return with him to England, and there pass the remainder of his days. Rosseau accepted, and like a repulsive and pitiful shadow of Hume's own skepticism, followed him to England. They stepped on British soil, true friends. Rosseau hung with kisses upon the neck of his host, and in tears thanked him for his kindness. Hume's heart was touched, and he silently cursed the world for its treatment of such genius. But these happy moments did not last forever. Even while on his way to his new home Rosseau got angry about their carriage. Hume generously forgave and forgot, and again his guest was weeping in his embrace. He provided for him and Le Vasseur a retired and delightful home in the mansion of Worton in Derbyshire. He secured a pension for him adequate to supply every want. He brought to his independent retreat the most cultivated of England's aristocracy. But all in vain! In return for his disinterested generosity the good-natured philosopher found himself upon the brink of the first and last quarrel of his life. He little foresaw that his calm unruffled temper, which for nearly a half century had only smiled at the vile slanders of rival philosophers, and the vituperations of Scotch parsons, was for once and terribly to be aroused. The last words whispered in his ears by the French philosophers as he was leaving Paris with Rosseau, now for the first time came to mind. "You nourish," said they, "a viper in your bosom." A dispute between Madame Le Vasseur and the venerable housekeeper of his landlord, about a kettle and some cinders, was the commencement of the great quarrel, which first gradually, then like wild-fire, spread through the ranks of gentry, nobility, courtiers, kings and queens, till all Europe was interested and excited. The quiet and retirement of his romantic home was not the place for Rosseau when the novelty was over. He had nothing to do but muse, and his former madness settled upon him. The terrible idea possessed him that his enemies upon the continent, and David Hume, had entered into a conspiracy to turn him into ridicule. The more he reflected, the stronger

were his convictions. In every attention shown him by the great, he saw some secret plot to make him their dupe. Siding with Le Vasseur in the domestic brawl, his mad spirit allowed him no rest, till, expelled by his landlord from his beautiful home, he vented his wrath in curses upon everything English, and arrived upon the shore of France. At the very time when Hume was exerting himself among the nobility to increase his pension, Rosseau wrote an indignant letter to him, rejecting all his favors, accusing him of vile treachery, and declaring all intercourse between them at an end. "Adieu Monsieur," he closes, "this is the last letter you will have from me." Imagine Hume's surprise! One, who the last time they met, declared with tears and kisses that he was the dearest friend he had, now accuses him of all that is vile and treacherous. "Tell me," he wrote in return, "what has given you offence. Tell me of what I am accused. Tell me the man who accuses me." Rosseau was silent. The real secret of his wrath was disappointed ambition. He had expected to be welcomed and honored by the British people, as no one had been before. He had pictured his journey as one triumphal march. But falsely professing that he wished quiet, the English people had taken him at his word. "The fault and misery of Rosseau," says Carlyle, "was what we easily name by a single word, Egoism." He wrote back to Hume that wonderful epistle, which has truly been styled a master-piece of genius and folly. He founded all his suspicions on two or three simple occurrences. When last they slept together, he heard Hume mutter in his sleep, "Je tiens Jean Jacques Rosseau," and when once together in Rosseau's study, Hume had cast upon him a long, mysterious, suspicious glance, which haunted him ever after. Over them he had brooded till he was mad, for what else can we call such folly. About this time also, he received a pretended letter from the King of Prussia. He laid its authorship to Hume. It was really the work of Sir Horace Walpole, who owned it, but nothing could make Rosseau believe it was not the work of his once "bon David."

Hume, by no means equal to his gifted opponent in letter writing, closed forever all communication between them, by a plain, common-sense letter, defending himself, and showing Rosseau that the cause of all his misery was in himself. His last words were "adieu and forever." Thus closed this remarkable friendship. Two of the most brilliant geniuses of their age, one the master of reason, the other of feeling, led by a skeptical sympathy and an admiration of each other into a warm friendship, which upon familiarity ripened into professed love, had sud-

denly become bitter enemies. They were "the observed of all observers," and their quarrel was not to stop with themselves. The genius of Rosseau once more aroused the sympathy of all Paris in his behalf. The fickle French, ever jealous of their neighbors across the channel, were now indignant at the treatment of one who had suffered infinitely worse at their hands. The English, forgetting their old hatred of the Scotch philosopher, admired his conduct under the abuse heaped upon him, and sustained him in his declaration that "Rosseau was the blackest and most atrocious of villains." Hume, losing his philosophic coolness, resolved to completely annihilate his opponent, by publishing their correspondence. It was a rash act, and the act of his lifetime which he most regretted. Far nobler would have been his conduct, and more in accordance with his high-toned professions, had he taken no further notice of the affair. But his friends in both countries were clamorous for the letters, and Rosseau declared he dare not give them to the world. Now the sensation was intense. Voltaire congratulated Hume in a letter, relating a quarrel of his own with Rosseau. "Kings, ministers, priests and ladies, in every court in Europe, were interested in the affair." The king and queen of England sent for the correspondence before its publication, and that there might be no fraud, the original letters were deposited in the British Museum.

The quarrel furnished rare sport for Hume's old enemies, the Warburton school of critics, and the clergy generally. The two champions of infidel philosophy were showing, more effectually than all of these men, from the pulpit and with the pen, possibly could, the effects of this philosophy socially. This Hume deeply felt. By strict morality, and true politeness, his private life had been free from reproach. Now, though only engaged in self-defence, the dignity of his philosophy was in danger. But no such thoughts troubled Rosseau. Devoid of all moral principle, what did he care for his philosophy? He was a skeptic to his own teachings. One of his most brilliant essays on "Education," showing that home was the only place for the training of the child, he directly violated by sending all of his five children, immediately after birth, to a foundling hospital, never again to know home or father.

In their death we see a living daguerreotype of the whole life of these two remarkable men. Rosseau, while preparing his coffee for breakfast, requested his wife to go on a trifling errand. After an hour's absence, she found him stretched upon the floor in a dying state. The real cause of his death has never been ascertained, but from all the information that

could be obtained of Madame Rosseau, it seems probable that he took poison in his coffee, and then shot himself with a pistol. Mysterious and awful end of a more mysterious and awful life!

Hume went down into the dark waters with a complacent smile. He seemed to feel that the eyes of the world were upon him, watching for another awful death-bed scene of a skeptic. He determined to die consistently with his philosophy, and he did. He was evidently sincere. No vanity could have sustained him in such an hour. His only hope was literary immortality. This had sustained him through a long life. Relying upon this, "doubting the present, doubting the future," he went down cheerfully to annihilation.

Such is a brief account of the friendship, quarrel, separation, and death of two of the greatest men of the last century. We gaze with admiration upon their genius, with reluctance upon their feuds, and commiseration upon their fate. Without even the comfort of the Moslem's hope, they sank into a cold skeptic's grave. The Christian traveler will always pause and muse over their last resting places, saddened at the thought that two such brilliant intellects were lost to his Master's service here below, and will never shine among the countless throngs of the redeemed above.

LEARN from the earliest days to inure your principles against the peril of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason, if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life, if you live in the constant dread of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously and grandly—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.—*Sidney Smith.*

IT is not flesh and blood, it is the heart that makes us sons and fathers.—*Schiller.*

EXTERNAL forms are but the trappings of a man.—*Schiller.*

NATURE—THE STUDY OF THE ARCHITECT.

THERE are two powers which furnish the Architect with designs for his work—the Imagination, and Nature. The former is the more attractive by reason of its specious originality. To copy from Nature appears at first sight to betoken a want of original power. But the Imagination finds the fuel that heats it, in the very objects of Nature. It seizes upon them, and, moulding them into new shapes, so transmforms them that they come to be regarded as the natural productions of the Imagination. It is when gazing upon natural beauty and strength, that it becomes most elevated. An Imagination which seeks objects upon which to exercise its power among inferior things, becomes degenerated. From the close connection which exists between it and the moral faculty, it is impossible that the pure influences of Nature should come under the power of Imagination, and not be impaired by a contact with its corrupt character.

It is moreover the less trustworthy, inasmuch as its possessor is liable to be misled as to its honesty. So long as the Imagination produces effects that can be ruled by the laws of Nature, it can be employed—so long as it is truthful, it can be relied upon, but the moment that it represents things as they are not, and seeks to persuade the mind that they are thus, it deceives, and it would be madness longer to trust in it. Imagination is a noble gift of the Creator, and, rightly governed, has a wide field for usefulness; but while man is mortal, it will become corrupt under the evil influence of a corrupt heart. It is, therefore, because of the waywardness of this faculty, and the difficulty of ascertaining its proper limits, that the architect must draw his chief power from a close observation and large appreciation of the varied forms of natural strength and beauty.

The architect who spends his life in the city, seeking the models for his productions in works of high art, howsoever noble they may be, is but a copyist at second hand, and can no more rise to higher attainments than the landscape painter who shuts himself up in his attic, and devotes himself to the reproduction on the canvass, of the paintings of Turner. Where should he seek his models? Just where they did who reared those win-

derful buildings that are the objects of his admiration—where the great masters of old sought their models—among the works of the Great Architect. All works of high art are but reproductions of forms of Nature—they are the results obtained by solving her problems and ascertaining her laws. Nor is it the mark of an uncreative mind to earnestly study God's works in order to transplant the forms of beauty, and apply the principles there found to its own labor. God has given us the highest types of beauty in the natural world. It is presumption for man to seek in his own mind for creations that shall surpass in glory the works of the Great Author. Shall we look to the disordered imagination of man for a revelation of the principle of *Truth* in architecture? or shall we seek that principle in the works of a God of Truth? Is the weak imagination of man to supply the principle of *Power* in architecture? No, we must seek that principle as developed in the work of the Omnipotent. The narrow limits of the city cramp the growth of an architect's mind. Constantly gazing upon the works of man, he becomes unable to discriminate between their faults and their excellencies, because he has no higher standard from which to judge. Let him come forth into the country and with the microscope and the telescope, view alternately the minute organizations and the massive buttresses of Nature. The curved and pointed arch of Gothic architecture find their counterpart in every leaf of the field. Every animal discovers to him the structure of the ribbed vault. Will he find in the works of man the glorious dimensions of Nature's temples? His conception of breadth will not be weakened by a visit to our Western prairies. He will have no less grand ideas of height and solemnity from viewing the cloud-capped mountains—no less appreciation for beauty of color from gazing upon those mountains when they are clad in the vesture of autumn—no less depth of thought or feeling of awe from contemplating the boundless ocean or the Western sky on a summer's eve. His heart overflows with emotion as he is thus filled with the very essence of grandeur, grace, and loveliness. To him there is no inanimate matter. Every blade of grass—every tiny flower—every ore dug from the depths of the earth is to him a living voice, speaking louder than the voice of man can speak—of the Infinite. It is when he sees God in his works that he will go to his labor and make the rough stone express those glorious ideas and forms of beauty that so abundantly possess his soul.

Let the architect then rear buildings that shall be true to the principles of Nature as exhibited in her works, and if he can transplant the forms

of beauty that so abound in the natural world, his creations will partake freely of the spirit of beauty.

Some years ago, Mr. Jefferson, I think, endeavored to originate a system of American architecture, and the pillars which support the roof of the Capitol are the result. The design is simple. It is taken from the maize of our continent. The pillar is composed, as it were, of the stalks, with their joints at irregular intervals, while above it is developed into the ears of corn surrounded by the husks. The whole effect is very beautiful. Here is but one of our indigenous plants successfully copied in architecture. Why cannot others be employed with equal success?

How can the architect produce those delicate traceries which form so essential elements in Gothic architecture, without a close study of the beautiful flowers that exhibit such exquisite forms? for "the architect," as Mr. Ruskin justly observes, "must be a painter and a sculptor also, or he cannot be a true architect." Yes! Nature must be his study, if he would incorporate in his productions the power, the grace, and the glory of Nature.

A few miles from Savannah there is a cemetery containing an almost perfect Gothic Cathedral. It has no massive walls—no foundations of precious stones. It is not reared by mortal hands; but the Great Architect himself has constructed this arch as a temple for His worship, and surely it is a fit temple! Long lines of trees on either side of the wall bend toward each other, and the topmost boughs meet to complete the arch, while the massy trunks form a long colonnade of pillars to support the roof. Standing within this natural temple as you look up through the blue vault far, far above, the leafy branches, and the beautiful Southern moss drooping gracefully from them, seem like delicate traceries upon that blue ceiling. No deep-toned organ sends forth its anthems and hallelujahs, but from the throats of Nature's winged choir ascend sweet notes of praise through the leafy roof, piercing the ethereal dome. Listen! do they not sing "Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary; praise him in the firmament of his power. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord." There is no solemn chant of mourners over the dead clay, but when one and another is borne to his last home in that quiet cemetery, from this Cathedral of Nature issue low wailings as the wind sweeps through the long aisle. There is no pulpit and no preacher to read lessons of wisdom to the living; from the graves that stand by its pillars come solemn notes of warning, and the dead yet speak. It is always Sabbath there. Day after day ascend the sweet praises and the low chantings from that great Cathedral.

LETTER FROM QUIS.

UP IN THE COUNTRY, OCTOBER, 1856.

MR. EDITOR:—Fisher Ames once said, or if it was not he, it was *some one else*, that every man had in him a devil as big as a woodchuck! Harrison Gray Otis, at a public meeting in Faneuil Hall, very gravely quoted it, "*Every man has in him a woodchuck as big as a devil!*" Now if you, in your Editorial self-complacency, ask why I introduce my epistle with this anecdote, my answer will be that just as the words "Mr. Editor," ran off my pen, the devil and woodchuck ran into my mind in hot pursuit, and following out a long settled principle to make letters a transcript of passing thoughts, I gave it a name and abiding place, "for the sake of generations long since unborn." It does not follow of necessity, (perhaps,) that there is any intimate connection between Editors and the little man in black, or the little animal in fur: still it is not always easy, or rather it is sometimes more easy than satisfactory, to account for the association of ideas. Some people are never troubled with this association, for the very excellent reason that they are not troubled with the ideas; and then again, other people have ideas so large, and each idea so "sui generis," that the gluten of association is not sufficiently strong to hold them together. Gentlemen, to which of these classes do we belong? Under the influence of the beautiful weather, and the surrounding circumstances, my mind to-day is like a high-pressure engine, and I am not engineer enough to know which valve to open; I would share a plate of pears, that is upon the table beside me, with any one who would tell me which train of ideas to set in motion, how I might most easily meet with your acceptance. It is a terrible thing to have too many ideas, in some respects worse than a mental vacuum, for there is credit to be gained in creating,—in making something out of nothing, but to make nothing out of something is sorrowful indeed. I have been uneasy and nervous all the day, and am almost inclined to believe that Fisher Ames's devil, or woodchuck, is giving me internal evidence of presence. The day is most delightful, and I am obliged to stay in the

house! to stay in doors and write about by-gones, when the *now* is so beautiful! Is it not a bitter *pen*-ance to write on such a day? The air is as mild as that of Italy, the sky as softly blue as eyes of love, (blue eyes I mean,) the forest trees are just beginning to put on their autumn dresses, (forgetful of the impropriety of appearing with bare limbs!) and to adorn themselves for the season, the fruit trees are hanging full, close to my window, the grape vine looks darkly rich and richly dark a little farther on, the flowers line the garden walks, and the green lawn is more brightly green under the lowering sun, and the grass is good enough to have reconciled Nebuchadnezzar to his fate. In the distance the atmosphere is as delightfully hazy as the dreamy imagination, when images of quiet beauty float before us in dim outline, and the senses are semi-sleeping in happy state; I see a placid lake at the foot of the hill, with not a ripple on its peaceful breast, I see the demure cows, with eyes half-closed, contentedly ruminating under the apple trees, the calves are indulging in gambol-ical freaks around their "maternal mothers," both the dogs are on the piazza, poking flies off their ears with their paws, "in short," as Mr. Micawber would say, it is the perfection of an October day. The sun is getting near its bed-time, and the whole western sky is painted in gorgeous colors, and the forests, and hills, and valleys, look as if broken rainbows had been scattered over them. But I have no need to describe this to you; other writers have described the same thing long ago; to be sure, not with the beauty with which I am capable of clothing the subject, but yet, well enough to answer all practical purposes. And besides all this, I have written one letter on Autumn before this, and if I write another, the readers of the Quarterly will think that *I* am in the sere and yellow leaf, as well as the season.

The world with us is wagging on very much as usual, indeed a little more so; there is about the usual amount of total depravity manifested, and of good advice thrown away; people still persist in being born to no good purpose, and dying with no good anticipations; and the few who pretend to live, act as if they were travelers stopping at a public house, scrambling for the highest seat at the supper table, and quarrelling for the best piece of turkey, and leaving in the same hurry in which they came. Indeed, life is very much like an omnibus; a getting in and a getting out all the time; we see faces long enough to become familiar with them, and lo! their ticket is called for, and out they go; we look after them a moment with a half-regret, very soon to follow them ourselves, and have others give a short glance at us, as we step off, and the

world rolls away from us on the wheels of time. One sober reflection should come in here:—How important it is that we get into the right omnibus in our life journey! that our tickets should be secured for the right terminus!

These beautiful October days give both out-doors and in-doors a peculiar charm, and have a most quieting influence on the mind, and as I look about the room, I almost feel poetical. Books old and curious, folios of rare value, and parchments of early days, fill the bending shelves; paintings by the old masters hang in every vacant space; antiques and models are here and there; immediately before me is a richly carved cabinet filled with autographs rare and valuable; a curiously worked and ornamented bureau, once the property of the Apostle Eliot, stands in a niche made for it; across the hall is a valuable sideboard taken from the palace of Versailles when it was despoiled of its furniture, pictures, and decorations, in 1793, at the commencement of the French Revolution. It is a most interesting thing to examine and to meditate upon; it seems to speak of Versailles in all its pride and magnificence, and of Versailles when surrounded by the infuriated mob; it speaks of the royal family in all its luxurious happiness, when perhaps from this very side-board they drank the sparkling wine; it speaks of the royal family as they fled from their dearly-bought luxuries, and drank the bitter cup of unrestrained wrath and cruelty. It is a richly ornamented piece of furniture, six feet, or a little more, in length, and between three and four feet in height. It is covered with elaborate inlaid work of shell and brass, and beautiful mouldings and bas-reliefs in bronze and brass. The large bronze bas-relief on the heavy metal door in the centre, represents Alexander the Great with his favorite Campaspe seated before him, while opposite them, is the painter Apelles with his pallet in hand, in an attitude of admiration of the beautiful subject before him I love to look at it, and while looking, I grow sad. Association brings out, link by link, the long chain of French history, the mad and fickle populace, the proud and beautiful, unhappy, unfortunate, royal family, and then I think how strange it is that here in a land where the name of king has no charm or power, where there is no Versailles,—in a private house, should be this elegant memento of regal magnificence. What will not time effect! Truly "Tempora mutantur, et mutamur cum illis."

John, a recent importation from the Emerald Isle, has just entered the room, and his presence reminds me of an amusing blunder of his the other day, and one at which I laughed immoderately, although it was a

little matter. As it is good and true at the same time, for these two qualities are sometimes found in company, I will write it down. A servant of a neighboring gentleman came to the door and sent in a note by this Irish John. As it would take some little time to read and answer the note, John was directed to show the man into the vestibule and give him a seat. He looked obedience, said "Yes Sir," and went out of the room with his countenance expressing great doubt. The note was read and answered, and I called the servant; no one came, I called again, and another no-one came. Thinking it a little strange, I went into the hall but saw no one there; walking the length of the hall, I looked in through a partly opened door, and there on the window seat of the *china closet*, sat *the servant!* The first time I ever knew a *china closet* to be called *a vestibule!*

President Pierce has been to New Hampshire, for the first time since he has occupied the White House, and quite a demonstration was made, and a good number of people came out in order to see a live President, all strongly imbued with the feeling that the office is a high and noble one, and *some* with the belief that the incumbents do not always honor it. Mr. Pierce made a very good speech to the assembled throng, but it occurred to many that the common criticism of "preaching one thing and practising another," would apply with some force. But I allude to this simply on account of an amusing mistake the President made in a Scriptural allusion, as it shows the truth and force of the old maxim of not meddling with that with which we are not familiar. He had been speaking of party strife, "the demon of hate," "et id omne genus," and said, "*You have not drunk of these bitter waters of Meribah.*" Now if I read the Bible correctly, *it*, or Mr. *Pierce* is wrong. We are told that the *waters of Marah were bitter*, and that Moses, following out the commands of the Lord, made them sweet. The children of Israel had been wandering in the Wilderness of Sin, and were parched with thirst. Moses struck the rock, and waters gushed out, to the joy and gladness of the people, and he called the place *Meribah*. The allusion is quite an unfortunate one for the President, for can it not be truly said, that, like the Children of Israel, we as a nation have been literally wandering in a *wilderness of Sin* for four years past, and by November, we shall be ready for some Moses to strike the rock, and cause the waters of peace and happiness to flow for the healing of the nation. It will not be proper for me to write of politics in my letter, but really the whole community is in such a turmoil that everything save politics is un-thought of, un-

heard of. But it will not be wrong for me to express the sober conviction that these desperate contests, which occur every four years, absorbing every other subject, interfering with the regular pursuits, exciting all the bad passions of men, and killing all the good ones, must have a sad influence upon the country, a most deteriorating effect upon the public morals; and we all know that when the tone of public sentiment is low, what the fate of the country must be. Shall we take the press to be the exponent of the feelings and principles of the people? We would blush to say it, and yet, the editors and publishers tell us that they write and publish thus and so, to meet the demand. What a sad tale is this! With what are our political papers, of all parties, filled? With slander, personal abuse, recklessness of truth, and a feeding of the lower passions of the public." "Men, not principles," seems to be the actuating motive, and it would seem that a man's prospects for political promotion were in proportion to his lack of all that is decent and honorable. Wordsworth said the truth when he remarked that "Americans make political distinction the *end* and not the means." This is a text from which a powerful sermon might be preached, and would that we all might give it a serious consideration; endeavor not to make the *means* the end, and thus finish our "manifest destiny" in manifest humbug! These public elections become more and more exciting and turbulent every successive year; men are becoming more and more reckless in their statements, characters, and actions; the sacredness of the family circle, public and private character, thoughts, opinions, feelings, actions, all are assailed on every side, with virulent perseverance; money does its perfect work, and avarice finds its surfeit in political bribery; government patronage, political preference, some distinction, honorable or dishonorable, are the ends upon which every effort is brought to bear, and for the obtaining of these ends no means are thought unworthy. Have I drawn too doleful a picture? If I could believe that it was too darkly shaded, I would most gladly do so, but the more I look into the internal workings of our government, the more I believe that there is "rottenness in Denmark." I am no believer, for the present at least, in disunion, and all that sort of thing, which politicians make capital of, but I am a firm believer that the country may get plethoric and die in an apoplectic fit, that its blood may become so corrupt that the system will sink into decay and death; that it may die of suicide; that it may totter along for a few years under the weight of diseases consequent upon its own imprudences, and then drop, like a dilapidated *roué* into a dishonorable grave. I fully be-

lieve in the judgment of a just Heaven, and that, though long delayed, it will eventually come. I fully believe in the devil, and in one somewhat larger than a woodchuck, and that, if he has not already, he would like to man the wheel of our ship of state. "All this I steadfastly believe," and from these evils, "Good Lord, deliver us." Perhaps all this is dismal croaking, but it is written and I would not take it back. I will close my political sermon with an anecdote which is not *mal apropos* in these latter days. When James Sullivan, Attorney General, was candidate for the office of Governor of Massachusetts, in order to get votes, he turned in favor of the "Jacobins," so called. Soon after this *turn* in his political fever, some waggish person, with ingenuity worthy of a College Sophomore, took the sign-board of a Mr. Callender, a turner of wood, &c., and fastened it to the sign of Mr. Sullivan, so that the whole read,

"JAMES SULLIVAN'S OFFICE.
All kinds of turning done here!"

to the great amusement of people in general, and mortification of Mr. Sullivan in particular. A good story was told me the other day, by a relative of one of the parties, of Whitfield, the celebrated preacher. The Rev. Dr. Chauncy, of Boston, disliked Whitfield very much, considered him as a ranting man and enthusiast, and not belonging to the true church. Soon after Mr. Whitfield had landed, on one of his visits to this country, he and Dr. Chauncy met in the street. They both touched their hats with great dignity, and the following laconic dialogue took place. Says Dr. Chauncy in a gruff voice, "*So you have returned, your Honor!*" "*Yes, Reverend Sir!*" "*I am sorry to hear it!*" "*So is the devil!*" and they touched hats and passed on. Truly the ministers of the early days were men of spirit and wit, as well as piety, and it is a great pity that we of these times had not more of the openness and straightforward speech and character which formed so essential a part of the men of years ago. In some one of my former letters, I told some anecdotes of some of the old ministers in my immediate vicinity; but one comes to my mind this moment which will be an addition. A ministers' meeting was in session at the house of Father Ainsworth, of Jaffrey, now the oldest minister in the state, if not in New England. The subject of *disinterested benevolence* was under discussion; when in the midst of it, Father Sprague, the identical man who pulled up his beans, and turning them end for end, set them out again, as he thought they were *growing wrong end up*, rode up to the door. Mr. Ainsworth went out, and accosted him in this way:

"Mr. Sprague, you are just in season; we want your opinion as to whether there can be such a thing as *disinterested benevolence?*" Mr. Sprague thought a moment and answered "Yes, I think there can." "Give an instance then," was the request. "Well," said Mr. Sprague, "*here you have been preaching in Jaffrey for a great many years, and all this time the people have been paying you a salary!* Isn't that *disinterested benevolence on their part?*" He then dismounted from his horse and joined the meeting. There was at this time, a circle of ministers in this part of the state, who, while they were men of undoubted piety, kept the southern part of New Hampshire on a broad grin, and their witticisms and oddities are told with much interest by the "oldest inhabitants." The names of Ainsworth, Sprague, Miles, and many others will be long remembered. It was Mr. Miles who told his hearers one Sabbath day, that their "*hearts were harder than Lyndeborough rocks;*" and he was the one who having been told that his people talked of raising his salary, announced from the pulpit that he *begged they would do no such thing*, for he *had so much trouble in getting the little they then paid him, he knew not what he should do if they gave him more!* I remember when I was a little boy, hearing one of these eccentric clergymen, who died a few years ago, and who that day was occupying my father's pulpit, after reading a long hymn, and looking at it for some time, as if thinking how many stanzas to request the choir to sing, at last slowly raising his head, and fixing his eyes on the singers, said, "*Well, you may sing the whole of it; you had rather sing than hear the old man preach!*" This was hardly true, for the good "old man" was a favorite wherever he went. He was loved by all children, and one of my earliest recollections is of eating raisins picked out of his mince pie, as I sat in a high chair beside him at table. Don't you ever sigh for those early days? those days of innocent fun and merriment; of cob houses and dirty faces; of bare feet and mud pies; of rocking horses and rocking cradles; of little "turnovers" and green apples; and of all the thousand and one delights of boyhood's days; and then the little miseries we used to undergo, which made our little hearts big with emotion, how we look back and smile at all those things, and wish we could live them over again! And do you not sometimes think that "the happiest time was *then*;" and true it is, that

> "Ne'er shall we, others see,
> Like the merry days when we were young."

The sun has put on his night cap and gone to bed, the moon is entirely cast into the shade, being just now eclipsed; the curtains are drawn, the

gas lighted, the table in the center of the room, and my own self at t table with the intention of finishing this letter, to the joy of both rea and writer, and thus I shall have the pleasure of getting up a mutu satisfaction society. Two or three ladies are sitting at or near the tal with me; that is, they are as near as the present fashion will allow, that they are within speaking distance, perhaps! I presume that t present hoop movement is based on the principle that "distance len enchantment to the view," and it will soon be necessary to use an ope glass to get a fair sight at a female. I deplore the doleful state of thin and submit to the loss of female society with as good a grace as possib I shall treasure up the "last words" I heard from woman's mouth a dear memento of the loved and lost; I remember how in boyhood's da I used to drive the bounding hoop,—but now the order is reversed, a the bounding hoop drives me! Like pedestrian diving bell(e)s, t ladies walk the streets shut up in a large enclosure fenced in by hoo safe from the attack of man or beast. The mechanism of these inve tions I do not pretend to understand; I only hear that they are fearful and wonderfully made, and that the fashion is likely to spread over the country, or all over the country, and that soon the poor men will fi it difficult to find a footing in the land. I attempted riding in a carria a short time ago with some hoops; the ladies were supposed to be som where in the dim distance, but the hoops were tangibly present. I we to one side of the carriage, and then to the other; then to the back, th round again to the sides, but the hoops presented a barrier which common man could surmount. The carriage might as well have be filled with Goddard's balloon fully inflated; I gave up the trial and down and meditated upon the subject in all its height, and breadth, a circumference; but although my mind is tolerably capacious, there w not room enough to revolve the subject, to turn it round, and I gave the whole thing in despair; the subject was too broad for me, it embrac too large a circle for me, and was increasing in size and importance eve moment. Men, miserable, unhooped men, shy along through the stre as if they had no right there, and dodge among the bones in a desper manner. Beside a woman, a man looks like a bean pole set up nea hay-stack, the only appropriate illustration I can use. What this ho fever will result in, no one knows, and even the wisest dare not gue Philosophers are at a dead loss, and common people stand aghast as t pyramids of lace and whale-bone sweep along; while we poor litera men, look out of our attic windows and solemnly meditate on the mu

bility of all things human, and thus indulge in the hope that in course of time we may be able to renew our acquaintance with those who are now so far removed from us.

I was thinking of writing something particular about some surroundings of my room, but I have run on with such long sentences on hoops, that it is time for me to draw to a close, or perhaps with more truth, as they say in some meetings, "I don't know that I can add anything to what has already been said." This being the case, Messrs. Editors, with best wishes for your health, wealth, and happiness,

I am yours truly, QUIS.

THE PRINCIPLE OF EQUALITY.—When Sancho Panza took his airy flight upon the magic horse, this earth appeared to him no bigger than a nutshell. And it is when we view everything in its relation to God and to eternity, that all things earthly assume their due proportion. This is the only true and perfect leveling principle. Demagogues and Red Republicans may talk of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,"—

> "Three words sublime
> The noblest text of modern time,"—

but from it they may preach a sermon of anarchy, and rapine, and blood. Political visionaries may dream of some utopian scheme of equality, but, losing sight of this great equipoising principle, they will rush into the extreme of communism. The Creator has, in His wisdom, made men to differ. He has given to each a distinct character, and an individuality of nature and position, which, while it distinguishes him from every other man, at the same time promotes his fitting into his appointed sphere, and fulfilling his appointed work. But these dreamers of perfect equality would press every man into the same mould, and squeeze out his healthy individuality, for the sake of a sickly correspondence with the rest. Like Procrustes, they would apply the rack and the knife, to bring all mankind to the same arbitrary standard.

SLEEP and death are but twin brothers.—*Schiller.*

SUPERSTITION.

THE universe in which we live is full of mystery, and abounds in problems for whose solution it affords but meagre data. These problems need not be made objects of our search, for they are written upon every object, by every operating force, and are discernible by the philosopher no more readily than by the slave. The replies which nature yields, however, to those interrogations which most obviously suggest themselves, are inadequate to gratify our curiosity or allay anxiety. The mystery by which we are surrounded is impenetrable. It fills the earth and sky, —it wraps antiquity in darkness,—mocks investigation in the present, but yet lures on with promise for the future.

Prominent among other sources of perplexity, Futurity, even like another Sphinx, propounds its riddles to the learned and ignorant, and men, like Ædipus, are conscious they must solve them or must perish. Revelation has been partial in its light, and but a trifling portion of the human race has enjoyed the benefit of its illumination. Men have argued from the face of nature,—reasoned from human instincts, and exhausted fruitlessly their meagre sources of information; and finding the twilight land of dreamy speculation opening still before them, they have rushed with eager haste into its realms of intangible and unembodied visions. In this dim region is imagination unrestrained, for it is vast enough to tire it in its wildest flights; and we cease to marvel at the fantastic and erroneous forms of popular belief, when we behold them gathered thus, from realms where all is possible, almost all probable, but nothing certain. Nor is the tenacity more wonderful with which the race adhere to their absurd conceits, for since their possibility must always be admitted, argument, like the philosopher's lever, lacks an essential condition of its power.

Popular superstition does not, necessarily, include any system of religion, true or false. It need have no connection with the religious faith of any people, farther than as each involves a belief in their future existence, and in that of other classes of beings of a conformation super-

ior to ours, and in possession of powers transcending nature. For neither he, who imagines he beholds the gloomy foreshadowing of his fate in the noiseless hearse, and the spectral horses, of his own funeral train, nor he, whom, on the lonely moor, the Banshee startles with her mournful cry, regards a belief in the reality of these fantasies as an important portion of his creed; for the falsity of all these might be conceded, without detracting anything deemed essential to his future welfare. With whatever measure of truth the charges of absurdity lie against the forms of superstition, men never err more widely than in treating of it otherwise than with respect. It is no excrescence, but the natural product of man's religious nature. He knows no element that is nobler in its character, or more minutely inwoven in his being. It marks the mingling of his human nature and divine, and is the soil in which must germinate the seeds of every system of religious faith.

The agencies which operate upon the emotions are oftentimes so vague we are unconscious of their influences. More men are ruled by impulse than by sober judgement. The pale spectre Superstition, stalking through the imagination, diffuses in the mind an atmosphere, like that which men believe to manifest a supernatural presence; when the lamps grow dim, and the air grows chill and thin around them. Through the impulses which spring naturally beneath its magical influence, it exercises the most universal dominion to which humanity has owned allegiance. History is but the record of its triumphs; it has aroused the loftiest enthusiasm, and been the prompter of crime, and of the noblest achievements of virtue. It has kindled the flames of martyrdom, and inspired the songs of triumph borne on their curling clouds. It has given thrones to beggars, and made princes slaves. It filled Paris with the slain, at St. Bartholomew; has consecrated every ruin that crowns the heights of the Arno or the Rhine, and where once it made the savage pause in dread, when he heard the wolves howl mournfully to the pale moon, it now tolls the convent bells of Italy and France. It has urged men trembling through the gloomy realms of fear, and they have seen the dead rise from their graves,—spirits glide through the dim corridors of castles, wander over the moonlit hills, and along the "resounding shores." The passions and the prejudices of every age have been the materials of its power. It has played with "night and storm and darkness," and gathering their accumulated horrors in the mind, has made man doubt with Banquo, but that he hath "eaten of the insane root," that "makes the reason prisoner." And now, when sixty centuries of history are

gone, the triumphal train of this grim king still marches through the world, and the nations of antiquity, with their beauty and their power, are the captives at his chariot wheels.

The tendency of men to believe in the supernatural is innate. From our earliest years we are intuitively convinced of the existence of a spirit world, as really as we are of our own existence, or that of an external world. As in nature, the infant forms no just ideas of distance, or dimension, or any property of a substance, without tactual experience, so is it impossible to estimate correctly the nature and character of spiritual beings, without the aid of reason and revelation. Such aid, however, is but corroborative as to our belief in their existence. A full and abiding consciousness, evidence sufficiently conclusive to the individual, is the basis of this belief, and while reason and revelation explain and justify its presence, it is far too firmly enthroned already, to derive thence any increment of power. This consciousness exists as really in childhood as in later life, and it is due to this, rather than to any mere general love of the marvelous, that the nursery tales of supernatural agency and apparition possess such power of fascination, and make such deep and permanent impressions, upon the minds of children. There is that in the mind, which finds its appropriate aliment only in the general spirit of these tales. When told they are impossible and false, the child is disappointed, and no degree of assurance from those he trusts implicitly on other subjects, can dispel the undefined fears which steal upon him, with the shadows of descending night.

Man's consciousness of a supernatural existence is closely linked with an intuitive belief in its intimate connection with himself. No race has been destitute of some conception of a deity, or of some such ideas of their mutual relations, as are justified by revelation; and all have made a distinction, more or less philosophical, between the two component elements of our nature. The untutored savage, trusting the intuitive perceptions of his mind, has ever believed his corporeal frame the least important portion of himself. Its care and destiny are objects of but slight solicitude. He beholds his companions fall in arms upon the field, or succumb to disease amid the ease of camps; and he assists their funeral rites, and joins the death song around the blazing pyre. He knows that many generations, before his own, have dwelt upon the earth, for he beholds the monuments of their existence in conquered tribes, and in their ballads, and legends, and tokens of victory which have been preserved. All are dead, however, now, but the idea, that that has perished

which was really *they*, is never present with him. They are following their old pursuits among the shades of Hades, reveling with the mighty Woden in his peculiar heaven, or hunting with their fathers, in the mystic prairies of the West. Such is the destiny for which he hopes, and the loftiest aspiration that he knows, is so to live, and so to die, that he may meet, without a blush of shame, the venerable shades of his ancestry. It was reserved for men of refined civilization and cultivated reason,—dia-magnetic men, stretching themselves invariably athwart the currents of popular sentiment, to struggle to divest themselves of their intuitive perceptions of truth, and make the sod, that covers their graves, shut them out from the whole universe of God.

From a state like this, the mind feels that it is no violent transition to the belief, that supernatural beings may pass the bounds that separate their mystic world from ours. The nature, and degree of intimacy, of the connection between the worlds of spirit and matter, have always afforded the curious a field for endless speculation. That death, which frees the spirit from its earthly tenement, does not ultimately destroy its entire connection with the sphere in which it has existed, has ever been believed by most, and has been disproved by none. Obviously, the matter is not susceptible of demonstration, but it is worthy of remark that few care to deny the fact, or ridicule the belief, who are not equally willing to question any point of faith, which is not logically established. This point once gained in belief, and the shadowy gates are opened wide to the realms of popular superstition,—pale and ghastly realms, whence phantom crowds come trooping out into the world of life, mingling their ghostly forms with living men, and dimming the brightness of existence, with the mysterious shadows of the unseen land.

This, then, is the principle to which must be referred the origin of popular superstition, and this the natural process of its growth. Without attempting closer investigation, that must be worthy of attention, in its *nature*, and its *modes of operation*, whose importance is thus proclaimed by its universal prevalence, and the transcendent power which it has never failed to exercise in all the affairs of men.

The coincidence subsisting between its various forms, is a prominent distinctive feature of popular superstition, especially apparent in the nature and character of supernatural beings, their sphere, and manifestation. The popular opinion of all nations, however widely physical or moral causes may have separated them, has almost precisely coincided concerning the nature of their being, involving similar probable truths,

and similar obvious absurdities. We make no effort to investigate the truth as to the nature of supernatural existence. In such investigation, we meet at once the assurance, that "the human understanding * * * has a native original incapacity for the reception of any distinct knowledge of our future condition. The reason is that all our ideas are drawn from experience, * * and no language, no information, no instruction, can do more for us, than teach us the relation of the ideas which we have." If we have absolutely no experience to underlie conception, all ideas we may derive from scripture or from any other source, upon this point, must be wholly wrong. For if all pertaining to a spiritual being be of such a character that we have "a native original incapacity" for its comprehension, the fact that our investigations result in any conception, however vague, is the surest possible evidence of our error; and the clearer our ideas become, and the closer our circumlocutions approximate their definite expression, the more certainly are we gone astray. There are, however, those, who think their apparently fair deductions from the language of scripture,—the experience of the race in supernatural apparition, and the sentiments of the mind, kindred to those from which the heathen philosophers argued the soul's immortality, constitute a basis, from which we may argue with much confidence, and plausibility; that, though we may not directly apprehend an essence, we may, from its phenomena, conclude something upon its character, and that language will not long leave us in want of terms as definite as our ideas. Whether the reception of any distinct knowledge on this subject be beyond our power or not, the formation of an opinion by every individual seems to be inevitable, and Dr. Paley, probably, as really as Roger Bacon, had an idea, more or less clearly defined, of the nature of supernatural existences, in accordance with which he would readily have pronounced one hypothesis more probable than another. To discover the general sentiment of the race, based upon intuitive conviction, and the deductions of reason guided by no light of revelation, engages our attention, rather than the discussion of its validity.

The term spirit has always been employed without discrimination. Strictly applicable only to an absolutely immaterial substance, it has become a generic term for all supernatural beings, from the Deity to disembodied spirits, whom no people ever imagined to be purely immaterial. It is remarkable that the belief in the existence of purely spiritual beings should have been so limited in every system of superstition. Among all nations, whose belief involves at all the idea of pure spirit, that deity

who is the object of supreme devotion dwells alone in his immateriality, and all other beings are the offspring of his power, less noble, and less ethereal in their nature. One purely spiritual being is discernible in the theology of the Gymnosophists, and in the wonderful philosophy of Persia, but we search in vain the theogony of Egypt, Syria, Greece, or Rome, to find his parallel. Where the grades of deity and spirituality are so intimately blended as they were from Jupiter, Bel, and Osiris, to the most insignificant shades of men; where there were as many modifications of the national belief, as there were schools of philosophy, and as many absurdities as could be begotten between a philosophical desire of knowing all, and an absolute impossibility of knowing anything with certainty, the true belief is not readily obtained. Their philosophers, in gathering their mythology from Persia and the Ganges, failed to apprehend the more abstruse articles of oriental philosophy; or rather it is true, they were not relished by people, whose abject thraldom, on the one hand, and light-hearted gayety, on the other, had quenched all tendency to abstract speculation. There were philosophers, who thought the primary deities were prior in their origin to the human race, and were associated with the creation of the elements and the heavenly bodies,—distinct in nature and in rank from dæmons, whom they believed were disembodied spirits; some of whom, however, the lapse of time had elevated to the rank of gods, in human worship. Others imagined there were several classes of dæmons, and while some had once been men, the rest were nobler in their origin than the human race, and were spiritual in their nature. The term is undeniably applied without discrimination by the older Greeks, especially by Homer,* and Hesiod, treating of the ancient history and traditions, which were the foundation of Grecian public faith and worship, tells us all the heroes of the golden age were dæmons. "Quos Græci δαιμονας nostri opinor Lares," Cicero says, but no philosophers of Rome imagined any of their Lares, Genii, or Lemures to be other than disembodied spirits. "Quid? Totum prope cœlum, ne plures persequar, nonne humano genere completum est?—Ipsi illi, majorum gentium Dii qui habentur, hinc a nobis profecti in cœlum reperientur." † Probably the whole wide range of Syrian, Grecian, Roman, and Egyptian mythology, affords no instance of a purely spiritual being, or one who had never been embodied in a human form. Jove, Baal, and Osiris, while they were clothed with the prerogatives, and the magnificent titles of a supreme divinity, were invested with all the in-

* Il. I 222 Il. XVII. 98. † Cic. De Immor—1.10.

firmities and vices of humanity, presenting, as the objects of human worship, miserable deities, and still more miserable men. This is the idea which the early Fathers of the Christian church so strenuously advocated, for when the grand conception of a purer, and more abstract deity was presented to the Romans, sated, and wearied with the intense humanity of their crumbling systems, it was seized, by those by whom it was appreciated, with the avidity of intellectual starvation.

Those beings of inferior rank and power to deity, whom oriental superstition recognised as elementary spirits, and which found their way with alchemy, and Eastern magic, into the German forests, differed little from the disembodied spirits of men, in popular belief. The superior degree of power they were imagined to possess, a more refined malevolence, and a more purely spiritual nature, were their sole distinctions. Their materiality may be argued from the notions gathered by the Jews, who were inferior in philosophy to the other nations of antiquity, while in captivity, and from the circumstance of their invariable conception under the material form of fire. Men shrink instinctively from an attempt to embody in material likeness, their conceptions of a universal and pervasive spirit. Those nations, which attained a belief in the existence of a spiritual deity, adored him through the medium of no tangible representation. Idolatry has been enthroned most firmly among people, whose loftiest conceptions have led merely to the exaltation to the rank of deities, of the souls of philosophers and heroes. The Persians always have denied the use of any medium, in their worship of "the Supreme God, who fills the wide circle of heaven;" the ancient Germans carved no images, and reared no temples, for they thought the vast and solemn groves alone fit shrines for the indwelling of their gods. Strong as were the tendencies of the Hebrew people to idolatry; difficult as it was to retain the idea of a pure divinity, they wrought no image of their unseen God. The statue which they moulded, while the thunderings still echoed around Sinai, was the image of the ancient deity of the Nile, and the groves and altars, where they sacrificed in later times, were those of Bel,—the mythical hero, who was the object of Syrian adoration. The deity alone, of all the supernatural beings whom Christianity involves, is conceded, without dispute, to be purely spiritual. The Jews, and early Fathers of the church, believed and taught concerning angels, much as did the Greek philosophers concerning dæmons. Asmodeus was represented by the Jews as the child of Naamah, the sister of Tubal Cain, as the Romans believed their most recreant fiends were the offspring of

dæmons and the human race; deriving passions from men, and immortality from the gods. The Deity, moreover, is the only being whom we fail to conceive under the form of space. The few attempts that have been made to embody Him in conceivable form, have been stigmatized as inadequate and blasphemous. All minds revolt instinctively from the idea, except those, perhaps, who could dramatize the Transfiguration, and act it on the boards of a Paris theater; but we witness constantly, in statuary and in painting, representations of His angels, with the utmost equanimity, and even pleasure.

The form of being, which popular belief attributes to all disembodied spirits, is involved in much absurdity. In "shuffling off this mortal coil," men shuffle themselves into an existence, curious, and apparently anomalous. Our vernacular labors in its efforts to express precisely their peculiar degree of materiality. They have not "corpora," but "quasi corpora," says Cicero; an indefinite expression certainly, but perhaps as definite as could be found. Sufficiently immaterial to permeate matter of every density; finding a ready passage where the most attenuated matter cannot make its way, they are sufficiently material in their organism, to enable them to act on a material atmosphere in speech, and to wield with facility objects purely material in their nature. While at times they are readily cognisable by our corporeal senses, at others, though the vast fields of air are filled with their flitting forms, the lights of heaven shine through them with facility. How two objects so differing in their natures, that one can offer no resistance to the other, can be controlled, or influenced, one by the other, is a problem, which philosophy has yet to solve.

The moral characters with which men clothe their spiritual beings, depend upon their civilization. Nations in a state of barbarism have, with wonderful unanimity, invested them with an intense malignity, and the utmost refinement of civilization and intelligence has done no more than modify this general characteristic. In primitive conditions of society men know only the existence of supernatural beings. Whether this information originates in an innate consciousness, or the glimmering of a remote revelation, is unimportant, for tradition, and every other source, have failed to transmit any intelligence as to their modes of being, or their peculiar attributes of character. All these must be supplied by other agency, and men naturally attribute to their deities the qualities they deem essential to pre-eminence. In savage states, in which the respect which men command depends on the degree of fear which they are

capable of inspiring, it is not remarkable that selfishness and malice become the prominent attributes of deity; that benevolence and mercy are unknown; that his votaries eat "the sacrifices of the dead," and propitiatory offerings are piled upon his altars,—for all that can be hoped from such a deity is exemption from the torment, which his malice may suggest, and his power enables him to inflict. But as society advances into the region of broad intelligence and enlarged conception, where nobility of sentiment, and moral beauty, are appreciated, beings of purer and more benevolent character appear amidst this moral gloom, as Neptune and his train rose from the troubled waves, to dissipate the clouds and darkness that were spread abroad, and banish fear from the storm-tossed Trojans; while the malignant beings, who still maintain a lingering hold upon human fear, sink into subordinate positions of rank and power. Finding the most perfect illustration of this truth in the philosophy of Persia, if we look around us, we may reasonably inquire to what extent, even at the present day, society is freed from the mystic doctrines of the Bactrian Zoroaster, and the mountebank Pythagoras.

Thus far is the assertion true, that "Primus in orbe deos fecit timor," but no farther. Fear has not created gods, but in obedience to its dictates, men have clothed them with their attributes of character, and have bowed, in their various forms of worship, under the influence of its mysterious agency. The Saracen Emir, riding with Sir Kenneth through the wilderness of Engeddi, uttered much truth when he sang, amidst those hallowed wastes, his infidel hymn,—

> Chief in man's bosom sits thy sway,
> And frequent, while in words we pray
> Before another throne,
> Whate'er of specious form be there,
> The secret meaning of the prayer
> Is, Ahriman, thine own.

While the utmost knowledge, which men have been able to attain, has failed to dispel entirely this universal sentiment of vulgar dread, it infallibly retreats as intelligence advances, and we realize how truly,—

> "——tantum terroribus addit
> Quos timeant, non nosse Deos."

Thus the savage imagines every gloomy spot to be the haunt of some fell genius, of fearful form and disposition; while the imagination of the cultivated and beauty-loving Greeks, peopled all their mountain sides, and hills, and vales, and shady groves, with beauteous nymphs, whose

protecting companionship, the unlettered swain courted with the simple song and mellow flute, while he watched away the starry night upon the silent hills. The depths of the silvery streams were palace halls of Naiads, and, in the bright abysses of the shining sea, Nerèid queens held court, whose praises, and good will to men the wondering Homer sang, and whom all Greece adored. Thus, superstition is but a mirror of national character, exerting in various *modes* a reflex influence, and that system of faith will do most for human happiness, but will remove men farthest from their natural tendencies, which shall set before them the purest, and most benevolent being, as the object of their adoration.

It would be equally rational for a set of wiseacres, on board an ocean steamer, in alarm at the strange contortions and movements of the engine, to lay hold frantically of its various rods and beams, and try to regulate them according to their own ideas of orderly motion, as for legislators to interfere with the regular course of trade. In both cases, if the attempt were successful, it would result in a great injury,—if unsuccessful, in the ruin of the innovators.

Men may so refine their minds, as to have a clear rational conception of everything, and have no use for instincts. But few men can do this, and for the mass of mankind instincts are needful guides, trained as they are to a greater or less degree, in a civilized community,—and they aid in forming habits, which endure after they themselves have given place to reason.

To be irresolute is the most certain danger, He that aspires to greatness must be daring.—*Fiesco.*

WANDERINGS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32.

In the dreary wastes, there was much of sadness mingled with the pleasure of novelty. The landscape, barren, or covered with stinted shrubs, that had struggled in vain in their short summers, to reach their natural size, gave a sombre thought when we had time to give it our attention. The woods also, of dense evergreens, spruce, and fir, with their dark shadows and heavy sighing, had not the cheerful rattle of our New England forests with their broad leaves of oak and maple that almost seem to "clap their hands." An anxious thought for one's self, and many for those at home, from whom no tidings, evil or good, could come, cast shadows upon the brightness of the Sabbath and mingled them with the dark drapery of lingering twilight. Several events, since these sketches were commenced, have made realities of those shadows of evil which were then the natural product of fancy, at such a time, and in such a place.

Since the last number was written, Chandler White, Esq., the Vice-President of the Sub-Marine Telegraph Company, has been swept away by that Southern scourge, the yellow fever. He received us at St. Johns, N. F., making our stay there as agreeable as possible, and then sent us on our way with every facility he could provide. But in the midst of his expectations, he has thus been suddenly cut off. His death, identified as he was with our explorations, seems like one of the sad realities, whose gloomy shadows appeared to hover over us in every hour of quiet.

The last sketch brought us to the coast. The water had worn away the soft sand-stone, so that in most places it formed a high perpendicular or shelving wall, against which the waves dashed at high water, but from which they retreated at low water, leaving a narrow but pleasant beach for walking. It was necessary for us to reach the coast nearly at ebb-tide, or we should be compelled to wait, as it would be almost impossible for us to make our way among the dense bushes on the high bluff. We

had quite difficulty enough in making our way through them to reach the coast, without undertaking to journey among them when it could be avoided. The closer we came to the shore, the more dense the bushes became. The bears had well beaten paths among them, but no person could follow them unless he went on "all fours," and then it was almost impossible; for it was the berry season, and the bears had pulled down the bushes to obtain the desired fruit.

Making our way down, through an opening made by the melting snows of spring, a fine view was spread open before us. The waters were smooth, and the sluggish waves washed gently against the sands. Far in the north-west stretched out Cape St. George, beyond the broad bay of the same name. Far below us stretched the high bluffs of sand-stone that had been worn by the unwearied waves. To the north was "Ship Rock," a high perpendicular or shelving cliff that in the distance looked not unlike a ship in full sail. It had once been part of the coast, but it had stood firm, while the phalanx of stone on either side had retreated far to the rear. There it stood, like some grand old soldier, from whose side the shock of war had swept his companions in arms, and who now, knowing escape to be impossible, sells his life so dearly, that hundreds are dashed down by his strong arm before he falls.

Thus the waves seemed to dash around the base of that cliff. As they neared, they seemed to rise, so that they might strike with greater force, then dashing with impotent fury, they would roll on to give place to their fellows. But each blow weakens him, and perhaps ere this, some champion wave, roused by the king of storms, has swept the "Ship Rock" beneath the waters.

A little to the north of the place where we came to the water, are immense cliffs of gypsum, embracing almost every possible variety. On one side was the coarse common plaster, at another place fine-veined alabaster, if we can properly apply that term to what is not pure white. These parts being more compact than the coarser grained varieties, were left channeled out by the waves that had worn deep caverns beneath the cliffs. The waters dashing over them gave a polish that brought out every beauty, and they sparkled with a brilliancy that made us long to transfer them to our cabinet. High up the cliffs, and also pushing through the sands upon the shore, were large crystals of selenite, clear as the finest glass, so that the sun's rays came flashing from the lofty points, and from the pavement beneath. The whole rested on a stratum of black fossilliferous limestone, boulders of which were strewn along

the shore, as it had crumbled and broken away at the out-crop. Beneath the main cliff of gypsum, the black limestone dipped so deep as to be safe from the action of the waters. These were the first fossils ever found in Newfoundland, so far as we know. Mr. Jukes, who has published the only geological survey of the country, found none, excepting obscure markings of coal plants. It is hard to leave a place so rich in minerals, without taking an abundance of cabinet specimens; but very small pieces were all that we dared to take, remembering that each piece must add to the weight of our loads that were already as heavy as we could well carry. We were once more on our way "up coast"—the same weary way (quick-sands and rocks,) was always before us by the water-side, and yet it was preferable to the bushes.

Little past noon, we came to a rivulet pouring down hill like our Greylock streams, which always seem to leap from rock to rock with as much anxiety to reach the bottom of the old mountain, as students have to reach its top. Near where the stream darted out from the steep rock upon the smooth sand of the beach, to mingle noiselessly with the mother waters of the bay, the waves, in their wilder moods, had thrown drift wood, which, dried by the summer sun, offered good opportunity for our dinner fire.

Here we soon had our dinner in process of cooking. The venison was not yet gone, and a shore bird, shot on our way, was reckoned a much greater addition than it afterwards proved. It certainly did not lack *flavor* or *fat*. While waiting for dinner, some hogs' tracks, seen on the shore, gave token that we were near human habitation. Climbing the bank, we saw a house in the distance, with a small stack of hay near it, which at once suggested the idea of milk. We started immediately as a matter of course. And now for one of those scenes of poverty which we know nothing of, and which can only be found where there is extreme ignorance.

In a hut, one part of which was intended for a cow, when they had one, sat on logs two dirty French women and a sallow faced Frenchman, with a cloth tied about his head and a pipe in his mouth. (Where can you go and not find that vile, filthy weed?) They had no milk. The cow had run away—no fish—"there had been no time," and the man had been sick for two weeks. We exhausted the possible bill of fare, and found that they had nothing that we could buy.

A little fire was burning on some stones in one corner, without a chimney, unless the recess in the wooden walls, through the cracks of which

the outer world could be seen, might be called one. It had the appearance of having been on fire, and probably they considered it the chimney. It certainly had one advantage. It could furnish oxygen to the flames on every side. Over this fire hung a kettle, filled with very small potatoes, which were the only indication of eatables in or around the house, unless the hog whose tracks first attracted our attention belonged to them, which I very much doubt.

There is an air of comfort about an Indian's wigwam. You feel that it is perfect in its kind, and comfortable for its owner. And its master need not fear want, so long as there is game in the woods. But in such a case as this, you see the absence both of savage and civilized comforts. You have only to add to such a scene the cold and snows of a Newfoundland winter, to get a good picture of the hard side of the world. We saw the owner of this hut at Sandy Point two or three weeks later, as jolly as though he owned a palace. He informed me, with an air of pride, that if I should happen along there then, he could sell me some fish, as he had "had a time," and "killed about a quintal."

After dinner, we hurried along as fast as our heavy packs would allow, hoping to reach Crabb's second river before night. It was Saturday, and we wished if possible to have a relief from camp life over the Sabbath. Jemmy assured us that we should there find good accommodations. Just before night we came to a well-worn path or road that seemed to invite us to high ground, and the land beyond appearing clear of bushes, we turned aside and soon came to an enclosure, at the entrance of which was a white horse, the first animal of that kind we had seen on the western coast, I believe. The yelping of dogs soon assured us that we were approaching the house, which was small, but comfortable, surrounded with trees to protect it from wind, and having in its main room a stove, of curious construction, and large enough to defy even a Newfoundland winter. The owner was absent, on the yearly trip to Halifax, which is always made by those who are thrifty enough to put up a few barrels of herring in the spring.

The wife and children seemed as frightened as though we were banditti come to carry off house, stove, and all. We asked for milk, which she brought, protesting that they were poor, and had accommodations for no one. We paid for the milk and hurried on, for the double purpose of relieving the good woman of her fears, and of reaching the end of our journey. But all our endeavors to reach Crabb's second river that night were in vain. Just before the last ray of daylight had left us, we came

to a herd of cattle whose owners lived at Crabb's first river, where we were compelled to stop for the night. We were able here to indulge in the luxury of a good supper and good bed. The family was wealthy for one in this part of Newfoundland. For, beside the flock of cattle, there was in the mouth of the river a small schooner belonging to one son, while another son was daily expected to return from Halifax, master of his own craft. The father, a smart old Englishman, of more than eighty winters, boasted that he and his sons could both build schooners and sail them after they were built. Like most old men whose days of work are past, he was fond of recounting the exploits of his youth. He had many stories to tell, of shipwrecks on the coast, and bear hunts in the interior.

We remained here until Monday, and then, early as possible, moved on to the second river. We here engaged the services of Mr. Shears, who had formerly been the guide of Mr. Jukes, and passed up the river to explore for coal. It had been known, for many years, that coal existed on that river,—pieces had been found by the Indians, and a locality had been pointed out to Mr. Jukes by Mr. Shears. Since that time it had been searched for in vain, Mr. Shears even being unable to point it out to an English officer who had searched carefully for it. It was covered by the caving banks, and in such a wilderness 'tis difficult to mark spots with accuracy. We passed up the river, carefully examining the rocks on our way, but for several miles they were alternations of the same sand-stone found upon the coast.

Coming to a high rock, where the river formed a deep eddy, I found Mic preparing to fish. Not caring to wait, I pushed on, but in less than half an hour he overtook me, with a dozen beautiful trout, which were rather a desirable addition to our dinner. Before the trout were well cooked, Orton and Jemmy came up with pick axe and shovel, which they had obtained at the mouth of the river. On my expressing surprise at the success of Mic in his fishing sport, Jemmy pointed to a deep hole in the river near us, and said "there is half barrel trout in that hole." Whether Jemmy's measure was correct or not, I am unable to say, but certain it is that the streams there abound in trout, to an extent quite surprising to one who has tangled his line day after day in the bushes, to catch fifteen or twenty little trout that would be more than weighed down by one of these plump old settlers.

A few rods above the place where we took our dinner, was a high bluff, above which the river formed a deep eddy and around which it

dashed with such force and depth, that we were compelled to make our way among the thick bushes on the high bank. Coming to the top of the bluff, which was twenty or thirty feet above the deep water, we debated the question whether we should still continue to make our way through the thick bushes, or attempt to descend the steep caving bank to the side of the river, where the path would be open. The bank was a mixture of clay and sand, filled with boulders, varying in size from a few pounds to several hundred. The others passed on, but I determined to try the bank. It was so difficult to get over the edge, the sand having caved away from the roots, that the others were out of sight before I reached the clay. No sooner had I commenced walking upon it, than the whole bank began to move,—loosened stones, sand, and clay, rolled down together into the water. In order to save myself from being thus plunged into the water, with sand and stones above me, I caught at one of the over-hanging roots, which broke, and with difficulty succeeded in reaching a second, which held me till the loosened mass rolled into the water. The others were now out of hearing, on account of the roar of the water. I was afraid again to try the bank lest there should be a second land-slide, and the over-hanging roots seemed to render a return to the summit impossible. By hard work I finally succeeded in bringing myself safely among the bushes, and made my way after the others, having learned a good lesson, and been not a little frightened.

We soon found small pieces of worn coal, mingled with the pebbles where they were collected in masses. As we passed up they became more frequent and less worn, indicating a near approach to their source. Just before dark we came to a bank, at the base of which were indications of coal, among the sand, clay, and rubbish, that had slid from its side. By digging, we soon laid bare a very respectable seam of coal.

It was now late, and being well satisfied with our day's work, we took what coal we could conveniently carry across the river, and passed to the other side to pitch our camp for the night. After kindling our fire, we piled on the coal to test its quality, which proved to be the very best. It rendered the heat of the camp insupportable till Jemmy made an awning of spruce boughs. I never realized before what a protection green trees are from fire, although I had known more than one building saved from the flames by them.

Early in the morning we recommenced our work, but could make little progress with our help and tools, yet we succeeded in laying open the seam nearly four feet in thickness. Good coal mines have often given

less outward promise. What this will prove to be, working will alone determine. Having done all that our present facilities allowed, we returned to the mouth of the river, which we reached that evening before dark. Here we stopped for the night at the house of Mr. Shears, a Scotch gentleman, I think, of more wealth, at least having more of the comforts of life, than most upon this coast. The good housewife was exceedingly troubled in the evening, lest they should be robbed, or their boats stolen, by a crew of drunken sailors that had deserted their ship at Sandy Point, and had come down the coast. Two of them had fought with knives at a house a mile above, and one had been left mortally wounded. In the morning she brought us a bill of flour from Halifax, asking, as a favor, that we would read it, as no one living in the settlement could write or read.

We started early, hoping to reach Sandy Point that day, although the distance was long. Mr. Orton gave out on the way. His boots had given out long before, and now his feet or ancles were too lame for further service on shore. Fortunately a boat was coming up with a fair breeze. She came in at our signal, and a bargain was soon struck with them to carry Mr. Orton and Mic, with our luggage, to the Point. As for myself, having measured the distance thus far on foot from Port au Basque, I was determined to reach Sandy Point by the same mode of conveyance. As it was the only time I ever expected to pass along that way, I thought it best to see as much as possible. Jemmy kept me company. On reaching Flat Bay, as that arm of the sea is called, which bends inland some six miles beyond Sandy Point Harbor, we saw more water birds than I had ever before seen, certainly at any one time. The wild geese were collecting for their southern migrations. There were hundreds on hundreds of them floating beyond the reach of our guns, but near enough for their clear tones to come ringing over the water.

They had reared their broods among the mountain ponds, where man never intrudes, and now they had led the young army down to the great waters, the common council ground, whence they were to start, whenever the snowy leader gave his bugle note of warning, and opened his broad wings for the sunny South. Various species of ducks were feeding in the coves, yellow-legged snipes were wading in the shallow water, and flocks of plover were wheeling through the air, so near that we occasionally brought one to the ground.

Before dark, we arrived at Sandy Point, the chief settlement on this coast. The houses were low and hovel-like, with one or two exceptions,

and, like the other places we had seen, were set without any reference to each other; there being nothing like a street, except the chance footpaths from dwelling to dwelling. We were cordially received by Mr. Alexander, at whose house Orton had arrived before us, and found there the comforts of a good New England home. When first coming upon the settlement, we were reminded, as we had been before, of the old pictures of Russian villages,—collections of low dingy houses with wooden chimnies. The first sounds that greeted us, were the yelping of dogs, and the coarse brawl of the drunkard.

As we had occasion to ramble over this ground many times before our return, we will defer further description for the present. Here Mr. Orton determined to return home, as college duties claimed his attention, and here also our guides left us, as Jemmy did not know the country around the Humber river, towards which I was now to bend my course. There were at the Point but two or three guides acquainted with that part of the country. Louis Cheech was the only young man, and he was several miles up the river. An Indian boy went in search of him, with the promise of good pay if he would come. He came the next day, but no money would induce him to take the journey, by land or water. He had just returned from a tour there, with a man who had been locating timber lands. I suspected that he was in the interest of that man, or the peril of the journey would not seem so formidable to him. He was a tall spare Indian, with that look of endurance that you like to see in one upon whom you are to depend in difficult circumstances.

Finding he was a Catholic, I went with him to the house of the Catholic priest, Father Belanger, to whom I had a letter from the Bishop at St. Johns. I hoped through his influence to prevail upon Louis to accompany me. It was in vain, but I obtained from him much valuable information. The priest was more than six feet high, very spare, baldheaded, and dressed in a close-fitting black gown, that had seen much service. Around his waist was a belt, from which dangled, not the keys of St. Peter, but the keys of his chests. He received the letter with the greatest show of reverence, and treated me with all attention; but he was so deaf, and understood so little English, that the interview cost all it was worth.

I finally bargained with an old Indian, Frank Joe, and an Indian boy, Michael, to accompany me, intending to go up the coast by boat, as the old man was unable to take the land route. Here then was trouble, as

we must "wait for a time." Newfoundlanders think nothing of waiting. It is the great work of their lives, and they become used to it. At last "a time" came. The Indians were on hand early in the morning. Bidding Mr. Orton adieu, I seated myself in the stern of the boat, and, with belt knife in hand, began my breakfast, while the Indians pulled rapidly along the waters of St. George's Bay.

THE TRUE MANNER OF THINKING.

THAT we are the architects of the ideal world in which we exist, I think will not be disputed. And since we live so much in imagination and theory, it may be well to consider how *thought* may be made a subsidiary of the greatest good; by what disciplinary system it may be made to feed the soul with the choicest fruits of its increase. We devote much of our time to reverie, musing, and sleep; and often when the hands are busiest at work, the brain is most fruitful in the production of sparkling and joyous anticipations. The mind is not inactive for a moment, and it may be a question of interest, whether it is disciplined and strengthened by its lofty flight into the realms of speculation. We live almost wholly in thought. If for a single hour we are left unconscious of the operations of the mind, and can call up nothing upon which it has dwelt, there exists a barren and desolate spot in the journey of life. Now, if we learn to analyze our feelings, and by the transition from thought to the word give expression to our ideas, it will be no mean task that we have accomplished.

We must then learn to think closely, carefully, and soberly, and to give every object that comes before us, not only a passing notice, but a close examination. Opportunity is always near at hand when the child of Diligence sitteth in readiness. By disregarding this, many things that

are bright and joyous escape our observation. Phantom forms of beauty and love often flit before the mind, while the beholder, half conscious of the scene, catches but a hasty glimpse, and the vision passes away and is forgotten.

The eye takes in the variegated hues of a landscape, with its green valleys, its vermillioned forests, its crystal rivers, its gently sloping hills, tinged with the bright yellow of ripening grain, the beautiful combination of light and shadow,—with that cunning commingling of the simple and the sublime which betrays traces of an artistic skill that beggars description, and, though the observer may seem absorbed in the scene, when the eye passes off, the image in the mind is no longer perfect, but a certain confusion of beauties, disordered and disarranged, steals forth, rendering the whole picture a misty imperfection. Even if the eye rest upon the landscape for a long time, the beholder can conceive nothing but the mere outlines of the view a few hours afterward.

How strongly must the cultivated mind of the artist receive these impressions, if within the quietude of his studio, he can produce a perfect copy of the original, drawn from his recollection. This in a measure *can* be accomplished. The ancients were the closest observers of Nature of any men of whom there is record, and, from this keenness of the eye, how much of the poetry of life was secured to their enjoyment. But what is the cultivation of the eye, compared with the intellect? Is not the mind capable of infinite expansion growing out of infinite discipline? For though there are planets that the most eager eye can never reach, yet the mind, keener and more comprehensive, can embrace in the vast cycles of its extended scope even the amount of their massive bulk, and mark out the orbit of their revolution. We must learn that nothing takes place in the material world but can be accounted for upon established principles, and that the most trifling phenomena of daily life may be technically arranged under one of these laws. It is due to ourselves, therefore, as separate existences, to prove to our own minds that we live in no chance-world, where fairies of a sudden change into witches, and those beautiful forms that watch by our bedside resolve themselves into demons, who seek to torture and vex their victim. If we reconcile our feelings to the real and the true, we will be haunted by no vain suspicions that the world is a chimerical glitter of fancies, formed to electrify and absorb the life; but there are great truths and stern facts jutting out, like headlands, into the ocean of thought, which are capable of a careful and severe scrutiny. Yet the most practical truths are not always the most

prominent. They lie deep hidden, like pearls in the caves of ocean, and require toil and hardship to bring them forth to light. We must learn to look at atoms as well as worlds. The discovery of the microscope was no less an offering to the world of science, than the discovery of the telescope. Our system of education is, especially in College, in many respects, directly hostile to the very interests it would cherish. We seek to discipline the mind, while we every day harass and perplex the brain with crowds of new thoughts, from Blair, Olmsted, and the many Greek and Latin authors, which are rushed in together in such disorder, that they hardly become classified and arranged before the incoming of another day brings a fresh supply. I do not mean that we are in any danger of learning too much. But the mind is on a continual stretch, and the aspiration of certain individuals to know everything, renders it impossible for them rightly to know anything. The American scholar is apt to measure his learning, more by the number of volumes completed than by the thoroughness of the work. The old maxim "Festina lente," is of excellent adaptation to the individual who would make the best improvement of his text-books in College. How little of history does the mind of the Sophomore retain at the end of the term, compared with that world of human change and progress discovered in Weber, in the study of which he has spent days and weeks of diligent application.

There is again, much to be learned by watching the operations of our own mind. A deal of discipline can be acquired by always standing sentinel at the door of your thought, and carefully noting every truant idea that loiters near the entrance. By chasing your weird fancy hither and yon, through labyrinths of gloom, groves of beauty, ideal structures of art, amid those myriad creations, which, dismal at one time, as the wild look of despair, bright, at another, as the diadems which grace angelic hosts, give to life its allotted portion of bliss and enchantment. 'Tis a sort of dream-land into which we enter when the fancy is let loose to dance her cheerful fantasia.

> "For the heart whose woes are legion,
> 'Tis a peaceful soothing region,—
> For the spirit that walks in shadow
> 'Tis—oh 'tis an Eldorado!"

Thus we find that there is a wisdom blended with the ideal life, which surpasses, in very many respects, the rough, monotonous occurrences of the actual. We live continually in the future. We read, act, and think in prospective. And while we are constantly reaching forward into the

unseen and invisible, we learn to explain those phenomena of daily occurrences which stretch forth into futurity, illustrating the maxim "That coming events cast their shadows before." Now, if concentration of thought is desirable in order that we may give shape and locality to the skeleton productions of the brain, why should we cultivate this, in its application to a problem or a page of rhetoric, when we have not wherewith to call it into exercise, in filling up the indistinct outlines of a vague idea, by a full and perfect expression in words of our own? Many minds are trained to work harmoniously over a book, but are extremely awkward in watching their own method of operation. Too many poor misanthropes reject the idea of thinking altogether, and pass through the world unapproachable and repulsive, feeling like De Lamartine's Raphael "that they could have given birth to a thousand bright creations, but they crushed them in their heart and there let them putrify." Others, if they ever had any wise thoughts, have forgotten them, while the evil and the unnatural have been cherished, until "like the fume-born phantoms from the witches' caldron in Macbeth," they rise up to haunt and torment unceasingly their unthinking possessor. Suffice it to say, that if we would think aright, we must begin with ourselves, and learn to chisel from the misshapen mass of thought-material, perfect forms of expression.

In the soft garb of charity
Struck, but not wounded, thou may'st be,
As quilted doublet yields to stroke
Which through the iron armour broke.

PHILOSOPHY OF ART.

Proceeding from itself, the infinite
Finite becomes; returning thitherward,
The finite infinite, whereby the parts,
O'erleaping the interstitial net of death,
Regain that continuity of soul
Which ones them with the boundless and divine.

BAILEY.

THROUGH sense we exist in the Present. And as the Present is ever at the self-same moment both living and dying, so our sensuous existence, which is the life of the Present, is continually losing itself in death. Life thus blended with death characterizes the *living mortal* (βροτος).

Here, by the frailest tenure, we have hold upon existence. We apprehend neither the origin—nor the on-going—nor the end of the current, but only catch a glimpse of the ripples that break upon its surface, which a moment ago were not—a moment hence will not be,—which only are—and yet *are* not—but are only *becoming*. Hence the beautiful conception, that Aphrodite, who was to the Grecian mind the personification of sensuous emotion, sprang from the *foam of the ocean waves*,—as if to realize in actual form the very evanescence of evanition itself.

The eye of sense does not discern the *substratum* of existence. It sees the Present not in its connection with the Past and the Future—but only in moments *(movimenta)*. To it phenomena appear without reference to essential substance (τα εοντα),—flux and reflux—growth and decay—Life and Death seem to make up the sum of Being.

But man, as capable of science and art, transcends the Present in its hieroglyphic seemings; and seeing it in its relations to the Past and the Future, apprehends it as a substantial reality.

Here it is important that we should perceive the precise distinction between science and art. Shakespeare characterizes man as one "looking before and after." The reflective element, which has to do with the past, belongs to science; the forward and spontaneous movement belongs to art. The mythic Epimetheus is the representative of man as capable

of science, and Prometheus the representative of man as capable of art. To obtain a conception of fundamental unity as underlying phenomenal diversity, is the end of science *proper*. This conception is the goal of inductive science, and, in reaching it, the highest function of the understanding is exercised. But with this conception man is not satisfied. He has, indeed, attained to the idea of essential substance—as the ground of Nature, but not to any supernatural and efficient cause. This essential unity is not Personality; and the Reason is not satisfied until it has obtained a conception of the identity of Being and Action, as constituting Personality. (That is, an identity of infinite essence with spontaneity of origination in one Personal will.) And this idea man has only as he himself bears the image of the Infinite—only as he is the man θεος (as opposed to the mere βροτος).

In science the spirit is the *receptacle* of *cognitions;* in art it is the *origin* of *Creative Power*. The functions by which we know, viz: the Reason and the Understanding, are *reflective* and *analytic*. These, in creation, become Imagination and Fancy, having the *determination* and *synthesis* of manifest life. Here we have man as possessed of energetic will, through which the hidden life of the spirit is evolved.

Art, then, is the evolution or out-growth of invisible power,—the continual generation of the conscious from the unconscious. It characterizes man as created in the *likeness* of God. By knowledge man is the offspring of God,—by art he is the inhabitant of the eternal Future—the man αθανατος.

Nature is the art of God. And human art is analogous to the divine. Let us trace the analogy.

Back of all art, whether human or divine, is the unlimited energy of spirit. By this is created its fundamental unity—as essential chaos, "without form and void,"—the *immediate* effect of creative power. This chaos, is the effect of human creation, is the pure Ideal of the Imagination, to which we refer as the type of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True. This Ideal does not enter into distinct consciousness, for upon it is darkness, like that which rested upon the original chaos of Nature; and in its depths lurks the hidden mystery of spirit.

And, as the spirit of God "moved upon the face of the waters," there was a transition from infinite Power,—as the unlimited energy by which chaos was created,—into Power as manifested through chaos, and as measured by resistance (συνεργια as limited by νομος). Thus from unphenomenal essence was generated the phenomenal order and variety

of the Kosmic universe. So, over its Ideal—over the abysmal chaos of its unconscious Being—broods the human spirit, and lives through it, and from its fundamental unity generates the formal processes of conscious Life, in order and variety. What before was the ground of all art, now becomes art in the diversity of its manifestations. In this evolution of the actual from the Ideal we recognize a law *ab extra;* and necessity appears.

We have seen that there is a *likeness* between Nature and Art. It is also important to the consideration of our subject, that we should point out the diversity between them.

The material is infinitely removed from the spiritual. Therefore we may not in material Nature distinctly recognize the absolute freedom of the creative spirit. The on-going of its finite energies, like that stream, which, according to the mythopæic faith of the Greeks, encircled the whole world,—is ever returning into itself, and the iron chain of necessity is over all. But Art (I refer to Art as distinguished from Nature,) is ever oscillating between the freedom of spirit and the necessity of Nature. That Art is the highest, which most completely transcends Nature, and approaches nearest to the spiritual. But all Art, in its manifestation, must, in some proportion, combine both freedom and necessity. For, if it entirely lose the latter, it becomes the unconscious life of the spirit, while, if the former be lost, it ceases to be Art, and becomes *artificial*

From this stand-point let us consider the Imitative Arts. In Eden there was but one Art, and that the highest of all Arts—the Art of Life. This, combining all others in their highest excellence, yet transcended them all, and in its evolution manifested the highest freedom of the spirit. Man was superior to Nature, and, while in Nature light and darkness alternated, there shone for man a sun, whose splendor swallowed up the night.

At length man became more assimilated to Nature. Spontaneous power yielded to necessity, and night intruded upon the day. Then appeared the Imitative Arts, stars in this darkness, which, by their reflection, preserved for man the glory that was fast departing. As the day yielded more and more to the night, new stars appeared, of lesser magnitude and diminished brightness.

The eldest and brightest of the galaxy was Poetry, the reflection of life in the pure spontaneity of its evolution—Poetry as expressed in 'winged words,' the freest channel through which the spirit flows forth,

and from which the most *immediate* pleasure may be derived. The Epic, the highest form of ancient poetry, refers us back to the age of gods and heroes, when the current of life flowed on deep and irresistible, yet obedient to a supreme free power.

"Διος δ' ιετο βουλη."

Epic Poetry supplied the place of History. But to supply the place of present action, Tragedy was necessary. This represented man as arrayed in opposition to destiny, as circumscribed by necessity, and under the influence of mingled fear and hope; like Prometheus bound to the desert rock, his vitals ever being gnawed away—ever growing anew. Comedy was only the reaction of Tragedy, and in this descending series was entirely separate from it.

Still lower in the galaxy we find Music and Painting, in which we observe a more intimate connection between spirit and Nature. Here the sensuous and the supersensuous are strangely linked together, and forms of beauty proceed forth from ideal chaos into a sphere, which is neither wholly ideal nor wholly actual, but between, and partaking of both.

Lower yet we come to the more corporeal arts—Sculpture and Architecture. In these the idea of the beautiful is realized in the outline and symmetry of inert material.

At length art is wholly lost in Nature. All the day has deepened into night. Clear down to the horizon not a single star is seen. Thus it was in the Dark Ages, when freedom was swallowed up by necessity, and the spontaneous intuitions of humanity had become prejudices that led astray.

But even in Nature,—lest we should forget that, back of and above all necessity, there is, though infinitely removed, a free spirit, whence it derives its being and law,—there are ominous voices in the chaotic upheavings of the earthquake—in the subtle agents that now and then manifest themselves—in the comet, which, by its infinite range, seems to transcend all law; voices that speak to the soul with silent but awful portent. And, when man had degraded himself to a level with Nature, these voices from without awoke in him corresponding voices—voices that were once heard from Faith, Hope, and Love—that still reverberated in the chambers of the soul, only, indeed, the echoes of what had been and was not, yet a dim prophecy of a bright hereafter.

Then, out of this superstitious darkness, the spirit arises again under the light of Christianity. The zone of darkness about the horizon begins to disappear; and we are in another hemisphere, at the commencement of an ascending series. Man rises again above Nature.

The arts, which were to him as he descended, reflections of a splendor that was gone, are now stars in the firmament guiding him upward—prophets of a splendor that is to come. Faith, Hope, and Love, speak forth now with full choral voices, as they spoke in the childhood of the race. United with these, art, which before was only *reflective*, becomes *restorative* of life.

If we trace the arts through the several epochs of their upward progress since the middle ages, we shall find the order of their previous decline exactly reversed. First we have Sculpture and Architecture, then Music and Painting, and further on, in the sixteenth century, the Drama brought to perfection by Shakspeare.

Here, in connection with the Drama, we notice that, in this ascending series, Tragedy and Comedy are united, and not merely one the re-action of the other, or both separate, the one from the other, as they were to the ancients. This union of the two in modern drama imparts to dramatic art a more intimate connection with life, thus exciting the sympathies more readily, and with greater power drawing mankind upward.

Next in order is Milton, the great epic poet of the Christian era. Later still, Dickens, who combines the epic, the tragic, and the comic in one harmonious whole—thus giving to art a still more intimate connection with life.

Thus all the arts seem to be blending in one great literature of power, combining the highest excellence of creative genius, and the deepest sympathy with life. The stars grow fewer but brighter; and, at the same time that they unveil to man the Great Hereafter, they by their genial influences draw him onward to the fulfillment of their glorious prophecies. Thus the tendency of life is, in the train of reviving art, ever upward, *καν'ασ̓τερα*; until the complete synthesis of life and art shall set its burning seal of glory upon the closing cycle of the finite, and the spirit regaining its highest freedom shall fulfill again its own prophecies in the evolution of an eternal life; a life whose cycle is infinite, *υπερ ασ̓τερα*, for its day is not followed by night.

THE CLASSICS.

The advantages resulting from a general study of the classic tongues, under the American system of education, are of a very equivocal character. Good taste requires that familiarity with the illustrious authors of antiquity should constitute an important element in a gentleman's education, and custom, of which the same good taste is unquestionably the foundation, has effected that their study should occupy by no means a subordinate position in all our colleges and institutions of learning.

The time is gone forever, when the languages, to which the student is required to direct his principal attention during four or five years, can be of direct practical utility. When the light of civilization was put out among the beauty-loving Greeks, and ignorance and slavery dragged down the shadows of intellectual night upon the hills of Attica and the islands of the Ægean sea; when the power of Rome fell from the hands of her proud emperors, and disappeared, as though the long extinct volcano, upon whose crater the eternal city stands, had swallowed it up, the utility of their respective tongues did not cease. While the languages of modern Europe were in their rude and formative condition, the Latin and the Greek were still the languages of the scholar. For this, they were peculiarly adapted, by their power, their universality, and the fact that they were no longer liable to the changes which are perpetually altering the forms of living tongues. But now, when the French, the German, and the English, are almost as universal as the Latin or the Greek,—when they equal them in power, and the ability to multiply editions guards against the consequence of their mutability,—with every day and hour, the classic tongues are becoming practically useless. Whether their general study is expedient or not, must therefore be determined by their tendencies.

Two classes of men compose the students of our colleges and universities:—those who will leave the shade of college walks for the study of Law, Theology, Medicine, or Letters, and those who, when they have acquired the education our system provides, propose to embark in active business. For the former class the study of the Classics, evidently, is indispensable, for there have been few eminent writers who have not been deeply versed in the literature and learning of antiquity. The

latter class is by no means small. The diploma of a literary institution of high standing is a letter of credit, in the world, of a certain value, and many pass through the ordeal required for its attainment with no other end in view. Observing, then, the amount of time devoted by them to the Classics, and considering the extent of their attainments, we can estimate the benefits resulting from their expense of time and labor.

Of the three years usually passed in preparation, and the first two years of the college course, considerably more than two-thirds are bestowed upon the study of Latin and Greek, and when the five years are completed, the student has acquired a vague conception of the contents of his Latin Grammar, has read a few pages of a Latin Reader, a few books of Virgil, a little Livy, a little Homer, a little Thucydides, a little Demosthenes, a smattering of Greek Tragedy, and Horace; having accomplished little more than an introduction to any author, except the last, and seldom bearing in his mind one idea which he has gathered from them all,—more fortunate than his associates, if he have even a dim conception of the subjects upon which they treat. His study is completed with his college life, for he has no longer leisure to devote to it, and the little he has acquired is immediately forgotten, for he presently finds that conjugations and inflections have little to do with merchandise and bills of lading,—that rules of Prosody will hardly assist him in the counting-room, or rules of Syntax sail his ships upon the ocean. We must look for the expected advantage, then, in their effects upon the mind.

It is contended that a study of the Classics induces a love of republican institutions, and that men are fired with the love of liberty in view of the patriotism of ancient Greece and Rome. Even allowing that the student acquires any considerable insight into the constitution of ancient governments, the ideas of liberty to be derived thence are spurious. The real genius of Grecian and Roman liberty was slavery. Peculiar privileges pertained to citizenship, but their captives were reduced to slavery,—their streets were thronged with slaves,—slavery was always in view of the populace. Patriotism contemplated the splendor of the national name, rather than the happiness of the citizens, or the internal prosperity of the state. The patriotism of a Greek was confined to his own city, and dangers brooding over the "hollow Lacedæmon," or the plains of Thessaly, or the wilds of Scythia, were of equal moment to the citizen of Athens, while no consequent disaster menaced the "Eye of Greece." Civil contentions of parties, resulted always in such power to the victorious, and such thraldom to the vanquished, that when

Alexander conquered Greece, he restored ten thousand banished citizens, whose patriotism had succumbed to personal ambition, and who, in foreign states, were whetting the dagger of revenge against their country. Attracted by the loud protestations of patriotism of a few like Demosthenes, we overlook the subtle treason of multitudes. It is a strange spirit of liberty which pervades a man, when he longs to make every one a slave to himself.

It is also claimed, that the tendency of classical study is to improve and cultivate the taste. The natural tendency of good taste, say some, is to good morals, consequently, study the Classics. If this theory be correct, it is remarkable that the two do not oftener coincide in actual experience. We are astonished at the amount of classical lore of Hume, and Gibbon, and Byron, and a host of others, and we are equally surprised at the power of their elegant skepticism. It is also remarkable that in the brightest days of art and letters, in Greece and Rome, their streets daily presented scenes, for which modern times find no parallel in infamy. Admit the general truth, that the state of mind best adapted to appreciate beauty, is the one most favorable for the cultivation of morality, and we can still conceive that this should yield but slight assistance to men in overcoming temptation to vice. When we say the mind naturally reverts "from nature to nature's God," the principle involved is, not that God, as God, is intimately associated with whatever is beautiful in Nature, but as its direct Author. We know of no immediate power operating between Deity and the beauties of Nature, except the elements which are the instruments of Deity, and, of necessity, we intimately associate Him with whatever in Nature elicits our wonder. Art, however, is the direct result of human action, and if we wander through the streets of Athens or Rome,—gaze upon their works of art, and their magnificently ornamented temples, we intimately associate with them the race who wrought them,—with the race, their manners and their customs,—and immediately we are amid an extent and refinement of vice, of which nothing at this day suggests a conception. So, when we enter a grand cathedral, whose atmosphere is thick with awe and oppressive with solemnity, we are impressed with the grandeur of the church, rather than with that of Him who is the object of its worship. If, then, "men assimilate themselves to that with which they voluntarily hold communion," it is difficult to conceive a tendency to morality, in the taste which is cultivated by the Classics. If morality could not commend itself to men's understanding, and attract them by some stronger power than their appreciation of moral beauty, vice would be very apt to predominate over morality in society.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We were sitting in our *Sanctum*,—no fabulous region, this *Sanctum* of ours, invested with fearful mystery to the minds of numberless contributors to the "Quarterly," who turn their first anxious glance into its pages, to the corner devoted to "Rejected Addresses,"—no cold, and cheerless, and uncarpeted garret, whose only recommendation is, that from it is a private staircase to Parnassus,—but a *bonâ fide* little room, some seven feet by nine, where our delinquent subscribers are affectionately invited to call.

We were sitting at our table,—the Editor's table, which, like most Editor's tables, was rather a light and unsubstantial affair, and had several times been reduced, by our somewhat boisterous chum, to a condition of unstable equilibrium, resulting in the instantaneous resolution of at least two German lamp-shades into their ultimate atoms.

We were sitting in our *Sanctum*, at our table, on our—doleful misnomer!—on our easy chair,—an Editor's easy chair!—like to see one! We were meditating,—sublime spectacle! an Editor in thought!—"montes parturiunt, et." We were meditating, in short, how we should make this fourteenth Editor's table, what the "Quarterly" professes to be, a faithful mirror of College life, in its changing phases, its quick and frequent transitions "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Our eye fell on those three valuable additions, made by the College, during the term, to the world of letters,—namely, the College Catalogue, and the two Catalogues of the College that were subsequently issued, and that have driven the former to hide its blushing face within the recesses of the *Sanctum* aforesaid. From these, by a natural transition, in strict accordance with the laws of association, we looked into our pockets, but finding nothing there save an unpaid printer's bill, and a list of unpaid subscriptions, we were led to take a wider view, and wonder what impression these publications were making, and would make, on the world. To think, in short, how very limited an idea can be formed by anxious parents, and hopeful sons, of the nature of a College life, from the data furnished by the College Catalogues.

How little do they know,—these outsiders,—of the secondary influences of College; those influences which tend to mould the heart, and form the habits, and shape the destinies of the student for weal or woe, as much as the recognized course of training to develope the powers of mind. Those influences and objects, which, as being more under his own control, excite a livelier present interest, and take a stronger hold upon the memory, and are the sources of the strongest attachments, if good, and of the deepest regrets, if foolish or evil, which are associated with the recollections of Alma Mater.

If you think, venerable Sire, as you glance with satisfaction down the term bill, disfigured by no "unexcused absences," and look with gratified pride over your dimmed spectacles at the studious youth whose "General deportment" is "No. 1;" and ask him for a particular description of the learned gentleman whose signature, as "officer of the class," authenticates the pleasing tidings; and endeavor to form in your mind some conception of the recitation room, and of study hours, and morning prayers,—if you think these things are to be relied upon, in any considerable degree, as indications of the tenor of College life,—you are reckoning without your host. Fond parent! ask him not to describe a parabola, but without hyperbole to describe a class-meeting. Call not for his chapel-stage oration on "The glory of our country," nor for his class debate on "The advantages of a republican form of government," but let him repeat, to his admiring family circle, the speech he made "for bunkum," before the last election. Ask him not what Grecian states combined their forces, and who was victorious at Marathon; nor scrutinise too closely his knowledge of the Athenian factions,—he will know better what coalitions were formed, what were the tactics of the rival parties, and who was the successful candidate, at the last Presidential election in the 'Logian or 'Technian,—"where," said a distinguished Senator, "were contests and manœuvres, to which, in all my political life, I have seen nothing comparable." Then, when you see his eye kindle and his cheek flush, in the recital of some "faker" of the opposition, and observe his ill-concealed mortification at the recollection of a defeat, or his un-concealed exultation at the recollection of a victory, there will slowly dawn upon your mind some sense of the importance and interest attaching to the secondary influences and pursuits of College.

These secondary influences are well worthy of attention. They are not recognized by College law,—they are to a very limited degree susceptible of modification by College authority. It is the more desirable, therefore, that every student should consider them in their relation to himself,—and the more incumbent upon those who exercise an influence in College, whether by character or position, to understand the responsibility they are under to restrain them if injurious, and to encourage and strengthen them, if salutary, to the best of their ability. It is only thus that the capabilities of College for training *men*, and not mere book-worms, can be fully tested and developed,—that honorable principles can be cherished, and gentlemanly manners cultivated, while all that is mean and vulgar is condemned by the potent voice of public opinion,—that the path of virtue and morality can be made pleasant, and the gambler, the drunkard, and the rake, be left to tread their downward course alone,—that extravagance, and its twin brother, meanness, can be made to give place to a true generosity of spirit,—and, last though not least, in view of the close relation which the College sustains to the Church, that a correct state of feeling should become prevalent in regard to all matters connected with religion,—and skepticism and fanaticism be alike banished.

The Class.

We do not conceive ourselves to be possessed of the qualifications of a Cato, which might make it becoming in us to assume the part of censor-general to the College,—and we shall therefore lay on our Editors' table, not a spicy dish of scandal, but a quiet cup of gossip, on matters and things in general, and on *class* matters in particular.

Among the secondary influences to which we have referred, those connected with the class are not the least important, while, owing to the fact that class distinctions are recognized as fundamental by the Faculty, as well as by the Students, they are the most ostensible.

It makes a considerable difference in the student's enjoyment of College, what sort of class he joins, and what position he holds in the esteem and attachment of his class-mates. While comparatively few come prominently before the College in general, and while it is therefore of little consequence to the majority of students how they stand in the estimation of the other classes, a four years' connection must necessarily bring each one into contact, more or less intimate, with almost every member of his own class.

A desire to stand well with his class-mates, and a lively interest in all that concerns their corporate prosperity and reputation, is therefore laudable and proper in every student. Call it selfishness, or what you will, it is a wise and beneficent arrangement of Providence, by which men are made to feel a special interest in every thing with which they are connected. It is the foundation of patriotism, and of all the social affections. The world is full of little circles, the central point of every one of which is in the perimeter of many others; and no man is too humble and insignificant to find himself, at one time or another, in the centre of one of them. The stronger the centripetal attraction which any one is capable of exerting, the larger, or the more compact, will be the circle that surrounds him,—the larger, if that attraction result from his powers of mind,—the more close and firm, if it is owing to his qualities of heart.

The College class is one of these circles, important and interesting while its relations are yet present; and furnishing a nucleus for many cherished recollections, in the time to come. How many reminiscences, which have not yet lost their power to interest and amuse, does the mind of every graduate retain, connected with the innumerable class-meetings he has attended. How the notice was got up, (the stationery being furnished *gratis* by the Franklin Library,) and handed round the class during recitation,—what manœuvering was necessary when a break in the seats interfered with its continuous passage. And then the premature rising of the class as a respectful hint for the somewhat tardy Professor to take his departure,—the manifest impatience of the class while some absentees from prayers were undergoing cross-examination, or importunately pleading for excuse. How astonishing it is, by the way, that any man should be so obtuse in his sense of what is becoming, as to detain some fifty or sixty persons, while his own little concerns are being settled,—some two hours of valuable time lost to the world, by his two minutes' conversation with the Professor;—to say nothing of the muttered execrations on his stupidity, and the ardent desires engendered for his immediate transportation to the West Indies, or perchance some would have it, to a still more torrid clime. And then the unaffected modesty of both, and ultimately the heroic self-sacrifice on the altar of duty, of one of the rival nominees for the chair,—his bewilderment amid the rapidly accumulating motions and amendments, piled one on another like Alps on Alps, until all are swallowed up by one comprehensive and universal motion of adjournment, leaving the luckless prime mover, often the class-treasurer, in amazement at the unanimous passage,—not of his motion,—but of the class.

These class-meetings are an institution *sui generis*. They are held on all subjects, at all hours, are of all kinds, and produce every variety of results, from the most trivial to the most important. There are some subjects on which each class in turn must

have its meeting. There is the annual class-meeting to sell the care of the recitation-room, and in Freshman year, pretty generally, to sell the class also, to the lowest bidder. There is the meeting to consider the Sophomore challenge to a game of foot-ball,—when sober men are in danger of being called 'blue,'—and when some stiff-necked men of principle are sure to run their heads against the post, and make themselves disagreeable for conscience' sake. There are innumerable class-meetings to appoint committees, charged to insult the Faculty in as delicate a way as possible, in the request, with a demand behind, for shorter lessons. So they run on, down to that last sad class-meeting just before commencement, when all that is disagreeable in the past is forgotten, and all that is pleasant recalled,—and in view of the vista of life just opening on the view, the jealousies and rivalries of College life seem insignificant. These are curious and interesting episodes in life, not soon forgotten.

It is curious to watch the ebb and flow of class popularity. In the earlier years of the course there are, unmistakeably, favorite leaders, whose motions are always carried,—but whom a natural re-action consigns to neglect and disfavor. Nothing is easier than to get up a class excitement, at all events in the earlier part of the course, and it is often done. But let those who evoke the spirit be sure they have the incantation which will set him at rest again. It is easy to start the rolling stone down the hill, but the mover must get out of the way, unless he intends to keep pace with it however far it may go. Nevertheless, in the class, as, generally, everywhere else, the public ultimately finds out who are its best servants, and appreciates, if it does not always reward them. Those who are really concerned for the welfare of the class, and for its reputation, come to be distinguished from the mere demagogues, who use the class to further their own ends,—the would-be units, who aim to string along their class-mates, as so many cyphers, in their train, to enhance their own dignity and value.

There has been a change, of late years, in the kind, and modes of manifestation, of class-feeling, and in the relations of the classes to each other. The system of fagging exists no longer, and all its concomitant ideas of the supremacy of the Senior, and the superiority of the other classes, in their order, have been very much modified. Introduced from the English public schools, and vigorously maintained in this country while Colleges were few, and classes large,—the rapid multiplication of Colleges, and the smallness of the numbers that necessarily composed the classes, gave individual character a freer scope, and rendered the domination of the upper classes impossible. The rise of College Secret Societies, also, has doubtless done much to soften class distinctions, affording, as they do, a common ground on which the members of all classes meet, in relations irrespective of College standing. The gradual decline of the fagging system in England, however, where, so far as we know, neither of the other causes are in operation, seems to indicate that the change is in part owing to the leveling spirit of the age. Whatever be the cause, however, class supremacy has lost all its offensive features. It manifests itself, now, only in the custom of electing the principal officers of College societies, and the chairmen of College meetings, from the Senior class, and in the precedence in choices of College rooms, and in exit from chapel. No longer does the Freshman doff his bonnet to the Senior,—he will hardly deign to touch it to the President. One by one the old land-marks are being removed,—the Sophomore publishes a catalogue; treads on the heels of the Senior, and is hardly restrained from treading on his toes, as they issue from the chapel after evening prayers.

But, as there are fewer class distinctions, there is less class-feeling, than formerly. It may be there is not less *manifestation* of class-feeling. This is an age of manifestation,—there is more superficies and less depth,—and while class re-unions and suppers, and class societies and secretaries, and class daguerreotypes and memoirs are become matters of course, we doubt if, even in proportion to the size of the class, there is as much sincere mutual interest among the members of the more recent, as of the older classes It is easier to get up to Commencement than formerly, and more fashionable to make supper-table speeches, but is the grasp of the hand as warm as ever?

Within proper limits, class-feeling is a laudable and proper thing. We envy not the feelings of the man who can spend four years in any place, or with any one, not positively disagreeable, and not retain a life-long impression, and a permanent interest in them. He will probably pass through life without being a partizan,—not because he is too strong, but either because he is too intensely selfish, or because there is not enough in him to furnish any generous processes to which the party ligaments may attach themselves. Depend upon it, his social, civil, and religious obligations, will sit loosely upon one who possesses not the disposition to be a good class-man.

He will remember nothing else, in College or around it, with interest. His spirit will not leap at the sight of the distant peak of Greylock,—nor will memory flood his soul with recollections at the sound of the chapel bell. If the thousand varied scenes of College life, its social, as well as literary enjoyments, make no abiding impression on him in the susceptibility and freshness of his youth,—there is not much reason to hope that the lapse of years will soften his callous nature, and give him that sensitiveness to the lighter impressions, and that quickness of perception, which results from the cultivation of the emotional nature, and conduces so much to the happiness of man as a social being.

College Chronicles.

Not a drop of rain had fallen for several weeks preceding Commencement,—the roads were dry and dusty, and the foliage was turning prematurely brown from lack of moisture. It was with much anxiety, therefore, that we looked forward to a Commencement, which, rendered unusually interesting by its co-incidence with the Missionary Jubilee, threatened also to be unusually hot, and dusty, and uncomfortable. For several days the clouds came and went, and went and came, and lingered around the mountain tops, but left us no refreshing memorials of their presence. Monday was bright and beautiful above, and they were happy who housed themselves on that day and evening. But on Tuesday morning, the multitudes who had assembled in the town to participate in the interesting scenes of the Missionary Jubilee, and those still greater numbers who, in all parts of the neighboring country, had made their arrangements to attend, were disappointed to find that the rain, seasonable in all other respects, was pouring down in such torrents as rendered any extensive locomotion out of the question. Thus it continued, almost without interruption, throughout the entire day and evening, and the greater part of the following day and night.

The exercises incident to Commencement week began on Sunday afternoon, August 3d, with the Baccalaureate sermon, preached by the President, and which has since been published.

In the evening of the same day, Rev. Samuel H. Cox, D. D., delivered the customary address before the Mills Theological Society. His subject, "Theology," was treated by him in his usual discursive but brilliant style, and doubtless left on the minds of theologues, young and old, a wholesome dread of "infelicitous translations."

On Monday evening, Dodworth's band gave the usual concert of instrumental music, which was very successful. The performance of such bands as this at Commencements, is a striking illustration of that tendency which there is, perhaps in human nature, at all events in College, to give undue prominence to what ought to be merely secondary and incidental. We find, by reference to the programmes of former years, that it has always been found necessary to give variety to the proceedings of Commencement day by interludes of music. In the earlier years this was less necessary, owing to the fact that some of the orations were delivered on the evening preceding, and the address before the Alumni on the afternoon of that day. Whatever music was then introduced into the order of exercises, was sacred and vocal music. In process of time instruments were procured, at a moderate expense, commensurate with the increased number of speakers, and their consequent ability to meet the cost. But it was not until very late years that *sacred* music was entirely given up; and now the taste and religious sensibilities of the audience are shocked by the five hundred dollar flourish of trumpets that heralds the approach of the President to the Deity, in the opening prayer. To those who look upon the devotional exercises merely as a part of the scanty ceremonial of the day, the connection may not have appeared to involve any incongruity; but no serious minded person, who feels the appropriateness of thus solemnly recognising the relation of education to religion, can fail to be pained by the irreverence.

We hope that in future there will be no difficulty in either dispensing with entirely, or altering the character of that portion of the musical performances, which has heretofore been brought into such irreverent proximity to the devotional exercises at the opening and the close of Commencement Day.

On Tuesday morning the Society of Alumni met in the College chapel, at 8 o'clock, Hon. David Buel of Troy, being called to the chair. Hon. David D. Field, LL. D., was elected President for the ensuing year; Prof. Griffin, Secretary; Rev. Willis Lord, D. D., orator for next Commencement, and Prof. Morgan of Oberlin College, his substitute. After a session of two hours, the Society proceeded to the church, where, as the rain prevented the meeting in the grove, the exercises of the Missionary Jubilee were held.

At the adjourned meeting on Wednesday morning, it was voted to publish Prof. Hopkins' address, and the proceedings of the Jubilee. It was also resolved to raise $10,000 this year for a new College building. The Society also passed a resolution approving of Prof. Hopkins' suggestion for a Missionary Seminary. The following gentlemen were elected Honorary members, Rev. Miron Winslow of Madras, Rev. Dr. Tyng of New York, Rev. Gordon Hall, Rev. Dr. Riggs, Charles E. West, LL. D., of Buffalo, Rev. Mr. Baldwin, Rev. C. P. Boynton, Rev. Edwin B. Turner, Mr. Jessup of Westfield, Rev. Dr. Lambert, Hon. Judge Isham of Vermont, Nathan Jackson, Esq., Elizur Smith, Esq., Rev. Charles Hammond, Rev. E. S. Porter.

Missionary Jubilee—At 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning, the Corporation and Faculty of the College, the Society of Alumni, and the Mills Theological Society, proceeded from the College chapel to the church, where seats had been reserved for

them. The whole of the proceedings connected with the celebration have been published in pamphlet form, we shall therefore only give an outline, as a matter of College history.

It had been intended to hold the celebration in the grove, which, with the ten acres of ground in which it stands, and which include also the site of the haystack under which the founders of American Missions took refuge from a gathering storm in August, 1806, just fifty years ago. But it was a severe disappointment, though, like many others, it may have turned out to be for the best, that the heavy rain prevented the carrying out of the original design. It would indeed have been gratifying to the taste, and have ministered to that element of romance with which the Missionary spirit is so often associated, to have gathered in such large numbers on the very ground where the few pioneers had gathered half a century before, suggesting still another application of the language quoted on the occasion, "a little one has become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation." The sighing of the "spicy breezes," that perchance had

"Blown soft from Ceylon's isle,"

and the swaying of the Missionary trees, might have formed an appropriate accompaniment to the Missionary hymn. But what was lost in romance was more than gained in comfort, for the easy seats in the church contrasted favorably with the rough planks temporarily arranged in the grove,—and the pressure was much less than it would otherwise have been.

The Hon. David Dudley Field, LL. D., of New York, one of the projectors of the Park, was the chairman of the day, and in the happiest manner introduced the various speakers. After some appropriate introductory remarks, welcoming the audience, and dedicating the Park "to the memory of the Founders of American Missions, and to the Missionary cause and spirit,"—a hymn was sung, a psalm read by Rev. Chancellor Ferris, D. D., of New York University, and a prayer offered by Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, D. D. After another hymn, Prof. Albert Hopkins delivered the Jubilee Address. His subject was, "The Haystack,"—and its divisions, "1st. The times of the haystack; 2d. The men of the haystack; 3d. The relation of those times and men to the problem of the age; and 4th. Our position, and our duties, with reference to the same problem."

After the close of the address, a recess was given, and the audience came together in the afternoon with renewed interest, to listen to the eloquent words of the speakers, of various religious denominations, of various states, and from several of the mission stations of the American Board.

President Hopkins first, in his own philosophical yet popular style, referred to the influence of this Park, with all its hallowed associations, as an educator.

Rev. Dr. Anderson, Sec. A. B. C. F. M., gave some brief statistics of the operations of the American Board.

Ex-Governor Briggs, LL. D., President of the Baptist Missionary Society, addressed, with much feeling and power, the young men before him, and commended to their imitation, "the men of the haystack."

Rev. Dr. Wyckoff of Albany, next spoke of the extent and power of the Missionary enterprise, and rejoiced to claim, for his own Dutch Church, a participation in it at present, and some connection with its beginning under the haystack.

Rev. Dr. Tyng of New York, after an energetic disclaimer of the idea that he represented the Episcopal Church rather than the "holy Church universal," proceeded, in his usual happy manner, to gather up the jewels which the preceding speakers had dropped in their progress, and string them together with the "things new and old" which he brought out of his own "treasures," and with them to adorn the leading idea of his address, that of Christian liberality.

An original hymn, composed by Mrs. Mary Benjamin, late a Missionary at Constantinople, was then sung, to the tune of Bishop Heber's celebrated hymn.

Ex-Governor Washburn, LL. D., then drew a parallel between "the men of the haystack," and Napoleon Bonaparte, their contemporary in Europe,—and, in general, between the missionary and the conqueror.

Rev. Dr. Riggs, of Constantinople, spoke of the present condition of Turkey.

Rev. Mr. Poor, a native of Ceylon, chanted some Tamil poetry, and recited the Lord's prayer in the same language.

He was followed by Rev. Miron Winslow of Madras, Rev. Gordon Hall of Northampton, Henry Hill, Esq., Treasurer A. B. C. F. M., Rev. E. W. Clark of the Sandwich Islands, Rev. H. R. Hoisington of Ceylon, Prof. Morgan of Oberlin College, Rev. W. F. Williams from Assyria, Rev. H. Bingham of Sandwich Islands,—and Mr. E. N. Manley, on behalf of the Mills Theological Society of the College.

The exercises of this day of rare interest were closed late in the afternoon. While old West College overlooks the site of the "haystack," the events of the Missionary Jubilee of 1856 will be recalled with interest and pleasure by the Sons of Williams, as identifying their Alma Mater with the grandest enterprise on earth. Let them ask, What next is to be done? To what scheme of equal comprehensiveness shall the associations of the Mission Park give birth in the minds of those who, in this Jubilee year, or in future years, shall muse in this most sacred of "God's first temples" in the Western World? What altar of sacrifice shall be reared in this grove, to sanctify the groves of earth after the pollutions of idol worship? What is to be the next onward movement, grand but simple?—for the greatness of the invention is often commensurate with the apparent naturalness of the idea. It is not presumptuous to hope that the little spring, which shall ultimately widen and deepen into another "stream which shall make glad the city of our God," may here take its rise. Beneath the shadows of these Western mountains there may yet be a shrine where the pilgrims from other continents shall pay their vows, and, not inappropriately, shall the "wise men of the East" return, having had at the "haystack" a view of the Redeemer's rising throne, to tread in the footsteps of those of old, who started homeward, the first missionaries, when they had seen Him, a babe, in the manger of Bethlehem.

The Prize Rhetorical Exhibition was held on Tuesday evening. The orations and the delivery were such as to satisfy every one that the system of appointment by the Faculty, secured the ends of the exhibition much better than they have been for several years past. The prizes were awarded to E. S. Isham, of the Junior; S. M. Cleveland, of the Sophomore, and George M. Wright, of the Freshman class.

The address before the Adelphic Union, by Prof. Huntington, of Harvard University, was the most able, and eloquent, and scholarly, that has been delivered on this occasion for several years,—and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, and the mental and bodily lassitude consequent on the excitement of this most exciting day, every one who was able to command his attention was well rewarded for the effort.

But it is indeed an insult to any man to ask him to lecture under such circumstances, and we sincerely trust that some arrangements will be made in future, by which the Adelphic Union orator can do justice to himself, his subject, and his audience.

Short order was observed in proceeding to the church on Commencement day, and the audience was not too large to be comfortably seated.

Several of the orations were worthy of notice, for originality of thought and style. A familiarity with good authors, and a judicious use of the literary advantages of College, could not, however, have failed of producing good results in the case of many of the speakers. We trust the class of '57 may make a better impression on their audience.

The President held his usual levee in the evening, and the class of '46 had a reunion at the Mansion House.

The time and place of another event, somewhat out of the ordinary course of things, renders the following notice appropriate to our College Chronicle:

MARRIED, on Thursday morning, August 7th, at 8 o'clock, in the College Chapel, by the Rev. President Hopkins, Professor Arthur L. Perry, M. A., to Mary, daughter of Dr. Smedley of Williamstown. The exercises were of a novel and interesting character, and were attended by a large concourse of spectators. On one of these the example was not lost, for before the vacation had elapsed, there was

MARRIED, on Thursday, September 4th, at Massena, N. Y., by Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. Gilbert B. Manley, a member of the Senior class, to Miss Martha L. Hyde. The event was announced to the class, after a lapse of some weeks, by the bridegroom in person, and their acceptance requested of a very superior wedding cake. Before the cake was divided, the thanks and congratulations of the class were voted, and presented in an appropriate speech by Mr. E. S. Isham,—and the request made that these interesting and unusual occurrences should be recorded in the pages of the "Quarterly." It was also voted to present a piece of the cake to the officer of the class, which was done,—eliciting from him a very felicitous acknowledgement. With three hearty cheers for the bride and bridegroom, the class separated, to muse on the propriety of going and doing likewise.

NEWS OF THE TERM.—After a vacation of five weeks, the term opened September 11th. Some 57 Freshmen, 13 Sophomores, 4 Juniors, and 1 Senior, have entered, making the total number of students now on the catalogue, 224.

Gravel-day came along at its usual season, and witnessed the performance of its usual amount of work. In consequence of the unusual interest attaching to the Presidential election this year, and as many who possessed the right of suffrage had gone home to vote, the Faculty acceded to the request of the students, and suspended College exercises on the 4th November. Some of the classes who had not previously had the privilege, received permission, according to established custom, to visit the Cattle Show at Pittsfield. Not content with these holidays, however, an attempt was made to institute another, under the name of "Bald Mountain day," which was to occur when the changing of the foliage to its rich autumnal hues, rendered the view of "the Hopper" one of the most magnificent that can be conceived. The attempt, however, did not succeed, and so far as any College holiday is concerned, the foliage of "the Hopper" must "blush unseen."

Mr. Daniel Vaughan, who had become favorably known to some members of the Faculty during the meeting of the American Scientific Association in Albany, de-

livered some exceedingly interesting and instructive lectures on scientific subjects, during several weeks of the term. On many points his views were striking and original, and those of his small audiences who regarded the matter more than the manner, felt amply repaid for their attendance.

The political excitement which prevailed so extensively in connection with the Presidential election, reached even here. A Fremont club was organized, and held several very enthusiastic meetings. Hon. H. L. Dawes, of North Adams, addressed the club and the public, one evening, at the College Gymnasium.

SOCIETIES, &c.—The usual public debate was held in the College chapel, on Wednesday evening, 22d October, Geo. B. Blodgett, President of the Adelphic Union, in the chair. The Philotechnians were represented by F. Le Baron Monroe, James Deane, and James Guthrie, their orator was John B. Lee; the Philologians, by H. H. Wells, A. Parsons, and V. B. Chamberlain, Arthur Graves being their orator.

The officers chosen at the last elections of the several societies were as follows, namely:—

MILLS THEOLOGICAL.—*President*, A. PARSONS. *Vice-President*, G. B. MANLEY. *Recording Secretary*, W. G. HARDING. *Treasurer*, M. LA RUE P. HILL.

PHILOTECHNIAN.—*President*, ALEXANDER WALKER. *Vice-President*, CHARLES A. STORK. *Secretary*, DAVID S. JOHNSON. *Senior Editor*—J. E. TRIMBLE. *Junior Editor*, R. H. WARD.

PHILOLOGIAN.—*President*, BENTON W. COLE. *Vice-President*, E. M. WIGHT. *Secretary*, S. H. SCUDDER. *Treasurer*, H. M. LYMAN. *Reader*, E. C. HOOKER.

The Mills Theological Society has received from Rev. S. C. Damon, of Honolulu, the pocket compass of Samuel J. Mills, with which, doubtless, he guided his course in the wilds of Africa; together with an autograph letter, in which is discernible the germ of the American Bible Society; as also some other relics. These have been deposited, together with other relics and curiosities belonging to the Society, in a case in Jackson Hall, granted for the purpose by the Lyceum of Natural History.

The museum of the Natural History Society has been enriched, by Mr. Charles Stoddard, with some specimens of mummies, obtained by him during his travels in Egypt, as also with some fragments of columns from the Giant's Causeway. It will doubtless interest our readers to learn that an expedition is in contemplation, to the coast of Florida, the particulars of which will be best learned from the circular issued by the Society, a portion of which we subjoin:

"The Lyceum of Natural History in Williams College propose to undertake an expedition to the western coast of Florida, for the purpose of studying the natural history of the country and of making collections. The shore is known to abound with numerous and beautiful varieties of shells. The country is rich in botanical specimens and many varieties of animals and birds are to be found. It is expected that the collection of shells will be especially abundant, and as there are many collectors in the country who are anxious to increase their cabinet in that department, we propose on our return to divide the avails of the expedition, after taking a set for our own cabinet, among those who have assisted us.

"We propose to obtain a schooner capable of accommodating some twenty persons, of whom part shall be members of the Society, and the rest, men who are engaged in scientific investigations in the country.

"We intend to sail from Boston about the middle of March, and be absent some two

months. The schooner will touch at Savannah, to receive some gentlemen who are expected to accompany the expedition, and then proceed directly to the field. The cost of the schooner, provisioned and manned, will be one thousand dollars. This sum is divided into shares of fifty dollars each, a part of which sum will, it is hoped, be repaid in specimens.

"If you, Sir, are able to assist us by taking one of these shares, we trust that your benevolence will not be exerted in vain; and we hope that it will be not altogether a work of benevolence, for if successful, the lot which will fall to each of the twenty individuals, will not be entirely valueless. It is not for ourselves nor for our particular Society so much that we ask assistance, as for the cause of science. The Society has already undertaken no less than three expeditions, two to Nova Scotia and one to Newfoundland—all of which have resulted well and attracted some little notice."

The appointments for Junior Exhibition have been announced, and are as follows:

James McK. Alexander, John G. Ames, Truman T. Buck, Samuel M. Cleveland, Justin Dewey, Jr., Arthur Graves, W. A. Lloyd, Henry M. Lyman, Curtis J. Lyons, Robert Meech, C. S. Onderdonk, Thomas Post, Horace E. Scudder (Greek), and W. P. Strickland (Latin).

The Editors' Prize of Ten Dollars was awarded to S. G. W. Benjamin, of Constantinople, for the essay which appears at the beginning of our present number. The other essays handed in were marked by considerable ability; and we hope that our successors will be enabled, by an increased subscription list, to offer this, or a still greater stimulus to College literature.

To Our Contributors.—Those articles which have been rejected will be returned to their authors when known. Some have been accepted, but came in too late for our present number, and they will therefore appear in our next. There is no lack of good matter, but it is not sent in in good season, and the issues are therefore delayed.

To Our Subscribers.—It is becoming more and more a question with us, whether we can continue to publish the "Quarterly" at its present rate, unless our subscription list is increased, and our subscribers are more prompt in their payments. The business department takes almost as much time and trouble as the literary department, and is infinitely less agreeable. If it were a private speculation with us, we might perhaps feel some hesitation in thus referring to the subject,—but as it is, we are placed in the anomalous position of being personally responsible to our printers, with no reserved fund to secure us against losses, and a subscription list that cannot be relied upon from year to year. It would hardly have seemed possible to us, therefore, had not our own and our predecessors' unpleasant experience taught it us, that there should be any difficulty in collecting our subscriptions,—far less that we should have any bad debts. We trust that our subscribers will assist us all in their power, both by paying strictly in advance, or letting us know when we may expect payment, and also by using their influence to obtain new subscribers, especially among the Alumni of the College.

Obituary.

Class of 1796.—Rev. Thomas Robbins, D. D., of Hartford, died 18th September, aged 79.

Class of 1804.—John O'Brian, of Great Barrington, died November 10th, aged 72.

Class of 1808.—Richard H. Ashley, aged 68.

Class of 1821.—Samuel N. Shepard, of Madison, Ct., died September 30th, aged 56.

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Exchanges.

We have received the "Wisconsin Journal of Education;" the "Erskine Collegiate Recorder;" the "Stylus," of Bethany College; the "Fort Edward Institute Magazine;" the "Beloit College Monthly;" the "Knoxiana," of Knox College; the "Amherst Collegiate Magazine;" the "Yale Literary Magazine;" "Putnam's Monthly;" the "Nassau Literary Magazine;" and the "Marietta Collegiate Magazine." Most of these make a very good appearance, some are well printed, on good paper. Foremost among them is the "Nassau Literary Magazine," the September number of which contains a Prize Essay, with several other very superior articles. We shall carefully peruse the one on "Stewart's Doctrine of Conception." The "Yale Literary" also contains a Prize Essay. The "Marietta Collegiate" is also exceedingly well got up, both inside and out. They all appear to be monthly issues.

Errata.

Owing to the haste in which it was found necessary to issue our August number, an unusual number of typographical errors have been found in it. We are favored by the author with the following list of errata in the poem "Nature's Voices:" Page 23, 1st paragraph, 8th line, for "the first" read "that first;" same page and paragraph, 4th line from last, for "cavern's" read "caverns." Page 23, 2d paragraph, 3d and 6th lines, for "came" read "come." Page 24, 1st paragraph, 6th line, also 2d paragraph, 1st line, omit "like." Page 24, 1st paragraph, 7th line from last, for "sink" read "rush." Page 25, 2d paragraph, last line, omit the dash (—). Page 26, 3d stanza, 3d line, for "weep" read "sing." We believe this is the most defective of the pieces,—and we sincerely hope so.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1857.

SAMUEL E. ELMORE, | DAVID S. JOHNSON,
EDWARD S. ISHAM, | HOMER B. STEVENS,
WILLIAM TATLOCK.

A LEAF FROM "MY EXPERIENCES."

GENERALLY speaking, I am no believer in the marvelous or supernatural. By this I mean that I have no confidence in astrologers, fortune-tellers, and such classes of professed seers as pretend that by some faculty occult—known only to themselves—they can forsee future events and do many amazing things to inspire the too willingly credulous, with a belief in their Heaven-sent power. I believe that there are none, who, whatever their pretensions, are able, in perfect health, and in their waking moments, *to see visions*. Imagination may paint to them most gorgeous scenes—scenes outrivaling in beauty and splendor anything that mortal eye has ever seen; fairy palaces, thronged with peerless beauties; beautiful gardens, where flowers of rarest hue and sweetest odor bloom, and birds of rainbow plumage and ravishing melody are ever flitting: or it may go further and picture the glories of the New Jerusalem—its golden streets and sunlit throne, where Jehovah sits, "before whom angels bow and archangels veil their faces," and countless myriads of the redeemed are singing hosannas forever. Imagination may do all this, but it is under the control of the will and can be restrained by it in all its flights. The pictures of imagination are not *visions*. But *I* have seen *visions*—actual visions—in my waking hours, though on a bed of sickness and pain. I have

seen visions of magnificence unsurpassed—of happiness so profound that even angels might desire to taste thereof. And I have seen others of such horror as would make the blood run cold, the very throbbing of the heart to cease; of such unutterable misery and pain as would satisfy the darkest malignity of a fiend. Again, have I seen exhibitions the most *comic*, the most *ridiculous* that could possibly be conceived, which even in my weakened state, never failed to excite roars of "inextinguishable laughter." More than this, all these various kinds of visions, so incongruous, I have seen in the space of a *single night*. I will relate some of the circumstances as nearly as I can recollect them, and shall be fully satisfied if I can excite in any mind even a small degree of my own wonder at the curious and inexplicable vagaries of the mind. It must be understood that I had been for some weeks suffering under an attack of nervous disease, and was at this time quite weak in body.

It was a calm, quiet night; all in the house had retired to rest and to sleep except myself. I was alone; the apartment but dimly lighted by a small lamp, casting a sort of weird uncertain light over the room. It was that sort of "dim religious light" which resembles sickly twilight, and in which spirits of another world, on ghostly errands sent, would delight to pay their nocturnal visits.

The first exhibition there made to me was of a most *ridiculous* nature. The nervous disease, to which I have alluded, affected particularly one of my limbs, and about that limb, in the slightly illumined darkness, sombre figures began to gather—figures of men, dwarfed in stature, clothed in black, with solemn faces, looking as if they never laughed or smiled—as if the very *thought* of indulging in such levity were blasphemy—there they gathered, one by one, on either side my limb, and I looked on in silent amazement. No sooner were they all arranged than they, either by accident or design, turned their faces towards me, and for the first time I recognized them all at once as *ministers*—yes, *veritable ministers*. They then immediately commenced a dance, jumping first one side, then the other, over, under, up and down, changing, balancing, and never for one moment in their mad merriment seeming at a loss for new movements; and what was most singular of all, never for an instant relaxing the stern gravity of their countenances, or forgetting the severe dignity which their ministerial office demanded. This sport was continued a long time, to my infinite amusement, not a word being spoken by any of them, and when they had concluded my entertainment, they vanished as they came, and I saw them no more. Now, was not this a dream? No, for I was perfectly

awake. I even put my hand to my face and half rose in bed, called myself by name—for I almost doubted my identity—and thus fully convinced, I settled back on my pillows, feeling not the slightest inclination to sleep, as indeed I had not during the night, thus far. This was the *comedy*. The *serious* play—although the play of the ministers was *serious* enough in all conscience—was yet to come. But no words of mine can accurately portray the loveliness, the glory, the unspeakable magnificence of that heavenly vision, the art and pencil of a Raphael alone could approximate the reality.

Before me was an open space, and on either side an innumerable company of white-robed saints in two long unbroken lines, extending farther than the eye could reach—lines not straight and stiff, but bending in and out in graceful easy curves, the line which painters call the "line of beauty." Their countenances shone with radiance divine, and music from celestial harps, swept by angelic fingers, held fast my soul in one sweet ecstacy of bliss. At last the train on either hand began to move, upward, ever upward, floating in the liquid ether, like down of silver swan which the evening zephyr wafts along, ever floating, onward, upward, while myriads more came thronging on until the last, still moving on and ever upward, approached that glorious throne which mortal eyes can never look upon, grew less and less and disappeared forever. But long I gazed where I had seen that bright train disappear, longing and sad, yet joyful, for I felt that I had seen such a sight as never before was seen by mortal, and which never *will* be seen again, till the archangel's trump shall wake the sleeping dead, who, in thin robes of spotless white, shall be caught up to be with God. Such was my vision—my real, waking vision—never to be forgotten. It was as if I had caught a glimpse of the dread Hereafter.

Wast ever on the verge of *madness*, reader? Did'st ever feel that, inch by inch, with slow, almost imperceptible motion, the mind was slipping, sinking from its throne, and that no effort of yours could avail one tithe to stop the impending ruin? If not, thank God! and pray to Him earnestly, as you never prayed before, that such terrible experience you may never have. *I have felt it all.* Day after day have I watched with unspeakable horror, the gradual dethronement of my own reason, never quite *wholly* overthrown, but tottering fearfully upon the very brink, awaiting, it seemed, but the merest touch to hurl it forever, a crushed and broken thing into the dread abyss of insanity. For days have I sat and watched my thoughts, which seemed like something that *should* be mine, but which by some most strange and unaccountable process, were taken

from me and placed but just within my reach. My very soul would often seem to be away, I knew not where, and in direst fear have I called to myself to know my *name*. Mechanically would my lips reply, giving the lie to my own thoughts, and then, *then* have I feared with the deepest horror with which man *can* fear, that I was going *mad*. Then friends would speak to me and I would hear and look them in the face, a stupid, staring gaze, such as idiots give when spoken to. Yet all this time I *knew*—knew that I had been addressed, knew it well, but had no power to reply. And now my memory was gone, and then 'twould come again, and go, and come, and I would eagerly inquire if some question had not been asked me. Nor was it my *mind* alone that seemed thus taken from me. My very *limbs* seemed strangers to me. And often in deep uncertainty have I asked myself, are those limbs *mine*? My judgment told me that they *were*, while the fantastic spirit in me whispered, no! Ludicrous—ludicrous in the extreme would these things have been, but for that one horrid thought, that I was going *mad*—that "naught on earth *could* help me, and naught in Heaven *would*."

Such have been some of "My Experiences"—some of them bright and beautiful as a morning in Spring—so calm and sweet a lifetime could not exhaust the bliss; others sufficiently ridiculous and fantastic in themselves to merit a smile but for their horrible "surroundings;" while others still there were, so fearful, gloomy, full of dark foreboding and sort of "nameless dread" of some impending danger, that even now I cannot look back upon them without an inward chill and shudder.

"LOVE is the emblem of eternity; it confounds all notions of time; effaces all memory of a beginning, all fear of an end; we fancy that we have always loved the object of our affection, so difficult is it to imagine how we could have lived without it."—*Madame de Staël.*

"WHAT is Time—if not asked I know; but attempting to explain, I know not."—*St. Augustine.*

NIGHT SCENE IN AFRICA.

The day was almost done. The burning sun
Of Afric's sultry clime was sinking low
Towards the bosom of the deep, which lay
Like molten lead—listless, immovable
Save the deep throbbing of its giant heart
As ever and anon it rose and fell.
The air was hot and dry, and not a breath
Was stirring there to fan the feverish cheek,
Or dissipate the withering, scorching heat.
But though the ocean lay thus motionless
As if oppressed or fascinated by
That dull, red orb of fire, one object still
Was there, not often seen upon that shore,
Far distant even from the farthest bounds
Of Christian life—a ship—but how it came,
Or when or whence or wherefore, none can tell.
But there it lies, safe anchored in the deep.
And all on board are dead, for not a sound
Is heard, or movement there is seen, to break
The dull monotony pervading all.
Are dead? Would Heaven it might be true! But no!
This night will show them living all too well,
With hearts so full of dark malignity
They seem like fiends incarnate more than men.

The shadows of evening are deepening fast,
The dark pall of night is over earth cast,
The cool, spicy breezes from forests are coming,
And millions of fire-crested insects are humming.
The night is most splendid, most gorgeously grand,
The scene has been changed as by fairy wand;
The mighty old forests in solitude standing,
And sweet-scented flowers beneath them are bending.

Within a quiet dell, not distant from the sea,
A dusky mother sits, one infant on her knee,
While others round her play upon the cabin floor—
Ah! let them play their fill, soon they will play no more.

The mother watches them, her little infant brood
Of merry soul and gay, in melancholy mood.
But can it really be, that in her loving heart
A shadow of the thought has come, that they must part?
'Twould almost seem 'twere thus, for yet a little while
She muses silently, then with a pensive smile
She calls them from their sport, and on the evening rings
The sweet, wild warbling strains—the dark browed mother sings:

I.

"Tsadda's banks are green and lovely—
Tsadda's waters gently flow;
Birds of beauty sing so sweetly,
Balmy breezes ever blow.

II.

Music in the shady bowers—
Music in the leafy grove;
Lightly speed the gliding hours
Fraught with innocence and love.

III.

Children in their wild home playing—
Children full of joy and glee;
Dusky mothers near them staying,
Aid their sport right merrily.

IV.

Now the scene is changed sadly—
Now the days of mirth are o'er;
Hearts which beat but now so gladly,
Ne'er will beat with gladness more.

V.

Darkness broods on Tsadda's waters—
Darkness, as it onward runs;
Mothers weeping for their daughters—
Fathers mourning for their sons."

In soft and bird-like cadence the music dies away—
The children's merry laughter, just now so light and gay,
Is heard no longer ringing—in sleep their eyelids close,
And all within the cabin is hushed to sweet repose.

Down the sides of yon dark ship are gliding,
  In deathlike silence, swarthy forms and grim,
O'er the waves, with muffled oars, are riding
  Fierce browed and dark, with eyes to misery dim.
In that hut, where innocence is sleeping,
  And dreaming only dreams of joy and peace,
Fiends intent on horrid deeds, are standing,
  But stern and silent as are yonder trees.

* * * * *

The night wears on—the morning comes
  And shows that mother, frenzy driven—
She'll clasp no more her little ones
  Until they meet at last in Heaven.
Th' accursed spoiler's done his work,
  At thought of which the blood grows cold;
And made that mother's day all dark,
  Her soul o'erwhelmed with grief untold.
Oh! bitter fate! far worse than death
  To be by Slavery's hand oppressed;
To sigh until their latest breath
  For that blest home where they may rest.

LINES.

If others' faults thou canst not brook,
'Twere well if inward thou would'st look,
And think how better far 'twould seem
From thine own eye to pluck the beam;—
But if no secret sin thou own,
Then lift thy hand, and cast the stone,
Then utter thine accusing voice,
Bid angels weep, and hell rejoice.

LEARNING FOR ITS OWN SAKE.

THE activity in all departments of human exertion is busied in the evolution of new truths. The various modifications and applications of inventive skill, called into action by the imperative demands of an advancing civilization, are bringing into knowledge and use new methods by which to effect the ease, comfort and happiness of humanity. The entire activity of the human race is expended in the quest of the highest good; and the notions of this good, and the means for obtaining and realizing it, are as numerous as the individuals whose lives are spent in the search. The multiplicity of enterprises in commercial and mercantile life, the labor in the professions, all those modifications of action in the various pursuits in which men engage, are but a variety of means unto one great end, and that end, the realization of happiness. This may be looked forward to as attainable in part, as wholly within one's reach, or as not to be grasped in a single life-labor, still the necessities that follow close in the track of him who lives earnestly, are ever urging to constant and untiring action. The incessant whirl and excitement of active life, loudly proclaims man's utter dependency. The selfishness and miserly grasping of the individual man are not, by the constitution of things, allowed to trespass on the public good. Individual activity and prosperity are the basis of the welfare of society, because the success of one, must, from the nature of the case, call into action, the energies and highest powers of many, and so in nations—the influence of a well directed commerce makes it felt, that the prosperity of one is necessary to the well being and happiness of all.

This interdependence of relations is the crowning beauty of creation; the inanimate ministering to the animate, the physical to the spiritual, the spiritual ever plunging into the designs of an omnipotent God. Certainly all that pertains to the physical nature finds not an end in itself, and all that ministers to the spiritual does not satisfy its longing desires,

but excites to the attainment of other and higher happiness. Strictly speaking, therefore, whatever is done may be said to be done with reference to an end—the active employment of life, all educational processes, as well as all literary pursuits. But a looser form of expression—which is the more common use of terms—is, that occupations of various sorts are engaged in without reference to any end, ulterior to that of present gratification, or simply as a means of employing time that would otherwise drag wearily along, and thus secure satisfaction in avoiding ennui. The fascination that business has for a man, whose life has been passed in active exertion, when his position is such as to render such business unnecessary to his support, the amusement and excitement of travel, may be classed among those things, which are sought for their own sake, inasmuch as the attendant exertion is not necessitated; precisely similar is the case of those whose independent position affords opportunity for the prosecution of studies and elaborate investigations, which are purely voluntary, undertaken as a means of occupying time, and which, in themselves, furnish the most lively interest and intense satisfaction to those engaged in them. Here, then, is what should be understood by "Learning for its own sake." The characteristic of such acquisitions is, that it is not necessitated. It may be evidenced in untiring efforts in the investigations of new truths, in seeking for theories to harmonize and classify facts in physics or metaphysics, in long and abstruse philological research among languages written and unwritten, in amassing facts in geography and ethnology by extensive travel, in storing the mind with antiquarian novelties, by inquiries in any department of science, literature and the arts, when every other end may be subordinate to the one great end—the fascination of the pursuit itself. The nature and extent of such learning would seem to be influenced almost wholly by external circumstances. All those influences that tend to harass and disturb the mind by bringing it in contact with the contests and struggles of a practical life, must be removed as a preliminary to this sort of study, inasmuch as they would totally unfit it for calm and undisturbed action. The gratification of this passion must supersede and overtop every other aspiration and desire, else it is degraded from its high position, by being sought not so much for its own sake, as it is as a means unto an end, be this end the supplying the necessities of life, or the gratification of ambitious hopes. An independence of all external assistance and an entire absorption of one's self in the pursuit of knowledge are among the requisites for a successful attention to study. "They, whose delight it is to wander through the dark,

dank subterranean passages of by-gone periods, and handle the skulls of dead years, and snuff the musty odors emitted by the decayed and decaying corpses of antiquity," as well as those who are absorbed in profound speculations on the great subject of human thought, and are fighting their way through error and ignorance up to the pure regions of scientific truth, must not be disturbed by the rude assaults and profitless discussions of an unthinking and unappreciating world, but must be content to linger within themselves, rejoicing in their own contemplations, going out now and then to search over the treasures of ancient lore, or to roam, fancy free, over the universe, delighting in its beauties and struggling manfully and alone with the great truths of nature and of God, to return within to commune with the silence of their own souls, neither looking for nor receiving sympathy and encouragement from the rude and gaping world. This study, for the knowledge that may be gained thereby, may be directed whithersoever the fancy leads, and its distinctive character still be maintained. There is not necessarily implied long, patient investigations into any particular department of science, or the evolution of any great systems in physics or in morals; for, to many, this form of application would be tedious in the extreme; while they would find their highest gratification, in the study of mere isolated facts, without any attempt at original investigation, in the search for relics of the early ages, in storing the mind with the histories of nations or the facts and systems of science, all of which would be mere operations of a *recipient* mind, without any reference to their after use as agencies for the development of new truths. Neither is it to be looked for that the quest of knowledge for its own sake will result in any powerful production in the department investigated, or convey to the world any new means for its intellectual or physical amelioration, or exert any practical influence on the world whatsoever; inasmuch as the study is for the sake of it, and is purely a personal matter, sought for wholly as a means of personal gratification, and in no wise obligating the possessor to share it with a mass of men who are careless and unappreciating, or to have the world at all in view either in its pursuit or when the accomplishment may have been fully made. The love of imparting knowledge is by no means identical with the love of the knowledge itself, for in the one case a troop of passions are aroused, which, in the other, are lying dormant, preserving the equanimity of mind.

This enthusiasm for study may be combined with genius, in which is implied something inventive or creative, or it may take possession of the most common place and inferior intellects; still, as has been evidenced

many times in the world's history, such an union of brilliant talents with scholarly patience is always productive of the most absorbing interest in the individual, and of the highest advance in science and the arts. However, the efforts of close attention to study, though they be forced out of a man by necessity and directed to the attainment of a definite end, do not go unrewarded, but are ever effectual; for "perseverance overcomes all difficulties," and a determined, steady and persistent course of action need never meet with defeat, in any quarter to which it may be directed; so that, whether this enthusiasm be wholly natural or entirely feigned, cannot be fully determined by what may be accomplished, from the striking similarity between the results in both cases. Hence it is that the peculiar character of this style of study, requires an earnest search, with a preference for truth, rather than a selfish and partial adherence to argumentation in support of certain favorite theories or hobbies, for there is implied in the very idea of such study, a calm and unbiased attention to truth, which is by far the most acceptable of all nourishment to the mind, and personal gratification is the only end in view. Interest and worldly policy may incline a man to error, and with a complete consciousness of his direction, he may persist in his course, inasmuch as, by that means, he may subserve other and apparently necessary ends; but truth alone can satisfy the human mind, when it leaves the turmoil and harassing cares of life and turns to have its cravings appeased amid the mysteries of knowledge. But, indeed, the speculations of visionary theorists and the varied imaginings of the poets must not be excepted from the occupation of the true scholar, as inconsistent with his professions, for in these visions and airy castles are to be found some of the elements of the highest pleasure, and so wholly removed are they from ministering to any other passion, than that of self-gratification, that they are, in the main, the spontaneous action of the soul and almost incapable of being summoned up at will, flourishing most luxuriantly in the midst of repose and freedom from care. All such investigations in science, and all such accumulations of knowledge, made with reference to no other end than that of the enjoyment to be derived from the value of the possession, and this the highest enjoyment of which the human mind is susceptible and that to which it will be forever aspiring, more and more eagerly as its faculties become expanded and its acquisitions multiplied—serve to show the scope and define the bounds of that "learning" which is sought "for its own sake."

Stability is a necessary condition for the successful prosecution of learning. Literature flourishes and learning advances in a country, in a

direct ratio, with the stability of its government, and its steady advances in the introduction of the civilized arts. In a new country the attention of the people is diverted to many other and important topics. The organization of government, the intricate provision for official and commercial relations with other countries, arrangements for developing and improving the resources of home territory—with all those agencies, which contribute to the satisfaction of its physical wants and necessities, are, in the first years of a nation's growth, in active operation, and nothing is done in the way of education, and no provisions made for the intellectual wants of the people. But this state of affairs can be only temporary; commerce becomes active, legislation wise and equable, wealth increases, the amenities of social life become more numerous.

Under these conditions, the necessity for education and a literature is felt, and the urgent demands of an advancing intelligence are complied with, so that civilization, while it is the condition of a general education and intelligence, also in turn, calls upon the intellect of the country as an inventive agency for supplying the necessities that it continually brings. For, civilization marks the epochs of intellectual vigor, as surely as the conditions of an incompetent and tyrannical government mark the epochs of intellectual torpor and profound ignorance. Irrational deference to authority; slavish respect for custom; subjection to popular prejudices, and that vulgar selfishness which induces men to reject as dangerous, or despise as puerile, all knowledge they do not themselves possess,—these are the causes of ignorance in all ages; and these causes can only be removed by the reaction of a wise and permanent government upon the governed—a government whose policy is not risked and whose designs not thwarted by the addition of the luxuries and conveniences appertaining to the highest civilization. In this way, in regular sequence, the educational process goes on from being a means unto an end, until the permanency and prosperity of the government, and the general intelligence shall admit of learning being an end unto itself, turned from its career of contributing to and satisfying the physical necessities, till it afforded means for gratifying the intellectual wants, and then, assuming its highest position, as sought *for its own sake*. Thus its progress: giving character and honor to a nation, when the stability of the government affords it a secure and permanent home.

The style of learning under consideration does not arise immediately out of a condition of things supported by a stable government and a healthy civilization, but, in consequence of it, undergoes many modifica-

tions. In an age when education is most widely diffused through the masses, and a general intelligence prevails, fewer brilliant lights in science and literature are discoverable, partly by the inferiority of contrast with the prevailing enlightenment, but principally, because the attention of men is so universally directed to investigations for supplying the demands that civilization is making, and this steady occupation with practical life, hinders from that close and peculiar attention to study so necessary for its successful prosecution to an earnest, ardent student; and in most of these special cases of high attainments in learning, under such a constitution of things, we are able to detect a desire for knowledge, founded on the intrinsic worth of study and its fitness in ministering to the highest personal happiness.

So necessary to this style of study is the complete absorption of one's soul in the work, that whatever tends to prevent or destroy this, must of necessity be efficacious in defeating the end. The adequate combination of a proper disposition with a facility of external circumstances is so seldom to be found, that it is easy to account for the scarcity of what may be termed *learned men.*

Wealth, or a settled competency to secure an ample supply for the necessities of life, is the first great desideratum. Nothing tends so much to distract the mind from continuous study, as that sense of dependency consequent upon the ignorance of how the wants of the next week or next year are to be met, and that anxiety in continually providing for the wants of the present. Hence, those students in preliminary courses of study, who are compelled, in connection with those studies, to labor for means to defray their expenses, generally fail of realizing the great ends of such a process of education, and necessarily too, for an unharassed mind, and opportunities for continuous study—two of the most essential requisites for success—they are deprived of. Struggling through and overcoming difficulties betokens an energy and perseverance worthy of any man, but until these difficulties *are* overcome, the mind cannot apply itself successfully to what, indeed, it may have the will. Even if in the preparatory stages of an education the intellectual efforts must, to have full play, be untrammeled by any of these physical hindrances, so much the greater must be the failure of men, in pursuing the higher investigations, when, by hard labor, they are compelled to pay the world for their living in it; for the course of the first may be a quadrennial devotion to the barren task of attention to the crust and shell of an obsolete literature, which has no natural tendency to draw out the proper humanities of our

nature, and in which the mighty influences that teach the youthful mind to think and to feel are often suffered to freeze—but in the latter case the man urged on to an independent course of study by the promptings and longings of his own nature, must have his ardor dampened and his courage weakened by his unwilling efforts to make his knowledge subservient to the end of living; and his learning, instead of being for its own sake, be debased to the more ignoble purpose of providing for the necessities of life. Men of such tendencies to study, if possessed of the purse of a prince,

> "In the prime of early youth,
> Would have shunned the broad way and the green
> And labored up the hill of heavenly truth."

True, there is an intense pleasure in imparting knowledge—in the attempt to elevate and ennoble humanity, but so long as man is driven to such action by necessity, so long must the charm be taken away, and so much the more bitter must be the strivings of the teacher, panting for the free and unrestrained action of his own intellect in the search for truth, and in amassing wealth from the great treasure house of knowledge.

So a government, where national affairs occupy the people little, and in which they play but an inconspicuous part, is highly conducive to a profound learning. Where it is every one's business to acquire notoriety by speaking at public dinners, and bustling after political importance—when political proceedings are many, and fully reported in the newspapers, to meet and dazzle the public eye—where there is a variety of public action and much talk about public action, then is found to be a certain fickleness and instability, which has a tendency to divert from the more staid and sober and constant application, inseparable from, and necessary to, the successful pursuit of knowledge. The excitement of political warfare, the varying interests and constant succession in a democratic government, call all men, more or less, into the arena, and where each man has a voice in the management of affairs, those who have the talent and the power—apart from the ravings of demagoguism—feel it their duty to lend their aid in proclaiming and unfolding the great principles of truth and right to the people, so that the strifes and convulsions in political life are felt throughout the entire nation, and institutions and systems feel the shock as forcibly, and are as much affected thereby, as are the individuals who compose society.

Beyond all these external influences, there is required a certain disposition of mind that is controling with the individual, to render even this

intense desire for study and knowledge successful. Perfectly free from the restraints of prejudice and unwarped by any illegitimate adherence to particular tenets or dogmas—the mind must, at the same time, be totally devoid of all the ambition, that might be marked as a love of excelling, as distinguished from a love of excellence; for although this is the usual motive, by which youth is stimulated, and it is the common motive to action, yet this intellectual gladiatorship does not, and never did influence the noblest minds. That the love of knowledge as such, and for the sake of the pleasure it affords the possessor, is inconsistent with the love of excelling—the offspring of an unhallowed ambition—which at best can be but a temporary motive to the acquisition of knowledge, has been attested to by the wisest and best of men.

And, indeed, this must be the case, for when the assigned limit is gained, or the impossibility of gaining it made manifest, what motive can there be for farther action? Exertion prompted by false and unstable motives must certainly fail of obtaining any high end, when those motives are withdrawn, for what can then be done? "Sed quid ego haec, quae cupio deponere et toto animo atque omni curâ Φιλοσοφειν. Sic inquam in animo est. Vellem ab initio"—were the words of Cicero. Says Burke, "Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season, I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame or honor in the world." "If the riches of both Indies," said the amiable and elegant Fenelon, "if the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid at my feet, in exchange for my love of reading, I would spurn them all." Milton, speaking of young men when they quit the universities: "Now on the sudden transported under another climate to be tossed and turmoiled with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and deluded all this while with ragged notions and babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge: till poverty or youthful years call them importunately their several ways, and hasten them with the sway of friends either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous divinity; some allured to the trade of law, grounding their purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them; but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat, contentious, and flowing fees. Others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy spirit, retire themselves (knowing no better,) to the enjoyment of ease and luxury, living out their days in feast and jollity; which indeed is the wisest and the safest course of all these,

unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the errors, and these are the faults of mis-spending our prime youth at the schools and universities as we do, either in learning mere words, or such things chiefly as were better unlearned."

Another objection to this sentiment, and one which renders it wholly unfit as an incentive to faithful study, is its tendency to dispose the mind to uneasiness, and to generate bad feeling, which dispositions are destructive to all faithful and calm study and contemplation. This is a morbid feeling seeking seclusion, willing to move alone in a narrow sphere, where every achievement must be dwarfed and unimportant, rather than join with others in moving mighty engines where much good might be effected. A scholar's heart cannot be selfish; it must be open, free, confiding, in earnest search for truth from every quarter. Dionysius, the elder, was so angry with Philoxenus for singing, and at Plato for disputing better than he did, that he sold Plato a slave to Aegina, and condemned Philoxenus to the quarries. Plutarch says that, "Nero put the fiddlers to death for being more skillful at the trade than he was." However, this ambition may yet, while it dwarfs the intellects of many and substitutes wrong motives for those that should actuate to study, place some on a vantage ground whence they can go on with success in these acquisitions—but, as the sole impelling motive to action, it is base and unworthy of a noble mind. "Scientific distinctions are absolutely necessary in the present state of society, *because* it is defective. A mere ambitious struggle for college honors through rivalry has induced many a man undoubtedly to enter so far upon philosophical studies, as that their charms unfolding in proportion to his progress have been of *themselves*, at last, sufficient to prevail upon him to go onwards to love science for herself alone."

Thus the scope, end and conditions of the acquisitions of knowledge, as means of intellectual enjoyment, have been defined. Certainly, in this, there is to be found the true idea of literary pursuits. It puts man, as an original, thinking being, endowed with capacities for the highest pleasure, in a position and under circumstances where they may be all supplied, and the ever increasing demands of patient investigation fully met, and opportunities amply provided for the search of truth in all that pertains to nature or art—the works of the Deity or the inventions of His creature man. Then shall next be considered the comparisons of the foregoing statements, with the circumstances and institutions, under which knowledge and learning have flourished, and their votaries arisen and been cherished.

Undoubtedly, the systems of monastic life, that came into existence in the early part of the Christian era, furnished better opportunities for a peaceful and undisturbed pursuit of learning, than any other institution that ever existed. The sinfulness of indulgence, and the duty of industry, were the leading ideas of monastic life, which, while they excluded the occupants from contact with the world, also furnished the fullest scope for the most patient and protracted study. The superstition with which the hearts of men were filled, excited and fostered by the self-denials of those who had incarcerated themselves voluntarily in these "mouldering cradles of asceticism," and underwent all sorts of affliction and penance that they might be free from contact with the world and its allurements, and without spot or blemish—contributed largely to endow them, so that the pity of the world for these martyrs of duty, gave them the means of supplying their scanty wants, and thus, also, ample opportunity for searching into the histories of the past, and preserving unharmed, through the stormy political and civil strifes of the early and middle ages the records of ancient and contemporary lore.

In these monasteries toiled the patient men of letters to whose solitary labors we are indebted for what we know of the history of the middle ages. They were the sole depositaries of learning in those times. To men who loved laborious research for its own sake, and for the pleasure which they found in preserving old records from obscurity for the information and use of future ages, the monastic system afforded an encouragement, which no other establishment had yet supplied. Supported by this, these devotees to study were enabled to follow their meritorious pursuits.

It was in the monasteries of the Levant that many of the Christian fathers worked out those doctrinal expositions which have remained of uncontested authority. In those centuries of ignorance that preceded the invention of printing, every abbey of the Benedictines had its library or scriptorium, where silent monks were employed from day to day, and month to month in making transcripts of valuable works, particularly of the Scriptures. Not only were the copies of the Holy Scriptures multiplied and diffused by means of their labors, but for the preservation of many classical remains of inestimable value, we are wholly indebted to their zeal and fidelity.

Poetry, history and rhetoric, all antiquarian, scientific and critical knowledge were studied and taught in these silent homes of devotion and learning, and here, inasmuch as the world outside was filled with the blindest credulity, in the midst of which learning was not, and could not be advanced.

Here, as monks, the great scholars of those ages lived and labored. The amount accomplished by these assiduous men is well nigh incredible, when put over against the paltry labors of modern scholars. Don Luc D'Achery, a Benedictine Monk, made a compilation from the libraries of France of the more rare and valuable letters, poems, charters and chronicles relating to ecclesiastical affairs, which had been deposited in these reservoirs of knowledge, either in later or remoter ages. These gleanings—for they were published under the name of Spicilegium—extend to over thirteen quarto volumes.

Another of these tremendous literary undertakings was the compilation of the "Acta Sanctorum ordinis Sancti Benedicti"—the encyclopedia of Monasticism. During forty successive years, the monks in St. Germain had been accumulating a body of materials for a complete history of their order—of such variety and magnitude, as to extinguish the hope and baffle the exertions of all ordinary men, in any attempt at their classification and arrangement.

Having, at length, found in Mabillon, one fitted to "grapple with whole libraries," they committed to him the Titanic labor of hewing out of these rude masses, an enduring monument to the glory of Benedict, and of his spiritual progeny. No literary prodigy, of any age, shows anything more marvelous than the composition of that book by a single man. "It will live in perpetual honor and remembrance as the great and inexhaustible reservoir of knowledge respecting the ecclesiastical, religious, and monastic history of the middle ages; like some rich geological deposit, from which the genius of history may hereafter raise up, and irradiate the materials of a philosophical survey of the institutions, habits and opinions which have been transmitted from those remote generations to our own." The object in quoting these instances has been merely to show the powerful influence the monasteries exerted, toward the promotion of literary research, and the opportunities they afforded for extensive learning.

Another absolutely prodigious psychological phenomenon, was to be found in the bibliographical appetite and digestion of Magliabechi, librarian to the Grand Duke of Florence, of whom it was said, "Is unus bibliotheca magna," that being the anagram to his Latinized name, Antonius Mogliabechius. Another man at once so book-learned, so dirty and so ill-favored, could not have been found in the whole of Christendom.

The Medicæan library was his study, his refectory and his dormitory, though except in the depth of winter, he saved the time of dressing and undressing by sleeping in his clothes and on his chair, his bed serving the

while for an auxiliary book stand. However, Magliabechi had learned whole libraries, as most men would learn a book, and was a walking encyclopedia and dictionary of reference for all the savans of Europe.

These illustrations serve to evince, what was before stated in a more general form, that the genius and institutions of the government modify greatly the condition and extent of learning among the governed—the more solid and stable, encouraging to the highest excellence, and the most wondrous performances; the more unsettled and wavering, not only not affording encouragement, but taking away all motive to such exertion.

The circumstances of scholars—unconnected with any national or monastic institutions—in that they will be found to embrace a competency or even a luxury in living and a freedom from the strifes of political life,—also fully attest the same principle. However much the mere force of an unyielding energy will do for a man in overcoming difficulties, and in raising him from obscurity, perhaps, to a position of honor and emolument, yet it is only when such a position is gained, that he can enter upon a course of study, with a zest and excitement that shall animate his whole being, and wholly identify him with his work. At whatsoever period of life this position may be obtained, whether earlier or later, *that* will be the time when this passion can be encouraged and allowed its full force, and only then. Such was the case with Hall, Milton, Niebuhr, Scott, Gibbon, Bacon, and a host of others. No one ever felt the misfortunes of his condition, which was one of dependency, more keenly than did Bacon, who, while compelled from the meagre condition of his finances to enter into offices of state, and to seek for promotion and a competency merely—as he repeatedly says—that he might be able to prosecute his inquiries without the anxiety of harassing cares, and with a mind free to act, and go whithersoever it would. It would have been well for philosophy, had he accepted a Cantabrigian scholarship, offered him in the early part of his professional career, and not allowed himself to be led into the multiplied duties of high political station. Gibbon, at the close of his "Decline and Fall," speaks of it as "a work which *amused* and exercised near twenty years of his life." So with Galileo and Newton, so with the literati of Germany and France that have burrowed deep into metaphysic lore, so with Humboldt, that scientific veteran and enthusiast in travel, so with Cuvier, the results of whose labors still adorn the Jardin Des Plantes, and so with all who have arisen to great eminence by their profound investigations into any department of science or of art, it will be found that the fullest opportunity was afforded them for

their utmost exertion, and under such conditions that their work was *amusement*, not *labor*.

From these considerations and illustrations, it will appear that a successful prosecution of study is inconsistent with confused and harassing external circumstances. Quiet and peace of mind are absolutely necessary for this work. The deep mysteries of nature will be unread, and the histories of nations unsought for and unreflected on, if poverty and want are to stare in the face the earnest seekers after truth. The mind can be occupied with but one thing at once, and as distracting topics are intruded on it, so in proportion do the chances lessen for its growth.

The advantages that the universities of the continent afford for profound scholarship are many and great. The extensive endowments of these consecrated seats of learning furnish means to men of the highest ability to push their inquiries to any extent, into any and every department of science and literature, and a large part of the scholarship of Europe, will be found to have been fostered under the protection of these universities. The libraries, cabinets and museums, as well as talent and available wealth connected with them, leave no want unsupplied in those whose pleasure is found in the acquisition of knowledge among these classic shades.

In this country, however, the case is widely different. With no institutions of learning, directly aided or supported by the government, the unsettled condition of public affairs, arising out of the rapidly increasing power, wealth and population of the country, and the peculiar form of the government, in which the people act so conspicuous a part, have not as yet allowed that stability so necessary to the sustenance of a high scholarship. Besides, the comparatively uniform distribution of property among the people, and the general intelligence, have made too great drains upon the educated, in demanding their attention to the circulation of knowledge among the masses, by the press, and through the media of schools and colleges.

This philanthropic sentiment has been too often accompanied by the necessity of personal support to allow of any very extensive individual researches, and hence, although we may have shown to the world that republican institutions are favorable to the general intelligence, yet we have not yet shown that they give needful encouragement to high scholarship, by placing our universities under national protection; still, when the country is older, and a classic literature of its own is established, it may safely be expected that we shall not fall behind other countries in the extent and variety of our learning.

Individual instances of high literary accomplishments are indeed very rare, arising out of the inadequate provisions made for the support of those who are connected with our literary institutions as instructors. True, the fascinations of knowledge as such may have had some influence, and may still have; but this influence is very limited, as the present state of learning in the country gives full proof.

From these general views on the nature and scope of this, the highest form of study, and the circumstances under which it may be prosecuted successfully; it will be seen how unjust and inapplicable are the slurs of critics and wiseacres among the literati, on the general spirit and tendency of American education and the so-called prostitution of learning to the base ends of money making. This democratic state of affairs, wherein benefices and livings, and the long grade of fat offices are unknown, necessitates the subordinacy of excellence in the learned professions to the demands for a livelihood. When men live easily, then the slurs of a low state of learning, may come aptly, but not otherwise.

The utilitarian spirit of the times, carrying everything forward to the accomplishment of some object; the various philanthropic movements, having in view the amelioration of humanity, with the demands made on the inventive genius of the country by the necessities of an ever increasing civilization, bring the value of all action down to the question of what it may be able to accomplish or in what practical good it may result—so that the purest and most noble form of study cannot be looked for, in these times, to any great extent.

The young men who congregate in our colleges, for the purpose of fitting themselves for useful action, and for entrance into a position, established and demanded by the general enlightenment of society, spend their energies in the acquisition of means bearing directly upon the attainment of a certain end, be that end the salvation of men, in opposing the encroachments of iniquity and oppression, or be it success in the other learned professions or in other departments of literature or science; and they, who have the end most constantly and clearly in view, judge best of the means and are the most successful. This sagacity comes to be regarded as a quality of mind superior to profundity, and, for all the purposes of life, of itself, sufficient. So whatever defects there may be in the systems of education, according to which young men are preparing themselves for active life—at least with as many as have any system at all—still the general idea of making all their efforts concentrate upon the great end to be accomplished in life, is a good one—one that must, if followed out, ensure success, and

one that is demanded by the spirit of the age. The world is to be ameliorated; social position must be maintained; influence is to be gained as a requisite to work upon the minds of men;—then, the duties of living must be met and performed, and learning and knowledge exterior to what is positively demanded, is not sought after, cannot, will not be cherished and loved for its own sake, so long as society makes her frequent demands upon the individual, and so long as the hope of ameliorating the human race, brings men out from the seclusion of their studies into the field of action. Humanity urges a man to lay aside the desire for self-gratification, for the nobler purpose of redeeming the race from the thraldom of error into the liberty of truth.

"Unhappy mortal," says Schiller to the literary tradesmen who write for gain, "Unhappy mortal, that with science and art, the noblest of all instruments, effectest and attemptest nothing more, than the day drudge with the meanest! That in the domain of perfect freedom bearest apart in these the spirit of a slave." True, the end of literature is not to gratify in any shape, the selfishness of its professors, to minister to their malignity, their love of money, or even fame; but the treasures of literature are celestial, imperishable, beyond all price; and to be among the guardians and servants of this is the noblest function that can be entrusted to a mortal; yet, "Bread must come from brain," and learning is not prostituted by those who labor in the cause of humanity, in developing the highest principles of man's nature, and aid in circulating truth, and promoting literature to the high place it should hold in the general estimation—even if all this is done for the sake of bread, even if it is a means unto an end, and that end, gain.

The labor of getting bread from brain, is often a racking, torturing labor, it may agonize the soul, and sink the body into an early grave—yet it is not without a blessing. Individual satisfaction is not the only legitimate end to be consulted in the pursuit of learning: yet individual interest may, with justice, hold a conspicuous place, where this interest is maintained in the endeavor to bring about the great humanizing ends of truth, and with an earnest desire to promote the welfare of Society.

"A SENTENCE hath formed a character, and a character subdued a kingdom."—*Tupper.*

"PLURIBUSTAH."

If we were packing up a case of books, to be sent down in the line of our descendants,—and opened a thousand years hence,—one of the works we should put in the box would be "Pluribustah." Not for its merit as a literary performance would we put it there, for it has none,—nor for the lessons which it might be expected to convey,—nor for anything in itself. It has already slunk into oblivion by the backway, while the poem which it parodies has at all events merit enough to hold its head up, for a long time to come, on the literary exchange.

We should transmit it to posterity as affording a remarkable illustration of the habits of the times. In no age, surely, before this, in which the saying of Solomon is almost literally true, "Of making many books there is no end," would such a book as this have been sent out into the world. But it is one of many, which no author in former days would have written, and which, if written, would never have received the imprimatur of the long-named magnates of Paternoster Row. The trash that appears under the general title of "works of fiction,"—the biographies, religious and irreligious, of the most common-place of common-place men, women, and children, ministers, saints, and infidels, with whom admiring relatives, doting parents, or zealous philanthropists, desire to couple their own names in a vain stretch for immortality,—the "Travels," "Wanderings," "Sketches," "Recreations," which every hard-worked and ill-paid minister, sent away by his parish to enjoy a few weeks' vacation in Europe, must needs put forth for the edification of the world in general, and his own flock in particular,—all indicate a facility of publication, and a falling off in the dignity of the press, that would astonish our fathers. Poor old fogies!—they little thought, when in the old Cathedral Church they gathered around the lectern to which was chained the solitary Bible of the parish, that the new agency which excited their admiration and for which they felt grateful as the means of securing the limited privileges of reading which they then possessed, would ever become so extensive in its application as the publication of "Pluribustah" indicates that it has.

Where shall it stop? What, in the wide range of possible compositions, will be too frivolous, or too ephemeral to be transferred to the printed page? We shall shortly have the prattle of infants published for the entertainment of distant relatives,—and a few years hence, may hope to see the vacant shelves of the College Library filled up with portly folios, containing the "Transactions of the Sophomore Class."

Surely, this extraordinary activity of the press is not an infallible index of a corresponding increase in the healthy activity of the mind of the age. We confess it rather seems to us that whereas our ancestors subjected their thoughts to a process of careful selection,—of riddling through a fine sieve,—reserving for the world only those that are worth the keeping,—we differ from them, not in thinking more, but in saying all we think, and printing all we say.

But the strongest feeling which the perusal, or rather the attempted perusal of "Pluribustah" has induced in our minds, is one of intense disgust for all parodies. They constitute a most unfair weapon of criticism. From the nature of the case they cannot do justice to a production,—they cannot bring out its beauties, but only lay open its salient points. It may be said, indeed, that criticism is not their object. If it is not, then they have not a solitary shadow of excuse or propriety. They are worse than piracy,—they add insult to injury.

If there is one thing more than another which is calculated to offend a correct literary taste, it is a parody. It is a contemptible contrivance for exciting a laugh,—not by any effusion of genuine wit, but by suggesting to the mind absurd analogies;—deriving its force from that very element of seriousness or sublimity in the piece parodied, which ought to have saved it from such desecration. It requires a very limited command of language, and no poetic talent, to so change the application of the finest verses of the poet, as to denude them of their own elevating influence, and make them suggestive of no higher emotions than the coarsest witticisms of the buffoon.

It is to be hoped, then, that notwithstanding the antiquity of the parody, for the Greek derivation of the word proves it to be very ancient,—and notwithstanding the frequency of its use, a truer appreciation of the amenities of literature will become so far prevalent, as to prevent the world of writers and readers being insulted by another "Pluribustah."

ARCHITECTURE.

WHILE the American people have obtained a proud distinction in naval architecture, in the invention and perfection of all kinds of machinery which facilitate industrial and commercial operations, and in the erection of costly and beautiful public works, they have been unsuccessful in the construction and adornment of their own dwellings. Most of the specimens of our domestic architecture, which advance any pretensions to taste and elegance, are clumsy and imperfect imitations of Grecian or English models. This difference can be explained only by the fact that the former are designed by men who have thoroughly examined the science while private citizens usually act as their own architects. They appear to think as much preparation and study is not necessary to form the plan of a fine structure as to comprehend and master the duties of ordinary trades; whereas it is a work which can exercise the nicest perceptions and the most consummate skill. All admire, and, to a certain extent, appreciate a tasteful and appropriate building; but there is abundant reason to apprehend, that popular opinion needs, not only to be corrected and educated in regard to the various styles of architecture, but that it greatly underrates the general importance of the subject. If a house is not externally hideous, and if it affords adequate protection from the assaults of storms and cold with any tolerable provision for the physical convenience of its occupants, the multitude are likely to consider its ends as accomplished. They overlook the higher interest of its relation to social habits and moral refinement. They are ignorant that it is an efficient and valuable part of a comprehensive educational system which commences with the first action of reason and terminates only with the cessation of her powers. And yet, as surely as the configuration of any country, the nature of the climate and the quality of the soil, will modify the character of the nation, as surely as our companions will transfer to

us something of their faults or virtues; so surely will the house in which we live, with its arrangements and surroundings, assist or impede the improvement of our tastes, sympathies and principles. Probably nothing would be more effective to reform and elevate the vicious, the intemperate, the insolent of America and Europe to-day than to confer on every family a home in which, not coarseness and deformity, but neatness and beauty should be expressed in every object. It is as unreasonable to expect a tropical flower to grow and bloom amid arctic snows, or the rich corn of the New England farmer to flourish luxuriantly in an African desert, as to expect a character of purity, sensibility and virtue to be produced in a loathsome hovel. The one thing or the other may transpire; but only through the strenuous exertion of artificial agencies and in opposition to all the laws and elements of nature.

The distinct styles of architecture are few; the modifications of them innumerable. Which is suitable, will be determined mainly by the state of society, by the character of the owner, and by the appearance of the country. Undoubtedly those grand old castles of England and Scotland, with their massive walls and somber, boding towers, were builded with good taste: certainly they were if the standard here assumed be correct. They harmonized with the neighboring scenery, with the means and position of the owners and with the organization of society. In their magnificence and strength they were fit abodes for a wealthy baron who possessed whole provinces and hundreds of retainers, at a period when there was no defense for property or life but physical power, because civil and family feuds were agitating the land, and mountain chieftains and freebooters plundered and murdered with such recklessness and inhumanity as they are represented to have done, in the dramatic histories of Walter Scott. Their spacious halls accommodated the coarse, vigorous, unstinting hospitality of that enchanting age. Hereditary and accumulated wealth was sufficient to preserve their ornaments, their furniture, their stately parks and ample grounds from neglect and decay. But when society changed from the feudal system with all its attendants to its present constitution, architecture changed also: and there is no more interesting passage in Macaulay's History than that in which he compares the houses, the living, the opinions and the pursuits of the ancient, warlike baron and the modern English gentleman.

Taste finds also in the selection and adjustment of external decorations an expansive and propitious field for the exercise of its faculties and the display of its achievements. As the richness of a jewel may be heightened

by the setting, so the beauty of an edifice may be assisted or its deformity relieved by trees and lawns and flowers. The love of the people for these and the ingenuity and judgment with which they employ them to beautify their homes is a delightful feature in the rural life of England. Indeed, the Englishman is far more skillful than the American in giving to his house an expression of fitness and in the use of external means to promote his domestic repose and enjoyment. Our people are so heterogeneous; their independent political existence has been so brief that they have not yet acquired a national architecture. But as their character shall become crystalized and solidified; as their idiosyncrasies shall become developed and fixed; as their wealth shall be increased and their consequent desire to expend it for comfort and embellishment shall be stimulated, they will inevitably elaborate a "representative style of art." Circumstances supply favorable opportunities and powerful inducements. The just distribution of property enables the industrious and the frugal to provide themselves with the requisite means; and nature, with profuse generosity, presents throughout our country myriads of sites which charm the eye of the artist. The beauty of many of these is now marred by an uncouth and homely dwelling as would be a picture of the Italian masters by one stroke of a novice's pencil. But as we shall exchange the stirring activity of a young, for the sober dignity of an older government, we shall cherish an attachment for more refined and unostentatious pleasures; we shall infuse more grace and spirit into our social relations, and we shall inaugurate this bright era of a more elegant and liberal development by seeking to diminish the discordancy now existing between the temples which we inhabit and the one which God has framed.

"A MAN may read all his life, and form no conception of the rush of a mountain torrent or the waving of a forest of pines in a storm; and a man may study in his closet the heart of his fellow-creatures forever, and have no idea of the power of ambition or the strength of revenge."

D'Israeli.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A COLLEGE MAG.

BY AN EX-EDITOR.

THE binder has just sent in the completed volumes of the QUARTERLY arrayed in a durable vesture, with that degree of ornamental finish which accords with the dignity of the contents and of the station they are henceforth to take upon the library shelf. Beside them stand other volumes of other college periodicals, memorials of undergraduate literary enterprise in years long agone. To every alumnus in whom the filial spirit still beats strong, these are treasures not easily estimated in current coin. They give life to fading recollections. They are authentic reproductions of a whole world of thoughts and imaginations, of peculiar cares and hopes and aspirings, which he has outlived, but which the memory of his former self forbids him to regret or disown. But I claim for myself a nearer interest in the QUARTERLY. It is a work that carries forward a succession, some of whose precious links I had a hand in forging. A share of responsibility for the character of one of those periodicals that from time to time have transiently sought to connect old Williams with the "reading public," fell upon my shoulders;—and ah! how weighty seemed the burden! Not the organ-grinder for an administration, not the Jupiter of a metropolitan "thunderer," not the chief-inquisitor of a critical review, ever felt more awful than WE, when set by the suffrage of the students upon their editorial tripod. The future was dim, but the clouds that hid it from the sight were like the clouds of sunset, from which fancy weaves landscapes of more than earthly beauty.

When first sounded on the feasibility of sustaining a college magazine —for I claim none of the honors of origination—I looked only to the pecuniary liabilities of the undertaking. Great therefore was the shock

to our—vanity (shall I say?—or our pride in behalf of the college—or merely our youthful bashfulness?) when our worthy President, in answer to a request for his advice, expressed a doubt whether we could provide the requisite amount of reading matter! That *was* a cold shower. True, the number of students at that time was very much smaller than at present. But we ran over the names of those whose pieces awakened applause in the literary societies, the "good writers" and "good speakers," whose comparative merits excited the zeal of rival coteries, and it was hard to convince us that the rays of such a constellation of talent would not together shed brilliancy upon any number of pages. Hard! it was impossible. We knew better. So, for a few weeks, we voted the President an old fogy. To do him justice, he fortified his opinion by certain reasons which would have convinced anybody but the very class of persons then and there needing to be convinced; and he very kindly assured us of his interest in such a publication and of his sense of its value, *if* it could be sustained. He was a prompt subscriber, and (as we had reason to know) a frequent, if not "constant reader."

But before he had had the opportunity to read three numbers, we began to feel the difficulty he had warned us of. We found out, as he had said, that there was a great difference between a "composition" for a college exercise—in which the substance is devised for the sake of cultivating the style—and an essay for publication, in which style is only a means of reaching the public and communicating what one has to say. We found that men who were always prompt to fulfill college appointments were very infrequent contributors to the magazine. The amount of thought and study required for success in literary exertion was not as often practicable, under the pressure of college duties, as we had idly imagined. Somewhat to our surprise, instead of an editorial convocation sitting in solemn judgment on a huge mass of contributions, candidates for our imprimatur, we formed a partnership of greedy solicitors, pressing for help in every quarter, glad to accept anything that was tolerable, and not seldom admitting what was of no value but for filling up. O, the headaches and the heart-aches, the discouragement and the downright despair, that so often made us groan in spirit as the printer called for "copy!" The painful effort to hide what any one could see with half an eye! The bitter smiles with which we invented the titles of imaginary pieces, with fictitious signatures, the work of certain ideal "correspondents," to whom we addressed tart or droll "notices" at the end of the "Editor's Table!" The sort of literary ventriloquism attempted by some of us,—writing

now under one and now under another signature, and in diverse styles, now pompous, now familiar, now glittering with attempted brilliancy, now affecting an austere plainness of diction—sometimes with sentimental sugarliness, sometimes smart and spicy—in prose and verse, pathos and bathos, cold correctness or most laborious oddity! Indeed, the poverty of our resources led to measures, right enough in a degree, which became by excess somewhat questionable.

There flourished at that time in the village two recent graduates engaged in studying law. One of these had been a "good writer" in college, eminent in the literary society, and always "eloquent" on demand. He was a great talker when he had good listeners, and with those who did not understand how little knowledge is needed to make talk, he passed for a person of vast information. He really possessed an uncommon memory, which gave him the instant use of what he knew; a very catholic taste, in virtue of which he took pleasure in more sorts of knowledge than often have attractions for one mind; and a trick of remembering the titles and tabular contents of books, which enabled him to give authentic references to a hundred times as many authors as he had ever actually studied—qualities which are highly appreciated among students, who so often have to think up or read up "subjects." He was early retained as a sort of supernumerary editor and constant contributor. He affected "solidity" of style, but had been detected in verse-writing, and was not averse to the repute of wit and humor. His fellow student-at-law was also more noted for literary than for scholarly attainments. He was avowedly poet, artist, connoisseur, "man of the world," a writer of prize tales, hugely read in poetry and fiction and light literature generally. For heavier reading he had small liking. He detested labor, and was proud of making impromptus, fruit of the "inspiration of genius." He had much liveliness of mind, a quick eye for some things and a pretty ready pen.

One of these worthies, as I have said, was engaged in form as an assistant to his undergraduate brethren. The other was a volunteer, whose zeal was quite welcome. By degrees the editors in college found the burden oppressive, their village assistant became more and more recognized as a principal, until he found a very considerable share of the responsibility, he hardly knew how, rolled upon his shoulders. When this result was reached, he naturally became less punctilious about the source of his materials. It was easier to draw on his own companion in study than to drum up articles in college. The pair sweetened their

Blackstone and Kent with all manner of literary sports, the fruit of which was published under the responsibility of "the Students of Williams College." They had relations with other alumni, who now and then lent a hand. Sometimes one-half, or more, of the contents of a number came in this way from without the college; and in fact, at one very "dry" time, out of the whole number of articles in one issue of the magazine, only one or two were by students. Thus we slipped the yoke from our necks, and found the art of editing a periodical by proxy—a happy end of the trouble, was it not?

Not exactly. For, in the first place, our *collaborateurs* were deficient in what was most essential to the character of a college periodical—scholarship. They had "small Latin and less Greek." When they tried to assume the scholastic garb, they were as awkward as Sir John Falstaff in petticoats. "Fizzling" may be got over in the recitation-room, if practise has only hardened the face to it, but to fizzle in print, and that when speaking for a college, is quite another matter. And to what atrocious uses the poor classics came, in the hands of these bunglers! When a quotation did not occur to them they made no scruple of manufacturing a Latin phrase—and such Latin! It was enough sometimes to make one's flesh creep. Law-Latin worthy of Lord Kenyon, whose "Amo stare super antiquas vias" woke the mirth of Westminster Hall, and whose "*Apparently* latet anguis in herba" has become a classic among bulls—canine Latin, worthy of the catalogus Med. Fac.—were among the perennial beauties of *our* periodical. Then, secondly, they undertook to do so much, that their English was almost as negligent as their Latin. They wrote in haste, and we, the sponsors of their effusions, repented at leisure. And finally, they felt at the end of a year that they had had enough of it, and withdrew; our successors in office were relegated to the students for supplies; the students had not known what it was to assume so large a responsibility and proved unequal to it; and so, from having unwisely leaned too much in the first instance on outside help, they gave up the effort, and the magazine "died a yearling."

Such, at least, was my interpretation of so sudden a stoppage. There were also pecuniary difficulties; and there may have been other reasons which would have caused an early failure. The result was no dishonor to the parties concerned. The truth is, the work was too large. It was no light thing to furnish over five hundred octavo pages per annum, and the cost of so extensive a publication was serious. The printer's bill was over four hundred dollars a year, and the subscription list of a college

magazine must be larger than was ever secured for that to make both ends meet.

We had our full share of the trouble with poor printing that the first numbers of the *Quarterly* testified to. I have nothing to say against the printers. They did according to their means. The stock of a country newspaper office is seldom very extensive. Then there were blemishes in the execution for which the printers were not responsible. The proof-reading was at fault. The task of revising a sheet so as to ensure entire accuracy is hard enough even to those who have had some experience. But a novice finds it impossible. I remember the busy anxiety with which we searched the proofs of our first number, and the satisfaction with which they were dismissed, in the full confidence that it was "all right." Alack and alas! When the deed was done you might have "heard a noise." It was mysterious beyond conjecture how so many blunders could have passed under so many eyes without detection. But the art of printing is verily a "black art." No wonder its inventor was accused of dealings with the devil. But the fiend that vexed us was a "merry devil." Some of the tricks which we seasonably detected made us good sport E. g. a writer who had spoken grandiloquently of Scotland as "the land of the heather," found that Calvinistic kingdom described in the proof-sheet as "the land of the *heathen*." Another who had quoted from Byron,

> "The sea bounds beneath him like a steed
> That knows his rider,"

found the types reading, "like a *stud*,"—a very natural error for a dull compositor to make, but one that we thought ourselves happy in being able to keep out of the published sheets.

A college periodical throws light on the literary tastes of the students. Young writers are imitators, almost invariably though it may be unconsciously. Their composition indicates their reading. The style they aim at discloses the object of their admiration. In our day the "modern British Essayists"—Macauley, Carlyle, Wilson, Sir James Stephen, &c., were the rage. Accordingly one may trace in our pages the influence of those masters, in passages which the writers might have penned without a thought of following any model. Their ears were attuned to the rythm, and their periods rolled to the same cadence. Here and there, too, appear essays that have a suspicious air of following Lamb—at a safe distance of course—or Coleridge, in his gorgeous and sometimes lachrymose periods;—"affectations, look you," but so habitual to youth, writing with

no aim that reaches beyond the exercise of composition and the pleasure of being read, that they may be called natural affectations.

But it would be unpardonable to make this paper a mere catalogue of errors and misfortunes, of defects and blemishes. I make bold to say that there was good writing in those days among "our contributors." At that era composition stood very high—perhaps too high, relatively—in the ambitious regards of the students. The man who could present a good essay or deliver a good oration received a degree of applause that was sufficient to console some for their less honorable standing as scholars. Were I, as Speaker Onslow used to threaten, "to name names," I could enumerate some whose "'prentice hands" were engaged in our little periodical, that have since spoken to a larger public, in reviews, in leading literary magazines, as correspondents of metropolitan journals. There were men among us who *thought*. They were no mere scribblers. If there was crudeness in their conceptions, that is no wonder, for they were beginners; but they began right, thinking for themselves and preferring their own ideas, however rude, to any borrowings however splendid. It is chiefly as a stimulus to original mental activity that a college magazine has value. There are some, it may be admitted, whose literary propensities need chastening and guidance rather than incitement. They are more than sufficiently disposed to speak before they have anything worth saying,—to go to market with so slender a stock that buyers will scarcely look. But on the other hand there are too many whose studies begin, continue and end, with mere acquisition. They have but little notion of anything they have to *do* with their knowledge. It is worth much for them to practise the art of applying it to those questions of life with which they must wrestle if they would vindicate their own manhood. For this the students' magazine gives scope and stimulus. Every such publication, however humble its pretensions, does a work for the future which the present can hardly appreciate. But the present also has its just claims to honor, and I am sure that the *Quarterly* may with good reason have a hearty welcome from all who desire the prosperity of old WILLIAMS, without the need of drawing upon the credit of to-morrow.

"PLEASURE, we both agree, is man's chief good;
Our only contest, what deserves the name."—*Young*.

HUMAN NATURE.

It may be interesting to the philosopher to trace the component parts of masses of matter down to the minutest atom. It may be interesting to the chemist, to resolve gases into their simplest elements. It may be interesting to the astronomer to lay hold of the effects of gravitation, and with this clue to thread the labyrinth of the spheres, and discover the precise influence of each upon the whole. But the philosopher, the chemist, and the astronomer, in common with the veriest rustic that gapes in wonder at the announcement of their discoveries, have a study yet more interesting, an investigation yet more practical.

"The noblest study of mankind is *man*." And the student who confines his attention to physical, to the neglect of moral science—who thoroughly investigates all the operations of nature, but neither regards the great first cause and motive power of all, nor studies their relations to mankind, is as irrational as if he should examine and admire the complicated machinery of an ocean steamer, and inquire neither what moved the ponderous mass, nor what was the object of its motion. It is because of the practical relation of masses of matter to man, that the philosopher traces their ultimate particles to the fourteen-millionth part of an inch. Not for its own sake does the chemist watch the gathering electricity, but that he may lure the lightning from the sable sky, and lay the iron track on which it may travel harmlessly. Not for its own sake does the astronomer keep his sleepless watch on the movements of the stars, but that he may map out on the heavens a track for the earthly mariner.

But it is not so with the study of human nature. Other things are studied because of their relations to mankind, man alone is worthy of study for his own sake, and because in him are faintly seen the lineaments of his Creator. And the investigation of individual character is interesting to each one, from the mutual resemblance which exists among the members of the great human family. "As in water face answereth to face," so the "heart of man to man."

It is probable that the same elements exist in the characters of all men, but variously developed and combined. As all the material atoms,

so far as we can judge from analogy, are spherical, and yet are combined into every conceivable variety of form, so the differences which exist in the characters of different men, may be accounted for by the various developments and combinations of the elements of character. Once these elements were mingled in their due proportion, and our first parent came forth from the hand of his Creator, a perfect man; but his sons have ever struggled, toilsomely, yet not altogether fruitlessly, to restore the pristine equilibrium. And this struggle must go on for ever, under the present system of things. The balance of the moral faculties has been destroyed—the sweetest instrument in the universe of God is out of tune—and while the song of the morning stars has not been hushed, and the music of the regularly rolling spheres still wakes the echoes of infinity, there emanates from this earth of ours the only discordant note in the harmonies of the universe. And yet it may be that the Hand which brought order out of chaos can so strike across the harp-strings of creation, as to combine even the discord of earth with the rich notes that swell up from other portions of the universe, and thus increase the general effect—and that the concordance of sweet sounds might be perceptible to a more refined and spiritual ear than ours. But it is more probable that the part which our earth bears in the vast choirs, is that for which harsh combinations of sounds are sometimes introduced into musical compositions, to increase, by contrast, the harmony of the rest.

Who shall say, then, that the direction and degree of peculiarities in individual character are matters of merely personal interest? It does not follow that they are not to be developed, but it does follow that they are to be developed with a view to the general effect. Variety and harmony are not incompatible. The painting which pleases the eye, is not that in which a dull uniformity of color, and a shadowy indistinctness of outline, give an air of confusion and indefiniteness to the whole picture—but that in which every figure stands out in well-defined relief, and the judicious blending of tints imparts richness of effect. So in society, it is not a surrender of one's own individuality to a vague idea of correspondence, but a proportionate development of one's own peculiar self, with a view to filling the place for which the Creator designed it, that promote the general harmony.

Precisely here is the evil of pride, ambition, and every kind of selfishness. It exalts self at the expense of society, instead of laboring for the elevation of the whole. Society demands an abnegation, not of self, but of selfishness.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

SOBER men generally have the reputation of being ill-natured and honest. Now no two things are more at war with each other than ill-nature and honesty; but we sometimes associate them together. An honest man will sometimes be sober, but some sober men are never honest: I mean some that have a sober expression on their countenances. Sober looking men may be divided into three classes. The first class consists of those who put on the expression, *of necessity*, because nature has so arranged their physical structure that all the emotions affect it in the same way. Joy and sorrow, benevolence and selfishness, good nature and the passions, are all compelled to lie concealed beneath this universal monotony. Such men never laugh, in accordance with the original intention of that form of expression. They sometimes try, but the result affects you, as you are affected when you see a little green tree in the midst of a broad barren desert; or when a little mellow light shines out from a narrow opening in the storm cloud, the gloom of the desert, and the awful majesty of the clouds form a strange contrast with the little life of the tree, and the beauty of the cheerful light, and you feel that it is a solemn mockery for the feeble emotions of beauty excited by the one, to contend with the more powerful emotions of awful sublimity excited by the other. These men are neither morose nor stupid. They laugh in their hearts, although an unfortunate fatality has cut off all communication between laughter within and laughter on the outside. But though it is impossible for such men to express their real emotions of joy and good nature, by appropriate changes of the countenance, experience warns us to be very slow in predicting their non-existence, even in the hearts of those that cannot laugh. The ancient Greeks tell us that Anaxagoras never laughed in all his life; and they also tell us that he was one of their wisest philosophers and one of their best citizens.

The second class of sober men consists of those who express in their countenances just what they feel in their hearts. They wear on the outer surface an awful solemnity that predicts the existence of care and sorrow,

and an unhappy temper within. They have a gloomy foreboding of the future, a want of sympathy with the world, and from it, a general disgust for life. They think they have lost all the past, they know they are not enjoying the present, and they have no hope for the future; and so they put all their outward expressions in deep mourning for the loss. If you tell them that it is a fine day, they will say, "A cloudless day is a sure sign of a coming storm." If you congratulate them on their good health, they will tell you that their pains are only taking breath for a fresh attack. The Spring is always later, and the *frosts* come earlier than ever before. The Summers are shorter and dryer; the Winters are longer and colder than they used to be, when they and their fathers were young. If you do them a kindness they will say, "So will anybody for the money." If you reprove them, they will charge you with persecution. If you praise them, they will charge you with hypocrisy.

Some men *cannot* laugh, others *will* not. They think laughing lowers a man's dignity, and lets him down among the boys, while a stern, unbending gravity, they fancy, is a sure index of profound wisdom. And so they look grave always, that they may pass for wise men. Such men are very precise. They never use elliptical expressions, or common phrases. All their joyful emotions have died of a broken heart for the want of proper exercise. These men live in constant fear of making fools of themselves. They do not believe what a very wise philosopher once said, that a man who was afraid of making a fool of himself at the proper time, and on the proper occasion, was one already made. Their gloomy, mechanical philosophy has never taught them that we should grow old and die in a few years, if there did not come a time in the midst of the cares and labors and sorrows of real life, when it would be proper, yea more, an imperative duty, for us to lay aside the solemn gravity that society and our professions impose upon us, and give our whole natures a little resting time, by permitting the natural emotions to express themselves in their own natural way. If we did not die, we should have no mental, or moral, or physical health. The laughing of manhood takes the place of the screaming and shouting of youth. It gives strength to the lungs, health to the body, and joy to the soul. It is no mark of folly to laugh; we laugh as we reason, never before. The laughing of youth contains only the first elements of laughter. It begins with the dawning of reason, they grow up side by side, and come to perfection together. We must go through a reasoning process always before we can discover those relations by which laughter is excited, and when the relations are

discovered, it is in accordance with the highest reason to proclaim it by this outward expression. There are many kinds of laughter, ach one of which tells its own story of the inner state of the individual from whom it comes.

There is the loud, boisterous laugh of frankness and good nature, and the sly, noiseless laugh of a mean hypocrisy. There is the calm, unconscious smile of quiet innocence, and the troubled, guilty leering of conscious wickedness. There is the deep-toned, solid laughing of common sense, and the senseless grinning of idiocy; and then there is the emphatic shaking of universal benevolence, whose center of motion is in the soul, and which calls into action every muscle of the body. There is also the silly simpering of a weak pride, and a senseless giggling arising from a loose structure of the joints, rather than from any emotion in the soul. Sly cunning laughs only at the corners of the mouth and eyes, and on that side of the face you cannot see. Now a man that *can* laugh, and *will* not, is either a living deception, or he has none of those emotions that can be expressed only by laughter. The second class of sober men must fall into one or the other of these divisions, and as they are supposed to be honest, it must be the last. They may be assisted in their weary journey through life, first, by curing the chronic diseases of their bodies, and then, by applying remedies to their mental diseases, that have been generated by those of the body.

The third class of sober men, are those who put on the expression for the sake of convenience. They belong to that class who wish you to believe what they do not quite believe themselves. They are very anxious always to make a favorable impression. They make very fair promises, and very plausible excuses, and although you may sometimes be a little "taken in" by them, you will much rather charge the fault to outward circumstances, than believe that men on whose faces, and in whose words the very soul of honesty appears, will voluntarily lie or steal; and you call their defects, constitutional peculiarities, made more peculiar, perhaps, by a bad early education. Such men sometimes tell large stories. They have seen and heard, what you never saw, and of which you never heard. Your Theology and Politics never differ from theirs, in respect to the fundamental doctrines of either: so that all parties and creeds can vote for them without violating a single vital principle. If such men get into office, (as very many of them do,) you will find them at home or sick when the final vote is taken, on great questions, about which their constituents are equally divided, and which

they know will decide the fate of political men. They never commit themselves. Their public letters mean anything you please, or, what is better, and considered to be perfection in political correspondence, they mean nothing at all.

During the reign of Louis XVIII, a rich banker, anxious about the rise and fall of stocks, came to Talleyrand to inquire if George III was actually dead The sober statesman said, in a confidential tone, "I shall be delighted if the information I have to give be of any service to you." The banker prepared to listen with breathless attention, to the intelligence coming from so high authority, and Talleyrand, with a mysterious air, continued—"Some say the King of England is dead, others say he is not dead, for my own part I believe neither the one nor the other: I tell you this in confidence, do not commit me." This is called the perfection of political skill. I have known these men laugh over the success of their mean hypocrisy, and rejoice in the belief that this power of imposition is one of the characteristics of true genius, and a legitimate means of attaining an end. They do not know that a stern integrity is the very soul of true greatness, and that any end, gained by dishonest means, will always prove a dreadful loss. They pervert that noble maxim in morals that says, "Honesty is the best policy," so that it stands translated in their new code, "Policy is the best honesty," and this is the fundamental maxim in all their theology and morals. You cannot always discover the members of this class of sober men on the first meeting, but if you carefully compare the first meeting with the second, the marks will begin to appear. The human countenance is a sure index to the soul. I know that some countenances, like illegible tombstones, only indicate that somebody lies buried within, but this is an exception to a very general law. Success in life requires that we should know how to translate all these outward expressions.

"In things that a man would not be seen in himself, it is a point of cunning to borrow the name of the world; as to say, "The world says," or "There is a speech abroad."—*Lord Bacon.*

TENNYSON.

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;"—

And those whose utterances are treasured up in the hearts of men, as legacies more precious than all the teachings of the wise, come with the light of those golden stars yet on their brows, yet breathing the balmy airs of that strange land. A land whose confines are not marked on any chart and of which travelers tell no tales; but of whose wondrous beauty we may dimly learn as we listen to the words of its children—for they come vocal with the songs of that golden spirit-clime where all is purity and love. And this is the home of the poet. No calculations of means and ends, no anxious expectations of the results, no desire to inculcate some peculiar truth intrudes upon him there. But with soul afar withdrawn from the noisy, selfish world, he listens to the voices of inspiration that sound from all without and within him, and with the high prerogative of his citizenship in that weird country, he calls into being creatures of beauty fresh, lovely and pure as we may imagine the flowers of that "golden clime;" sending them forth to tell men of the land of their nativity whose brightness far exceeds the sunshine's glorious birth, and whose life is higher and purer than all the dreams or wishes of the good and the wise. Thus laden with the cadences of that brighter world his melodies echo through every age, a high gift from God through his servants, who

——"do but sing because they must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing."

We are not writing of a mythic race. Poets that have thus had their birth, and thus created works of beauty for the world, have lived; and even yet, some of their number are among us. And yet, when true to themselves and their fellow-men, they sing the songs of their native land, men, though they may be charmed with the sweetness of the melo-

dy, refuse to catch any meaning and will not even see the glowing light that illumines every line. But men are not willing to lose the wondrous sweetness that the poet gives; and so they demand that it should be lent to other themes—the onset of battle—the beauty of the landscape—the mission of truth and the teaching of wisdom. It is a sad thing for the poet to lend himself to the will of the people, singing their earthly songs. It is an abuse of the high gift intrusted to him, for not only does he degrade himself but he defrauds the world, shutting out from us that unseen higher life with all its ennobling influences. Yet here and there one asserts his freedom from all such restraint, and chants a higher, fitter lay because he must. And men laugh or wonder and pass on, and he sings to himself his priceless rhymes careless of their praise, yet assured that some age must acknowledge his power and his truth.

Such an one is Tennyson, who, living apart from men, has for twenty years written; sometimes sneered at, sometimes savagely criticised, but oftener unheeded. And though now the voice of the public following the lead of the great critics, whose word with them is law, swells the praise of his genius; in a quiet dell of southern England he lives and writes, as little moved by their admiration as he was by their scorn and indifference. Thus the true poet ever lives, troubled with no thought for the popular breath, following only the leadings of his own spirit, for he

> "Has heard a whisper say,
> A curse is on him if he stay
> To look down to Camelot."

This love of freedom he has carried so far as to withdraw himself altogether from society, but seldom admitting even his friends; and we only know of his existence from the appearance in public, at varied intervals, of some new poem, redolent with the fragrance of the downs that surround his lovely mansion, and breathing all the hallowed purity that close communion with the works of nature gives. This retirement, however, is from no misanthropy or conceit of an unbalanced mind. It only evidences the love of the poet for the sweet voices of nature, knowing that those who would learn her most precious lessons must leave the cares and levity of common life, saying with him—

> "Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet woodland ways,
> Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless peace be my lot."

Yet we need not look into his outward life for the man. Such poets have a higher life, in thought that burns in the polished line, and descends to future ages a new lesson of wisdom. Let us turn then to his writings.

Tennyson unites so many of the distinguishing excellencies of the greatest bards, and differs from all in such unusual points, that we cannot with accuracy determine his appropriate place in the temple of poesy. If we compare him with Chaucer, we find that he has all the freshness and vigor which, like the pure breezes of Spring, enliven and delight the readers of that Father of English Poetry. The sweetness and melody of Spencer are his. And though we pass in reverential silence the two great masters who sit alone in their power, yet when we descend to the polished verses of Pope and of Dryden we need fear no comparison. The simplicity of Gray, of Collins and of Goldsmith he equals. He has studied nature with Wordsworth; and with Coleridge and Shelley he has caught the spirit of humanity, of intimate sympathy with all that is beautiful and touching—with all that is good and all that is sublime in human life. How much of beauty has he in common with all the poets of the past. Yet it is in his points of difference, of entire and charming originality that he surpasses them, and stamps all his works as the golden coinage of exalted genius. In almost all the poets that preceded him we can mark the effects of certain cramping rules which they laid down for themselves, and which became bases for the schools that followed them. When chaining down their geniuses to these rigid forms, it is that they lose all their spirit, and for pages the dreary drone of the uninspired verse drags its weary length along, marking but too evidently that the poet has lost sight of the land of his birth. Not so with Tennyson. He has founded no new school, for he has laid down no system of rules by which he professes to be guided, nor can any such system be traced in all his poetry. Indeed, who can think of the writer of the In Memoriam as trammeled by the forms and set rules (from however large experience and careful study they may be derived,) of a system. We would rather say with Shelley—

> "Thou art a poet *hidden*
> In the light of thought,
> Singing hymns unbidden,
> Till the world is wrought
> To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

Let me not here be misunderstood. When I speak of Tennyson as free from the restraints of rules, I mean that no objective system of rules was ever adopted by him—that is, they were not formally before him as rules by which he arranged his works. Yet doubtless there are laws and a complete system within his own mind, perhaps unknown to himself,

in accordance with which every line has been framed and every poem adjusted to the exquisite harmony that charms the cultivated ear, and even holds the rude despiser of poetry. His rules, like Shakspeare's judgment, flow from his genius, according to which gathering up the flashing rays that emanate from his ardent mind, he concentrates and directs them in one glowing beam of steady light.

Intimately connected with this freedom, we notice as a characteristic, which should not wholly distinguish him from his brother bards (for it is the crowning glory of the poet), the purity and spirituality of his song. Of all poets he is the most poetic. Little of the earth earthy has soiled the pinions of his flight, and we feel that it is easy for him to soar into the loftiest regions of song, for he has been baptized in the very spirit of poetry. His very language is poetry. Indeed, if the portrait that is prefixed to his works be true, I want no better evidence that his peculiar sphere is that of the poet. Mark the face with clear-cut, ample brow, the graceful tremulous lip, the eyes that

"—Are homes of silent prayer,"

and the almost feminine expression of sweetness that steals over the whole. This feminine expression Coleridge, although he does not attempt to explain it, says is peculiar to men of genius. With Tennyson it is but fuller testimony to the purity of that delicate susceptibility to all the spiritual influences, unfelt by the duller man, which has made woman the loveliest creature of earth—the keenest appreciater of genius and the most spiritual of Christians. Something akin to this, yet ennobled by the strength of manhood is the source of that in his face which has been termed feminine. As a very natural consequence of this purity of spirit, not the least hint to offend the most fastidious, not one profane expression has found a place in his verse. He pours forth a song as rich and full, as strong and stirring as ever Thomson or Byron or Moore have given, but as free from their grossness and earthly taint as the simple flow of Cowper and Montgomery. The difference, however, between these last mentioned and Tennyson is, that their purity is from their piety, but his is from his genius. Theirs is right; but it will secure purity to their works only so far as morality is concerned; but Tennyson's sweeps a wider circuit, restraining him alike from profaneness, licentiousness, vulgarity and heaviness. Genius pure and earnest alone can secure it. For then in elevating genuine sympathy with humanity, it passes in silence all the lewdness and impiety of man; with artistic power spurns

the tasteless moralizing that is only tolerated because it speaks of that which is sacred, and marks its possessor as a builder of that literature of power which, opening with Shakspeare and Cervantes, now proclaims its vitality and beauty in a Dickens and a Tennyson.

A peculiar beauty which has, it is true, attracted more censure than admiration, is the dreamy, floating light in which all his writings are bathed, that indeed lacks the precision and fixedness of Cowper's picturings, but amply atones for its dimness not only by the intrinsic beauty of that which it does give, but more especially by the unspeakable glories that it suggests. Snatches of melodies, fragments of burning song and faint waftings of fragrance come to us through his impassioned verse, and our aroused imaginations build for us poems and paint pictures and sing songs that make us poets and artists for ourselves. Tennyson excels all poets, if not in expressing, yet in suggesting that which is inexpressible. The very mysticism with which he is charged, is from the grandeur and beauty that he sees in all without and within him, urging him to their expression; but to the expression of such visions as flash upon his inner eye, no power of language and no combination of any means within the reach of the loftiest genius is competent. How dim and vague to us, and how futile to Shakspeare himself must have appeared that sublime passage—

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

Before that was penned what untold visions of "our little life," and what magnificent revelations of all in eternity that is dark to us, must have been his, we may not know; but what it speaks of, though it be in an unknown tongue, our souls answer to; and we honor the dim shifting expression that speaks louder than the most clear and glowing revelation of the unseen. This is why that which is called the obscurity of Tennyson is dear to me, because it is the obscurity that always will and must hang around those themes that stir the soul within us, which attaches itself to Death and Eternity—the obscurity that wraps in mist the mountains and veils the mysterious sea. But it were a long task to enumerate all his excellencies. The exquisite collocation of words which expresses so aptly in sound every feeling and fancy, from the most sensuous to the most pure and etherial, would alone entitle him to the gratitude of all who speak the English language, for every author who discovers and develops a

new resource in his mother tongue, adding to its richness and fullness, is a benefactor. I say nothing of the art with which he adapts his varied metres to the sentiment; the keen understanding of and sympathy with nature that moulds all her beauties and features to the passion of the song; the earnest tone that befits the poet of our age. These and other characteristics I leave to the consideration of the careful reader; and turn to notice that which especially distinguishes him from all the bards that have gone before; an element that lies back of all poetic power—subtle, undefinable, yet felt by all as the most effective feature of the poet.

It is the wonderful rhythm that marks all his poetry—not the jingle of rhyme measured off by feet, nor the smooth flow of liquid sounds. For a verse may be constructed accurately according to all the rules of art, with not a single jarring note, and yet there be not a shadow of the true under-rhythm that echoes through the lines, now rising, now falling, weaving its web of harmony in a thousand fantastic yet graceful turns—ever changing, yet ever the same—which we cannot define, but which belongs as truly to the poet as does sweet perfume to the violet. Here lies Tennyson's deepest power. No English poet but Shakspeare has ever equaled him in it. Not that it is confined to poets alone—Dickens attains it often, and in the Noctes Ambrosianae, the Ettrick Shepherd chimes in with it. It is bound to no verse or measured cadence. It is the metre that thought measures to itself and embodies in sound; and this union of thought and sound in the under-rhythm is as mysterious and beautiful as the wedding of spirit and body, where the servant body is elevated by the indwelling of the soul from the kingdom of inert matter, and made to glow and speak with life. But it is useless to attempt to define it. Every one who has entered the worlds of thought and feeling, knows that there are conceptions and emotions that we catch ourselves, but which refuse to be clothed in language. So is it with the poet's rhythm. It is felt vitalizing the song—sweeping with grandeur through the majestic lines of Milton—or soaring light and etherial with Shelley's sky-lark—or in its perfection modulating its gushing cadences to the rise and fall of Tennyson's exhaustless genius. But still like the rainbow that paints its brilliant hues before us, inviting us to come and see where lies its charm, it flees from us and refuses to tell the secret of its beauty. It is possessed in some degree by every poet; but Tennyson has it always and with purity. Gray struck it in the first lines of his Elegy, but soon loses it.

> "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
> The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea."

Wordsworth has it sometimes, with great power and most exquisite grace, as this:

"In sight of the spires,
All alive with the fires
Of the sun going down to his rest,
In the broad open eye of the solitary sky,
They dance,—there are three, as jocund as free
While they dance on the calm river's breast."

Cowper, Dryden and Pope, with all their smooth versification and stately march, rarely have it. Browning gives a quaint example of it but it is of peculiar effect:

"Where the quiet colored end of evening smiles
Miles and miles
On the solitary pastures where our sheep
Half asleep
Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop
As they crop."

It would be interesting to trace the many and graceful forms it takes to itself in the wide field of English poetry. But these few instances will make clear what is meant by rhythm, and show the superiority of Tennyson in this very effective and we might say almost solely distinctive element of poetry. We quote a few passages where we might give pages The most peculiar to himself is the dreamy yet weird cadence that mark his most ideal pieces. In "Eleanore" we have,—

"The oriental fairy brought,
At the moment of thy birth,
From old well-heads of haunted rills,
And the hearts of purple hills,
And shadowed coves on a sunny shore,
The choicest wealth of all the earth,
Jewel or shell, or starry ore,
To deck thy cradle, Eleanore."

As another phase, notice the mournful cadence in the latter pa "The Farewell:"

"But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee
Forever and forever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever."

Again it is informed with passion and rings clear and full—

"She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red."

The various shades and wonderful variety of meaning which this subtle element receives in his poems, it were a long task to mention. I conclude with what is given as an example of obscurity—obscurity nevertheless that is full of meaning to those who have communed with him. It is in his "Ode to Memory:"

"Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,
And with the evening cloud,
Showering thy gleaned wealth into my open breast.
(Those peerless flowers which in the rudest wind
Never grow sere,
When rooted in the garden of the mind,
Because they are the earliest of the year.)
Nor was the night thy shroud.
In sweet dreams softer than unbroken rest
Thou leddest by the hand thy infant Hope.
The eddying of her garments caught from thee
The light of thy great presence; and the cope
Of the half attained futurity,
Though deep not fathomless,
Was cloven with the million stars that tremble
O'er the deep mind of dauntless infancy.
Small thought was there of life's distress;
For sure she deemed no mist of earth could dull
Those spirit-thrilling eyes so keen and beautiful
Sure she was nigher to heaven's spheres,
Listening the lordly music flowing from
The illimitable years.
O strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory."

We turn with reluctance from this fertile field—a field where perhaps the great question yet unsolved—what is poetry?—might meet with some solution which, however unsatisfactory, might throw a new light on the old query. But its subtlety eludes all analysis; we can but feel it and

trace it back a little way and all becomes dark. Some mysterious relation of thought and sound, far different from that where sound gives the sense; deeper and unknown is its foundation. A harmony which we may never understand, which shall always be a robe of light veiling the poet from our eyes. We know not the steps, and we cannot follow the course, but we see the final result and rejoice in the magnificence of his creation.

To complete our knowledge of the poet, we have but to turn from his peculiar characteristics to his particular works, marking his course through the wide field of poetic thought. The simple facts that he is the son of an English clergyman, that he was a graduate of one of the universities, an early aspirant for poetic fame and that he is now the first bard of the age, are all of outward life that we have to interpret his poems. But we see in his choice and development of subjects, in the gradual increase and breadth of power from the early strains of Mariana, Lilian, and Recollections of the Arabian Nights, through the mystic poems which indicate the period of doubt, up through the earnest Locksley Hall, the spiritual In Memoriam that bespeaks the noble spirit at rest;—in all this we see the growth of the great poet. Till in Maud, that sweetest of love poems, we mark the work of the mature man who has fought in poetic numbers the battle of life, and from his haven of rest puts forth the calm artistic effort. Thus we may learn the development of his inner life by the succession of his poems. He published in 1830, as his first work, a volume of lyrics, much of which, as that curious old man Christopher North then said, was the merest drivel; but with these some which betokened the genius of the poet and is not even unworthy a place by his loftiest efforts. We do not wish to remember these first attempts save to notice the falsity of the supposition that the poet springs full-clad in maturest power upon the world. It is by labor and the slow ripening of years that even he must win his way to the post of vates and interpreter of the mysteries of spirit. But Tennyson soon passed the day in which he could be called driveling; and gave to the world his gallery of female portraits that swells the array of fair women whom Shakspeare and Wordsworth had depicted. These pictures mark the passage of his youth, of that youth when the ideal woman floats before the mental vision,—

> "Appareled in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream."

What unusual splendor attended the creations of his youth, we realize such characters as "Airy, fairy Lilian," "Revered Isabel," "Ever varying

Madeline," "Shadowy, dreaming Adeline," "Serene, imperial Eleanore." These were the tranced reveries of his early days; and whoever has walked this gallery, studying the phases of perfect womanhood that glow and live in his changeful verse, may know what visions of beauty were his when

"Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands."

They have all the picturing art, the subtle sentiment that makes the very metre its symbol—which distinguish his works. And the rhythm is among the most happy of his efforts. Indeed, if called upon to point out his most artistic poem, I should select his Eleanore as the most perfect gem. If the reader will take the trouble to compare it with Perdita's speech on the flowers in Winter's Tale, commencing: "O Proserpina, for the flowers &c.," he will understand what I mean when I say it is most purely Shaksperian. Thus Tennyson takes his place as the first picturer of woman, after Shakspeare and Wordsworth. These three have filled a gallery that is one of the most beautiful in English art; and they alone have done it, for it is remarkable to notice how feeble and ineffectual have been the efforts of all other poets in this line. Pope, Dryden, Goldsmith and Gray never attempt it. Chaucer's women, though life-like, are coarse, and not at all the lovely creatures that live in every home. Spencer's are fairies in the disguise of mortals. It is needless to mention the mechanical women of Scott, or the romantic beauties of Byron. Perhaps Browning and his wife come nearer the mark; but the three as yet stand alone. The simple grace, the chastened beauty and the winning trust of perfect womanhood they only have given.

These were the labors of his youth; and we follow him from the wizard land of dreams and passion to the time when the great problems of life and spirit began to perplex the opening years of his manhood. The Lady of Shalott with its hundred meanings, The Vision of Sin with its awful warning, and The Two Voices that reveals the conflict he waged upon the very threshold of life, let us know that not vain to him was a noble spirit given, and that like all the gifted the day of his life dawned in the cloud and gloom of doubt. We think we see in The Lotus Eaters and The Palace of Art the closing and triumphant scene of this period. After all the problems and dark questions that gave birth to these, so called, mystic poems, in weariness and with

"—Eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars,"

he asks that old question which every mortal who has accepted the gift of Truth that must be won, has asked,

> "—Why should we toil alone,
> We only toil who are the first of things,
> And make perpetual moan—."

But in The Palace of Art the problem is solved; not by any worldly wisdom, or effort of intellectual power; but by that humility of spirit that holds alone to faith and says—

> "Make me a cottage in the vale—
> Where I may mourn and pray.
> Yet pull not down my palace towers that are
> So lightly, beautifully built;
> Perchance I may return with others there
> When I have purged my guilt."

The same poetic power and exquisite rhythm that characterize his earlier poems we find here, with a new earnestness of tone, and a sadness that seems to mourn over the pictures of beauty that lit his earlier years now clouded with doubt. There is something very touching in these poems as they seem to open more of the poet's self to us; we feel that it is the strong man unstrung:

> "An infant crying in the night:
> An infant crying for the light:
> And with no language but a cry."

But we soon lose the cry of weakness and uncertainty; and hear him in firm tones prophesying the onward march of Humanity. He advances into manhood and with mighty voice sings the unfaltering song of Locksley Hall. Not a note of tremulous weakness, not one hesitating tone, but with steady hand he unveils the Future, and proclaims as his creed, that he

> "—Doubts not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

All through his earlier poems we have felt an undertone of sympathy with Humanity; but here he comes forth with bold step as the second poet of Humanity, who has caught from his elder brother Shakspeare, as well his love for man as his poetic power. The Princess rings with the strain, and the In Memoriam ennobles its sorrow with this theme. And Maud is but another change rung on the same subject. So has he taken his place: not as the pretty dawdler with sentimentalism that early critics prophesied, nor the metaphysical weaver of mysteries as some

feared; but the great poet who possesses himself in all the wonder of his perfection, who can in a deeper sense than Milton carve a cherry-stone, and hew a Colossus from the mountain, for his light and subtle beauty is only as the graceful foam fringing the huge billow that booms on the shore. He toys gently with the

> "—Lovely shell
> Small and pure as a pearl,"

and with the majesty of a prophet, beholding the sure development of Humanity through time, proclaims

> "Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
> Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change."

Or he sadly asks, yet answers in the triumph of Faith,

> "And he, shall he,
> Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,
> Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
> Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies,
> Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,
> Who trusted God was love indeed,
> And love Creation's final law,—
> Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
> Who battled for the True, the Just,
> Be blown about the desert dust,
> Or sealed within the iron hills?
> O life as futile, then, as frail!
> O for thy voice to sooth and bless!
> What hope of answer or redress?
> Behind the veil, behind the veil."

What to this mysterious question, to this yearning over Humanity, is the material sublime of even a Milton! Who then shall despise Tennyson as the poet of mere beauty,—though that in itself were no small name, for what is beauty but the perfect harmony of all, from the loftiest spirit to the little flower that springs from the turf? Yet, let not the idea of weakness, that people will attach to beauty, be associated with Tennyson. His is the mightiest spirit of a mighty age—a spirit of Faith and Love that is far sighted to behold

> "That God, which ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves."

SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION.

The student of Nature has a field of limitless extent spread out before him. In whatever direction he may travel, the prospect ever widens, and the vastness of the subject becomes apparent at every step. Nor is this a cause for discouragement in investigation and study, each step forward is made with more certainty, every advance gives not only new motives for further progress, but new strength with which to proceed. Fact is added to fact, and the last discovery leads to new and unthought of combinations and relations. His time is filled up with improving objects of pursuit, his mind is becoming informed, his consciousness of the value of existence is increased.

The study of Nature amply repays the student by strengthening his powers of observation and discrimination. He notes those minute distinctions and differences in objects which separate them widely from each other. The common mind generalizes. To an incurious observer all rocks are similar, and all creeping things are worms. To the man of science each has its peculiar name and habits, each lives for a distinct and settled purpose.

Nor will his mind become weary with the sameness of the objects which he contemplates. "Nature speaks a *various* language." Every walk discloses new beauties, every observation a profitable subject for inquiry.

Many even of those who profess to love nature, love only to study it as a *whole*, without investigating its details. It is not wonderful that to such, nature should seem tedious, and her choral anthem a constant monotone; they have not attuned their ears to nature's symphony, so as to distinguish the different voices which join in harmony to praise the Author of their being.

But the scientific student observes nature in particulars as well as in the mass. He notices much in the sea beside rolling waves and foam-crests; to him the ocean teems with animal life, and every drop contains a world of microscopic inhabitants; the depths of the blue sea are planted

gardens, whose rich vegetation is reserved for him to cull, and no longer do the clustering sea-plants wave unseen. The barren coast in his eyes is a densely populated plain, whose tiny inhabitants are full of life and industry and art.

Nor does this minute observation of the works of nature, diminish the pleasure which is inspired by her sublimer and more extensive aspects. He who knows thoroughly the *parts*, can far better comprehend the *whole*. He can listen to the *grand* voice of Nature as well as others, but he can also hear when they cannot, her gentlest whispers, and faint undertones.

He feels the influence of the changing sky, the rolling river, and the deep-sounding ocean, as much as before he studied them scientifically, for his soul opens as wide as ever to the mysterious spirit of nature, and urges it to enter and wander freely through its numerous chambers.

When the morning comes over the hill-tops, burnishing the lake, and pouring a flood of light upon the reinvigorated earth, is it less beautiful to him who knows the myriads of earth and air, which spring into being with it? Can he not study the sun and the solemn host of stars with more interest if he knows the countless animate existences which they shine upon? Will he not be as devoted in his communion with them as before, and will not nature abundantly requite his attention to her children?

He too who unfolds the book of nature to the wondering eyes of mankind, adds essentially to the stock of human knowledge. He carries us through the universe, lighting us along its mazy labyrinths by the torch of science. We see the trees and shrubs which he points out, we hear the songs of new birds, we recognize their brilliant plumage and become acquainted with their forms; he speaks of flowers which bloom in rich profusion, in solitudes which the foot of man has never trod, and we seem to see them radiant with their peculiar tints, and to breathe their delicious odors. We communicate our knowledge to others, and they partake with us of the pleasure, and thus the sphere of the student's influence is constantly widened.

By communion with nature, the mind is not only strengthened, but elevated and refined. The man who loves to study the works of God, who delights to discover the hidden laws which govern the universe, must be pure and innocent in some of his tastes and pleasures. There is a sacred spot in his heart which has never been contaminated, and it needs but careful culture to grow larger and more beautiful continually.

But chief among the benefits which flow from the study of nature is piety. The constant examination of the works of God most naturally

leads us to the contemplation of their Author, and an acquaintance with the exquisite contrivances about us, constructed not by human hands, may be the means of drawing us to behold and recognize the designing and governing hand of the Almighty. It has been truly said, by one intimately acquainted with natural science, "*To see all things in God*, has been accounted one of the peculiar privileges of the future state, and in the present life *to see God in all things*, in the mirror of the creation to behold and adore the reflected glory of the Creator, is no mean attainment." "The world thenceforth becomes a temple, and life itself one continued act of adoration." C.

THE VOYAGE; A SERIES OF SONNETS.

I.—MT. IDA.

Now twilight gently hovers o'er the deep.
The winds are hushed; becalmed, the islesman's bark
Shows its white pinions on th' increasing dark,
And mournfully at foot of yonder steep,
The dying surf rolls up the lonely shore.
And heaving hoary-headed to the sky,
In wild but venerable majesty,
Mount Ida distant stands. There times of yore
The shepherd prince his pastoral syrinx played;
And there did lofty walls and turrets gleam,
(Whose very memory seemeth like a dream)
That stood coeval with Achilles' shade.
But ages now have wept for Troy o'erthrown,
Since Grecian balefires o'er th' Ægean shone.

II.—SMYRNA.

The sunset gun has died along the sea;
It is the evening of Bairami's fête;
The torches from each tapering minaret

Flash in the rippling waters of the bay;
And purple mists float o'er the sleeping town.
How sweet the air that wafts the languid scent
Of myrtle, rose, and citron, softly blent,
Like votive incense by each zephyr blown
Round Mæonides'* cave. Since he began
His deathless song, weird city of the dead!
Aged Smyrna! thou hast heard the busy tread
Of buried nations, where the caravan
Now wends its tinkling way by Meles' stream,
Where ramparts moulder in the moonlight beam.

III.—FAREWELL TO THE ÆGEAN.

Taygetus' snowy ridge, Tænarium's cape,
And Cythera's islet stretching far away,
Are purpled with the hues of coming day.
And the Ægean heaves its glassy deep,
A tranquil mirror to the orient sun.
Time-hallowed sea! from shadowing isle to isle
Still echoeth faint the Lesbian lyre, erewhile
Mingling with Doric song; aye not alone
For what thou art, but for the deeds of worth
Done on thy shores I love thy billows' roar,
Nor, exile-like, would leave thee evermore;
But as the bird that flies to sunny South
And with the Spring seeeks its native dell,
So bid I thee, loved Ægean, farewell!

IV.—ST. JOHN'S CHURCH—MALTA.

Spirit of antiquity! that lov'st to haunt
The ivied ruin and the pile sublime,
E'en here thy presence marks the lapse of time;
Where monumental marbles coldly flaunt
In grim array, but too significant
Of those who, one by one, their all to Fame
Bequeathed and passed away. May not th' acclaim
That riseth morn and eve in solemn chaunt,
Pierce through the vaults of death, to light of thine
Oh Sun! to rouse the hero Lavalette,
And bid him march, with helm and mace complete,
To matins at you incense-fragrant shrine?
Be hushed vain wish, for laureled Fame would grave
"*Requiescat in pace*," o'er the brave!

*Smyrna contested, with much probability, for the honor of being Homer's birth-place.

V.—SICILY.

A pleasant land looms up against the sky.
Green hills and slopes bright with perennial Spring,
And spire and airy dome faint glittering
Through their light wreaths of sea-mist greet the eye;
And wildly floating o'er the deep blue sea
The boatman's music lulls th' enchanted ear.
Sicilia's island this, the sister fair
That, lovely, smiles on vine-clad Italy.
Alike the sharer of her sons of song,
Her black-eyed maids, her heroes, and her arts,
And drunk alike with blood of patriot hearts,
She rises, phœnix-like, from tyrant's wrong,
And asks thee, traveler, if thy wondering eyes
Have ever gazed on fairer land than this.

VI.—AVIGNON.

Sweet Avignon! fair city of Provence!
Still rolls his winding course the peaceful Rhone
Beneath thy walls, as when the strains were borne
On twilight zephyrs from the blithesome dance,
The roundelay of chivalry and love.
But knight and troubadour no more belong
Unto thy towers! Nor he of sweetest song!
Sad Petrarch! had thy shell no charms to move
Thy Laura's heart? the grave gave thee repose,
As e'en it gives to all who sigh for peace!
Sweet Avignon! still booms the angelus,
Thy old cathedral ball when sunset glows;
But where are pope, and bard, and lord? no more
They pompous sweep thy fane's dim marble floor!

VII.—THE OCEAN.

Roll! roll! roll on forever ocean wave!
Vast, solitary, and unbroken scene
To vessel wandering o'er the pathless main!
How many a fated heart has sought to brave
The billow, and has perished in its gales!
How many a galleon with Peruvian ore
Has sunk down, down the emerald depths, a dower
For sea-nymphs in their lone unfathomed halls.
Roll on thou starlit swell, a fitting type
In all thy changes of the human life,
Now hushed to peace, now hoarse with tempest's strife.
May the new moon that shimmereth o'er the deep
Be gentle harbinger in th' azure heaven,
Of favoring winds to waft us to our haven!

ARABIAN LITERATURE.

"When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flowed back with me,
The forward flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer morn
Adown the Tigris I was borne
By Bagdat's shrine of fretted gold
High walled gardens green and old."—*Tennyson.*

Arabia, the South-eastern peninsula of that vast continent on which our race originated and where the wonders of creation were so fully manifested, commences its history far back in the regions of antiquity. When that wide waste of waters that surged and roared above the Antediluvian world, gradually resumed its rocky bounds, Noah's Ark rested upon the summit of Mount Ararat, and from thence the world became again inhabited. In Arabia also did that *man of patience* endure his afflictions, and there did he utter those sublime declarations in honor of Jehovah which the book of Job records. Ishmael, when banished from the home of his birth, came to Arabia. By his descendants the race living there were gradually extirpated, and the present tribes who roam over those plains are doubtless his lineage. For ages that race has displayed the same characteristics: divided into roving predatory tribes, "their hands," like the desert Bedouin of to-day, "were against every man, and every man's hand against them."

Their religion, with the exception of the slight innovation which Judaism and Christianity made, became gross idolatry. In this condition they remained until Mahomet arose about six hundred years after Christ. Whatever absurdities, immoralities or errors his Koran inculcates, it was nevertheless immeasurably in advance of the idolatrous systems that preceded it. All idolatry it forbade, and the Unity of God it expressly taught. "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." A

mixture of Judaism and Christianity, together with the peculiar tenets of Mahomet, truth and error were in the Koran strangely blended. The doctrine of Fatality it maintained, and this, while the star of Mahomet was in the ascendant, rendered the arms of his followers resistless, and his religion, promulgated by the sword, soon became established. Mahomet united the scattered tribes of Arabia in his work of aggression, and under his successors, the crescent waved from the Indus on the East to Grenada and the pillars of Hercules on the West, and the Mahometan name became known throughout the habitable globe. Mahomet encouraged literature, the arts and sciences, and his rise directed into those fields Arabian industry and energy. During that long night of barbarism which succeeded Rome's overthrow when the Grecian muse had deserted the *Parnassian fount*, and when fair Italy was crushed beneath Alaric's tread, the classic relics were transferred to Arabia's clime, and the sun of science illumined her arid plains. What progress was then and there made, we do not precisely know. With those classics the Arabians became familiar, and in mathematics and the physical sciences, they especially excelled. Algebra, the arithmetic of symbols, is of Arabian origin. Much of their literature has perished—but one relic, at least, remains—the wonder waking work of the *Arabian Nights*. This book enables us to infer the extent of their progress, and to it, our attention will be especially directed.

Describing the education of a young Arabian Knight, "Habib," says the writer, "was soon able to tell the names of all the stars, to describe the paths of the planets, and to calculate their sizes and distances. He knew the various species of trees and plants, and could describe their properties. He could discourse of vegetation, and knew in what manner heat and moisture produced fertility. He knew the sea to be formed by the influx of rivers; he could trace the vapor raised from it by the heat of the sun to the tops of the mountains, and there behold them falling into plenteous springs to perpetuate the wonderful operations of nature. He knew how to rank every animal in its proper class; while the wonders of instinct excited his surprise, he was pleased to see them still in subordination to the energies of reason." This short extract speaks for itself and indicates a progress in Arabian investigations which is truly astonishing.

But, to return to the book itself—we are not concerned here to narrate the life or to analyze the character of its author; for, although evidently written by an Arabian, yet by whom or at what precise period of time, is unknown. The character of the book will however enable us to

ascribe to its author generous motives and superior ability. Bagdat and the banks of the Tigris are the chief localities to which it is confined. The style is manifestly Oriental. That fervid poetic spirit which bowed those Eastern nations in adoration of the *Sun* and which uttered itself so vividly in the childhood of our race, here spreads the wings of imagination and soars through scenes of its own creation. Metaphor, simile and hyperbole abound, and the imagery is of that fervent, enthusiastic and extravagant kind peculiar to the imaginative and voluptuous Asiatic. Yet there is a happy blending of Eastern simplicity with so much that is highly figurative.

Works of fiction and of imagination are much condemned, and that justly when their character is vicious and pernicious, but when this power of imagination is directed by them to proper objects, then the influence is highly beneficial. He, the Self-moved, Great, First Cause, who commanded, and the worlds stood forth in all the magnificence and grandeur of creation, has daguerreotyped his image in the soul of man. Imagination in the pure spontaneity of its action creates its own beauties and objects, and revels in a world all its own above the dull clogs of sense and reason. This power, in accordance with the laws of mind, is gradually developed. Exercise, cultivation is necessary both to arouse fully its susceptibilities and also properly to direct its action. Act it will and, if the secret springs of its manifestations—those self-gushing fountains of the soul be not poisoned or prostituted, its action will be legitimate and glorious. Disordered and debasing will be its workings where things sensual, selfish and groveling engross its attention, but elevating and ennobling will be the result where higher objects—where the beautiful, the virtuous and the true call forth its action. Reading is one powerful means of cultivating the imagination. In perusing the records of history, a Bruce for example at the battle of Bannockburn, where Scottish liberty was achieved, and Leonidas at the gate of Thermopylæ, facing with his band of *three hundred*, the Persian host below, loom up before the mind's eye just as the imagination creates the scene. So imaginative works, if rightly directed, especially exercise and improve this power. Much there is in the Arabian Nights marvelous and absurd, to be rejected by the careful reader, but more there is by far to receive.

In its portraiture of men there is a pertinency and consistency which modern writers of this kind would do well to imitate. Each character is drawn with graphic simplicity and distinctness, and throughout each narrative, is preserved consistent. Actuated by motives clearly discerned or

impelled by passions naturally aroused, each character does what consciousness declares to be in accordance with human nature. High-souled are oft-times these motives, and the noble deeds by noble minds conceived, that are therein portrayed, exalt greatly our estimation of Eastern character.

Its descriptions of art and nature are unsurpassed. Noting the very points necessary to give a vivid picture of the scene described, and expressing these with admirable naturalness, the story hurries along the mind and ravishes the reader with visions of surpassing beauty and loveliness. The recollections of the poet indicate this most pleasing effect:

> "Thence through the garden I was drawn—
> A realm of pleasance, many a mound,
> And many a shadow-chequered lawn
> Full of the city's stilly sound,
> And deep myrrh-thickets blooming round
> The stately cedar, tamarisks,
> Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
> Tall Orient shrubs, and obelisks
> Graven with the emblems of the time."

Nothing essential is omitted, and yet the imagination is left, as it were, to fill up the clearly marked outline. Nothing even in our own Irving can surpass the gorgeousness, grandeur, terribleness or vividness of some of these descriptions.

Written at a time when Arabian power was at its height, when literature and the arts there flourished most, and when Bagdat, the great center and repository of Eastern wisdom reveled in refinement and wealth, it displays a luxuriance in description rarely paralleled. Those oriental customs, that hospitality and that high-souled chivalry, long known and admired, are perhaps in no book so clearly exhibited as in this. Mohammedanism in its most attractive garb appears in it, as also the moral, social and political state which it engendered. Respecting these there is much both to admire and to condemn. The system is of course radically false, yet in order to meet it successfully, we must know what it is and what are its legitimate fruits. The writer was a devout Mussulman, and although presenting the most favorable side, yet conveys to a certain extent this information. The narratives are designedly moral in their bearings and the moral instruction is much of it conveyed by means of symbols and allegories. For this reason it has doubtless been much misunderstood. Viewed as a collection of mere mythical tales and fabulous monstrosities, it has been considered frivolous and pernicious. Some-

thing of this kind it is true appears; but rightly viewed, there is also a rich vein of truth and instruction flowing through it. The moral is very often plainly deducible from the narrative and is impressively taught by it. The baleful effects of passion, the punishment of ingratitude, envy, avariciousness, sensuality, cruelty and wickedness generally are thus seen in a light the most forcible to affect the reader's mind.

The seven voyages of Sinbad the Sailor, illustrate the power and the results of perseverance. The reward of chastity and the value of a virtuous woman are shown particularly in the story of the Ninth Statue, where the King of the Genii, after having presented a certain prince with a beautiful virgin, is made to say to him, "Live happy Zeyn with this young lady who is your wife; love her and her only and I will be answerable for her fidelity. This, this is the Ninth Statue which I designed for you, and it is infinitely more precious than all the rest, for, be assured, there is nothing on earth to be compared with a virtuous and lovely woman." The means by which Zeyn was to find such a virgin was peculiar and significant. "Take, therefore," said the king, "this looking glass; if on the maid looking at it, it appears sullied, this will be a certain sign that she has not always been undefiled, or at least that she has wished to cease being so; you have now a certain criterion." This magic looking-glass is no unmeaning symbol. The placid lake or the perfect mirror, reflecting the human form and lineaments, exhibits these no more truthfully than does the human countenance the thoughts, passions and emotions within. The eyes, those windows of the soul, are the looking glasses also that reflect its character. Aladdin's far-famed, wonderful lamp had wonderful properties; nor were these properties and powers, figuratively understood, exaggerated. Speaking of the change which the possession of this lamp made upon Aladdin, the author says, "He was so altered that his former companions did not know him, for such were the effects of the lamp that those who possessed it, acquired, by degrees, perfections both of mind and person which qualified them for the high fortune to which the right use of it advanced them." How beautifully does this lamp represent knowledge, which gradually perfects both the mind and the person, and qualifies the individual for the high fortune which the right use of knowledge brings. Aladdin's palace too, so costly that, one small window left unfinished, not all the gems and treasures of the East could complete, illustrates beautifully the superiority of God's handiwork, of that vast temple of creation over any work of art or man's device.

Numerous are the instances of this allegorical tendency. The ev increasing love of knowledge which possesses the inquisitive spirit, shown by the following: "Sure," said Habib, "the phenix which spea to me is continually revived from his ashes, and at each renovation of h existence looks back with contempt on all the advantages he before e joyed." Again, as the last example: "These are emblematic figur said he to himself. Here is the pure expanse of heaven, brilliant wi light. An eagle appears to rise rapidly in her flight almost to the sur disc, while an enormous serpent creeping over the rocks, reaches the ne and devours the eggs of the noble bird. The moral of which is that l aspiring at too great an elevation, we are in danger of being flushed wi prosperity, and of losing sight of our true interests."

Proverbial philosophy also prevailed extensively in Arabian literatur and, indeed this seems characteristic of the Arabian mind. Save hov ever some poetry yet extant in connection with the work just noticed, b little of their literature now remains. The glory of Arabia has departe The arts and sciences once fostered there now flourish in more propitio climes. Mohammedanism has run its race, its vitality is gone, its mosqu and minarets are tottering, and the crescent reared above magnifice cities, at whose ever waxing splendor earth's millions gazed, has no waned, and soon will sink forever beneath the blue depths of the pa Time, that "swalloweth up all things human," has realized the inad quacy of that religion, and has revealed its earth-born nature. Mecc the birthplace, and Medina, the residence of Mahomet, yet remain, also that capital of those caliphs—his successors, and of the sueceedin Saracenic kings—the city of Bagdad. But their importance is gone, an upon them as upon those more ancient cities of the East, history h written the words, "they were but they are not." The Arab of to-da reckless, plunder-loving and hospitable, fitly personates his ancestors wh traversed the same deserts four thousand years ago. The East that co ferred upon the West the blessings of science and religion, now waits i her darkness and ignorance to receive the same in return from thenc Where the gates of the Orient first let in upon earth their full flood purple light, where, in "Eden's bowers," primeval man adored and fel where the Divine Son of Man, on Calvary's Mount, removed the flamin sword from a more than primeval paradise, there the shadows of darkne and death have now fallen. The star of hope and the light of scienc which rose in the East, westward have moved their way; till, in the gra revolving cycle of ages, the *Occidental* has become the *Oriental*.

DIRGE.

I.

FILLED with sorrow
Bear the loved one
To his rest,
Ere to-morrow
Clods may press down
On your breast.

II.

In his long home
Sweetly sleeping
Evermore.
He is welcome
Never weeping
"Gone before."

III.

All life's troubles
Now are ended
In the dust,
And its bubbles,
Rainbow tinted,
All have burst.

IV.

Bright with promise
He was winging
O'er life's ways,
Now far from us
He is singing
Heavenly praise.

V.

Years of anguish
Have been spared him
Here below,
While to languish
Has prepared him
Bliss to know.

VI.

Let your lamps be
Trimmed and burning
For the night,
That Death lead ye
To the shining
Realms of light.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

A WONDERFUL and eventful period was the sixteenth century, when the nations of Europe awoke from their long sleep of death, and showed unmistakable signs of renewed life and energy. Long enough had they slumbered, weighed down by the despotism of intriguing politicians and the worse bondage of a crafty priesthood. Long enough had the chill of a gloomy and tempestuous night oppressed their spirits and prevented every high aspiration or noble effort. But now appeared the first grey tints of the approaching morn, which was to bring deliverance to the captive, both in things temporal and spiritual, which was to usher in the reformation and enlightenment of the old continent and the peopling of a new world, and under whose genial influences, science, poetry and the fine arts were to unfold their richest treasures.

And mighty were the men of genius who arose to stand at the helm, and assist humanity in weathering every storm that opposed its progress in search of true knowledge and happiness.

Were the deluded nations to be freed from the spiritual thraldom of the pretended vicar of Christ, and taught to think and act independently? There appeared a Luther, a Melancthon, a Calvin, a Savonarola and a John Knox, to carry on the arduous but glorious work of reform.

Was the cause of science and invention to be advanced, notwithstanding the bigotry and selfish ignorance of a debased priesthood, who opposed all progress as deleterious to their interests? The age produced Copernicus, Jörgens, Jansen, Kepler and Palestrina, who, rising to the sublime, investigated the laws of the heavenly bodies, or descending to the practical, brought into use the diving-bell, the spinning-wheel and the needle—or turning towards the beautiful, founded the church music of Italy.

Were discovery and conquest to lay open the treasures of rich and as yet unknown continents and islands, soon to be possessed by yet unborn nations? We read of Magellan and Sir Francis Drake, who plowed their weary way over the wide waste of waters, cheered on by the visions of a long-sought El Dorado. Or again we hear of Pizarro and Cortes, who, with a few adventurous followers, possessed themselves of empires and of thrones, and reveled in a profusion of every thing that heart could wish.

Was a national taste for the excellent and the beautiful to be created? There arose Torquato Tasso, Ariosto, Shakspeare, Cervantes and Camoens, who, by their wonderful powers of description, their chaste simplicity and their fairy-like flights of fancy, attracted the trifling multitudes to higher thoughts, and led them to the pure Castalian fount.

But while religious freedom experienced a resurrection, and discovery, science and poetry received a mighty impulse, it was reserved for the fine arts alone to reach the summit of their glory, to culminate, shedding a luster that has never since been equaled. It was Raphael, Michel Angelo, Titian and Correggio who vied with Phidias and Praxiteles, with Zeuxis and Apelles in bringing art as near as possible to the acme of perfection.

It would be an interesting inquiry how far true religion is favorable to true art; but however this may be, it is certain that Roman Catholicism proved a nursing mother to the fine arts during the sixteenth century. Rome was the great shrine whither flocked multitudes of pilgrims, from the Emperor of Germany with his splendid retinue of nobles, down to the humblest mendicant who begged a subsistence along his weary route. There they deposited their offerings, each vieing, according to ability, to outstrip the other in munificence. Thus was the wealth of the known world lavished upon the queen of cities. And not only did she increase in wealth and honor, but Italy could also boast other sources of prosperity, and point triumphantly to the pomp and luxury of Venice, Genoa, Florence and Naples, whose merchants were princes, and traffickers the honorable of the earth. The Pope and his Cardinals sought to employ their vast means in beautifying and enriching the ancient seat of the Roman dominion, while each of the Italian cities strove to take the lead in matters of art and refined taste—establishing schools of painting, and patronizing liberally the best masters.

Thus was the artistic talent of Italy evoked by the genius of wealth, and well it played its part, erecting for its noble patrons splendid palaces and cathedrals, and adorning them with canvass and with marble, in

which glowed the poet's conceptions of the highest beauty, or were revealed, through the medium of graceful lines and fine proporcions, the exquisite forms that haunt the sculptor's dreams.

While, however, the higher branches of art were thus employed, there sprang up other and secondary branches; worthy offshoots of the higher, which furnished ample scope for the exercise of great genius and taste. Pre-eminent among these were the occupation of the jeweler and the goldsmith, who found lucrative employment in the setting of precious stones, the invention of handsome ornaments, and the fashioning of rich plate for the household use of monarchs, princes and prelates.

Such was the chief occupation of the subject of this paper—Benvenuto Cellini—a man of a most remarkable character in whatever light we view him, and of whom Horace Walpole says: "Cellini was one of the most extraordinary men of an extraordinary age; his life written by himself is more amusing than any novel I know." This witness is emphatically true. We have already attempted to show in what an extraordinary age he lived; it now remains to speak of the man himself. He was born in the city of Florence, of what he calls "valiant ancestry," in the year 1500. His father was a skillful player on the flute and viol, and understood architecture and carving in bone and ivory, as well as constructing musical instruments. Though destined by his fond father to become a famous musician, Benvenuto, whose inclination drew him towards the plastic arts, engaged himself when fifteen years of age to a goldsmith of Florence, under whom he improved rapidly. Before long, however, he found himself forced to leave his native city in consequence of an affray in which he was engaged, and then began that series of wanderings over Italy, France, and Switzerland, which terminated not many years before his death, when he returned to his native place to spend the declining years of his life. It has been said that although in sunny climates there exists strong attachment to one's native land, yet the family and social ties are weaker than in more northern countries; since, where all nature invites abroad, there grows up less of sympathetic feeling than where the long winter evenings gather the family around the fireside. This would seem to be exemplified in the conduct of Cellini, who, though very fond of his father, yet loved to roam from place to place. We find him now in Bologna, again in Pisa, working busily at his trade, then back at Florence studying the designs of Michel Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, and again off on his way to Rome.

During this period of his life, his artistic talents were directed chiefly

to the goldsmith's art and the cutting of dies for medals, as well as enameling and seal-engraving. For although his genius afterwards proved itself equal to the sculptor's art, it was not yet fully developed, and exerted itself on smaller objects which required rather taste and ingenuity than lofty conception. Vasari thus speaks of him: "Benvenuto Cellini, citizen of Florence, at present a sculptor, in his youth cultivated the goldsmith's business, and had no equal in that branch for many years, nor in making fine figures of alto and basso relievo, and every other work belonging to that ingenious art. He set jewels and adorned them with admirable collets, and diminutive figures so exquisitely formed, and some of them so curious and fanciful, that nothing finer or more beautiful can be conceived. The medals which he made in his youth of gold and silver were wrought with the utmost diligence and accuracy, and cannot be sufficiently praised." He made for Pope Clement VII. a beautiful gold button, to be worn on the pontifical robe, which is yet made use of by the popes, as also a gold chalice for papal processions, the cup of which was carved with figures representing the theological virtues.

Not being exempt from the infirmities of mankind he with characteristic gallantry fell in love several times, which, says he, "young men are apt to do." Well had it been for him had his fiercer passions not been aroused, but we find that on the violent death of his brother he took it upon himself to be an avenger of blood, and slew his brother's enemy. From several instances of this kind mentioned in his life, which he regards as perfectly natural and justifiable, we can obtain some idea of the terrible state of anarchy which existed, not only in the eternal city, but all over Italy, resembling very much the feudal ages, when might was right and every man did that which seemed good in his own eyes.

In the year 1526 Rome was sacked by a Spanish and German army under Charles, Duke of Bourbon, who, though a cousin of Francis I., with whom Charles V. was then at war, had been so bitterly persecuted by the Queen-mother of France for refusing the offer of her hand, that he was now fighting for Charles V. and inflicting summary vengeance on Pope Clement VII. for his vacillating and suspicious conduct. Cellini, finding himself near the city wall at the commencement of the attack, determined to perform some manly action. Of this occurrence he says: "Leveling my arquebuse where I saw the thickest crowd of the enemy, I discharged it with a deliberate aim at a person who seemed to be lifted above the rest, but the mist prevented me from distinguishing whether

he was on horseback or on foot. * * * * I cautiously approached the walls and perceived that there was an extraordinary confusion among the assailants, occasioned by our having shot the Duke of Bourbon; he was, as I understood afterwards, that chief personage whom I saw raised above the rest." After this the artist figured as a warrior and was intrusted with the care of some guns on the ramparts of the castle of St. Angelo, whither the pope had fled with his treasures and his cardinals from the Vatican.

When peace was restored we find him, ever restless, again on his way to Florence, where he met the immortal Michel Angelo Buonarotti, with whom he became intimate, and who greatly admired and commended his workmanship. When however we read of Cellini's frequent travels, we must not imagine that traveling in those days was attended with no more danger than at present. A traveler was an adventurer armed and equipped as though entering upon a crusade, and an adventurer too who knew how to use his arms, for the use of the sword was an indispensable accomplishment in such an age. An incident in our artist's return from a visit to Naples will illustrate this. He says: "I left Naples, with my pocket full of money, by night, for fear of being waylaid and assassinated, which is a common thing in that country. When I arrived at Selciata, I with great valor and address defended myself against several men on horseback who attacked and would have murdered me. Having left Solosmeo busy with his monument at Monte Casini, I one day stopped at the inn of Adananni to dine. Near this place I shot at some birds and killed them, but at the same time tore my right hand with the lock of my gun, and though the hurt was not of much consequence, it had an ugly appearance, the blood flowing in copious streams from my hand. When I had got to the inn and put my horse into the stable, I was shown into a room where I found several Neapolitan gentlemen just going to sit down to table, and with them a young lady, one of the most lovely creatures my eyes ever beheld. On entering the chamber I was attended by my servant, a clever stout young fellow, armed with a long partizan: the sight of us, together with the arms and the blood, threw the poor gentlemen into such a panic, (there being a nest of assassins in the place) that rising from their seats, they in the utmost terror and consternation prayed to God to assist them. I told them with a smile that God had already heard their prayers, and that I was ready to be their defender against whoever should attack them. I then asked them to help me to some sort of bandage for my hand, when the beautiful lady took a handkerchief

embroidered with gold in order to make a bandage. I declined this offer, but the lady tore it in two and wrapt up my hand in it herself with a grace inexpressible. Our fears seemed now to be removed and we dined together cheerfully. Dinner being over, we mounted on horseback and traveled on in company. Yet as there still remained some distrust on the side of the gentlemen, they caused the lady to engage me in conversation, leaving us at some little distance, and she and I rode on together. Thus was my journey to Rome the most agreeable I ever had in my life."

Not long after, Clement VII. died, and was succeeded by Paul III. Upon the occasion of Charles the fifth passing through Rome in 1536, after his successful expedition against Tunis, Cellini was employed by the pope to make a richly chased golden cover, set with diamonds, for a prayer book which was to be presented to the emperor. He also rivaled Miliano Targhetta, a renowned jeweler of the day, in setting and tinting a valuable diamond presented by the emperor to Paul III. Thus for a considerable length of time Cellini wrought diligently and successfully at Rome, patronized by monarchs and nobles, continually increasing in skill and renown, and yet led ever and anon by his impetuosity and haughtiness into quarrels with cardinals, rival artists, or apprentices.

After having made a trip to Paris at the special invitation of Francis I., he returned to Rome only to undergo the heaviest trial of his life. Upon the false accusation of some enemies he was seized and confined in the castle of St. Angelo, which he had so nobly defended during the reign of the former pontiff. Treated sometimes with mildness, and again thrown into the most wretched cells, according to the caprice of his deranged keeper, poor Cellini suffered exceedingly. Once he made an attempt to escape, tying together strips of linen cut from sheets, by means of which he succeeded in reaching the ground, but unfortunately fell and broke his leg. Being recaptured, he was more rigorously treated than before, and an attempt was made, in true Italian style, to poison him by mixing a ground diamond with his food, which nefarious project was however frustrated by the avarice of an indigent jeweler, who having been entrusted with the pounding of the diamond, substituted a common stone which could do no hurt. During his confinement he expressed himself in the most devout and pious terms, occupying himself much with religious thoughts. At the intercession of the Cardinal of Ferrara, he was at length released, and set out with that prelate for Paris, to enter the service of Francis I., who, though continually at war with the Emperor of Germany and other monarchs, was nevertheless a liberal patron of the arts

and sciences. It is impossible to imagine how rich and flourishing France might have become under his reign had the resources employed on extensive foreign wars been expended upon internal improvements. During his stay in Paris, Cellini was kindly treated by the king, and encouraged to attempt a number of large silver statues representing Grecian divinities, several of which he finished before he left the country, besides making tasteful ornaments for the fountain at Fontainbleu, and other smaller works.

On his return to his native city, Florence, where he now took up his permanent abode, he entered the service of Cosmo de Medici, and for that prince accomplished the two last and greatest works of his life, viz: a life size Christ upon the cross, cut out of marble, which Vasari pronounces "a most exquisite and extraordinary performance," and a bronze statue of Perseus holding in his hand the head of Medusa. This last statue gave him immense trouble, so that during its progress he fell quite sick from over exertion. Taking a short recess from labor, he made a trip to Venice, in which beautiful and opulent city he enjoyed pleasant intercourse with Titian and the statuary Sansovino. His Perseus being at length completed, it was set up in an honorable place, hard by the gate of the ducal palace, upon a basis of marble, and received with enthusiasm by the people of Florence.

Thus Benvenuto Cellini, from being an humble goldsmith, had risen to the enviable rank of a sculptor, for his genius could not rest content until it had reached the highest sphere in which it was capable of moving. And not only was he an artist, but also an author, depicting with his lively and familiar pen, the men and manners of his age.

In closing, we may say of him that he was a true Italian, full of life and energy, talented and ingenious, indefatigable when at work, yet restless as a bird on the wing, sociable and amorous, excitable and reckless when seeking to revenge himself or kindred, yet withal of a devout turn of mind in the Catholic way.

His life may be compared to a mountain stream, which spends its young strength in coursing swiftly down the rock worn channel, or tumbling wildly in a cataract over high rocks, carrying along in its impetuosity whatever impedes its progress; but which, arrived at the plains below, meanders through the quiet meadows, its limpid waters sometimes sparkling in the noonday sun, or shaded by overhanging trees, or perhaps darkened by lowering clouds, until they are lost in the wide blue ocean.

TALES OF THE HULUMANU.

EDITED BY AN HAWAIIAN.

THE sun's last rays were gleaming across the water, and gilding the grim peaks of Leiahi. The day had been a season of prolonged festivity and mirth. From level plain and fertile valley, the shark-skin drum, with its monotonous tattoo, had summoned the inhabitants to the cocoanut groves at Waikiki. Clothed with a magnificent feather-robe, surrounded by his chieftains, and preceded by the insignia of royalty, the King of Oahu had come from the temple, to witness the games, and to preside over the amusements of the occasion. All day long, the merry dancing-girls had tripped lightly to the sound of the reed, displaying their witching charms before an admiring crowd. Brave warriors had proved their skill in the spear-exercise; while the young men vied with each other in throwing the discus.

But now the clink of dog-tooth bracelets and bangles had ceased; the rattle of gourd-shells was hushed; the people were retiring to their homes. When the stars began their nightly twinkling in the sky, the noisy *hula* ground was deserted and silent; the dancers were gone, to bathe their weary limbs in the surf; and, within the royal enclosure, brawny spearmen were carving choice morsels of dog's flesh, and gormandizing the carcasses of slaughtered swine.

Apart from the circle of inferior braves, sat the king and his chiefs. A huge *kou* tree spread its branches above their heads; and the night-wind, as it rustled the leaves, shook the fragrant flower-dust over the wooden dishes that contained the savory feast. A blazing fire perfumed the air with sweet odors of burning sandal-wood, and lighted the countenances of the jovial banqueters with its cheerful glow. Around a large

calabash sat the favorite ladies of the harem, mixing bitter *awa* for their lord and his companions. It was a scene of rude mirth and savage revelry.

When, at length, hunger was appeased, and the cocoa-nut shell cups were less eagerly drained, an old man drew near, and crouched beside the fire. His locks were white, and the long hairs of his scanty beard were gathered in a knot under his chin. Holding out his thin hands to the blaze, he began a wild chant, recounting the exploits of illustrious champions and heroes of the olden time. The king soon invited the venerable man to his side, and desired him to relate one of those curious tales with which his memory was stored. Drawing his flowing mantle carefully around him, the reverend sage quaffed the proffered cup of *awa*, and then commenced the following narration:

Ages and ages ago the earth was covered with water. The waves rose, and fell, and sparkled in the sun-light, as now; but they washed no sandy shores, nor dashed their spray over any rocky cliff. Men and beasts were not yet; and the monsters of the deep had the world all to themselves.

One day, when the warm south wind blew, a mighty bird came sweeping along with the breeze. Her plumage was white as the foam of the sea; and her wings measured four hundred thousand fathoms from tip to tip. Day after day, she went circling over the water, occasionally dipping down to snap up a whale, or a shark, by way of refreshment, till, at length, she folded her wings, and settled quietly on the waves. Here she sat for three weeks; and then flew away to parts unknown; leaving a great, white egg that drifted slowly around, in the water, and turned up its shining sides to the rays of the sun. Finally, it opened, and released six full-grown islands, which settled themselves in the midst of the ocean, and are called the Hawaiian Islands. They were not the green and lovely isles that now greet the weary mariner's eye as he comes over the sea; but their valleys and hills were bleak and bare of vegetation. Soon the clouds began to cling around the mountain-tops; and the south wind no longer came gently over the waves; but it brought storms and rain which quenched the fires of goddess Pèlè. She had made for herself a home on each of the islands; but the tempests drove her from place to place till she reached the pit of Kilauea, behind the mountain, where the rain comes not, and the springs of water do not flow. Then grass began to grow in the valleys; and cocoa-nut trees sprang from the sea-monsters' teeth that were washed upon the sandy shores; and the gods came down by star-light, and planted the bread-fruit, the *okia*, and the *koa*; so that,

in the morning, the land was covered with trees. Very beautiful were the islands then; for Pèlè had not yet been made wroth; nor did she pour forth floods of fire from her mouth, as when, in after times, men mocked her with their scorn. There were neither beasts nor birds in the forests; nor was any living thing in all the island; so the nymphs and fairies came often from their celestial home, and bathed in the clear, mountain streams, and twined their hair with the bright blossoms of the *ohia*.

Thus time wore away till, one morning, the sun, peeping over the waves, saw two strange birds sitting together on a rocky crag. They were an owl and a hawk; and they rested as quietly as if, from its earliest creation, sole tenants of the island. When the dew was dried from the grass the owl commenced prying around after mice, while the hawk flew off toward the mountain, in search of small birds. Both were, however, disappointed, and came back, at nightfall, to roost on the crag. The owl complained of the bright sun-light, and declared that, in future, he should not stir from his perch till nearly evening, when the sun was obscured by the clouds that gathered around the western hills. The hawk, whose eyes were partial to a powerful light, seeing how great an advantage the owl would have during cloudy weather and in the night time, proposed a partnership of spoils and an equal division of prey. To this the owl readily consented; and, tucking their heads under their wings, the two birds were soon snoring through their bills with the utmost regularity and precision.

A few nights after this, the hawk came home with a very jubilant expression of countenance, and informed his friend that he had found a mouse.

"A mouse!" replied the owl. "Have you killed it?" No; he had only found its hole, just as he was coming home; and, on the morrow, in accordance with the agreement, they would go together, and banquet on the unhappy animal. So they formed a plan for decoying the mouse from its nest; and then the hawk, being very much fatigued, fell asleep. Not so the owl, who had been droning all day at home, and was therefore not in the least inclined to slumber. As soon as the moon rose, he spread his wings and flew to the spot where the hawk said the mouse had its hole. But he could not find the exact place, though very sure that it was near; so he perched on a small tree, and called out, "Mouse!" The little creature, hearing the voice, was very much surprised; but, putting its nose above the ground, answered, "What?" "Come forth," said the owl. The mouse, who had always lived alone, and had never seen, or even heard of, a cat or an owl, came out of its nest, and began to look around

in the moonlight, when the owl, instantly swooping down from the tree, caught the little animal in his talons.

As the owl was leaving the perch beside his friend, he accidentally loosened a small stone, which soon fell from its place into the water with a splash that awakened the hawk. Rubbing his eyes with the corner of his wing, he looked up and found himself alone. Instantly surmising the truth, he started in pursuit, and was just in time to pounce upon the owl as that treacherous bird seized the mouse. Then followed a sanguinary contest, during which the poor mouse crawled off to its hole; though not without a considerable loss of blood and hair, which the night winds transformed into singing birds. The blood was changed into the beautiful red birds which hover round the blossoms of the *ohia;* and the hair, into the dove-colored birds that live among the mountains, and feed on strawberries and *ohelos.*

The hawk and the owl, in the meantime, gave loose rein to their anger, and tore each other's plumage with the most unexampled fury. Every feather, as it was loosened, sprang a living bird, into the air; so that the two combatants were very soon surrounded by a perfect cloud of songsters of all sizes and colors; and, when the morning dawned, the hitherto silent forests were alive and vocal with music.

The fates of the hawk and the owl are not stated in the ancient legend; but it may be supposed that their difficulties were finally adjusted; for, on any cloudy afternoon at the present time, you may see their progeny quietly sailing around over the fields with their great, green eyes ever on the watch for mice or small birds.

In the course of time, it came to pass that men found a home on the islands. Whence they came, is not known; but it is certain that they were destitute of fire, and utterly unacquainted with the method of obtaining that inestimable blessing. A tribe of water-fowl, called Alae, was man's superior in this respect, for it possessed the secret of procuring, and using, fire. At early dawn, these birds would settle in the edge of the forest,—where the wild bananas grow—kindle a blazing fire, roast the bananas, off which they would breakfast sumptuously, and then return to their native marshes and pools along the sea-shore.

Two brothers, among the inhabitants, had observed this custom of the Alae, and had partaken of the dainty fragments of the feast. They determined to lie in wait for the birds, and rob them of their fire, when they came, to roast bananas in the woods. Accordingly when the birds again came, and made a fire at the accustomed spot, these two enterpris-

ing heroes leaped from their ambush, and endeavored to seize the prize; but the Alae were too quick—every bird caught up a coal, so that not a spark was left, and flew away to the marshes, where they spent the day croaking among the rushes, and bewailing the creation of mankind.

The same attempt was repeated for three days in succession till the fire-stealers saw that some other means must be tried. It was agreed that the younger of the two brothers should embark in a canoe, before it became light in the morning; and, placing on one of the seats, a long, jar-shaped fish-basket in such a position that it might appear, at a considerable distance, like a man, should paddle far out from the land, and pretend to be much engaged in fishing; the older brother was to conceal himself, as before, in the woods.

The fatal morning dawned, and the Alae awoke. They were very hungry, but fear prevented them from resorting at once to the banana grove. A little chick, at length, spied the canoe away off on the water, and cried out that their persecutors had given up in despair. The old birds, who were near-sighted and prudent, asked if the two men were both visible in the canoe; and, being assured that such was the case, the whole tribe, without farther ado, joyfully started for the woods.

They there kindled a perfect bonfire, and piled heaps of yellow fruit upon the blazing coals, with the determination of making full amends for three days' abstinence from their favorite food; but, just at the moment when every bird had its bill sunk to the eyes in the pulp of a steaming banana, out sprang their old enemy from his place of concealment. He was, this time, so fortunate as to capture the youngest of the family, and to hold him fast; though the rest all escaped, and carried the fire, as usual with them. The captor now made a signal to his brother who hastened eagerly ashore. They then bound the bird with a fishing line, and proceeded to interrogate him concerning the method of obtaining fire. The captive was, at first, sullen, and refused to reveal the secret; but, on being threatened with death in case he remained longer silent, he directed the men to procure a piece of hard wood, about six inches in length, and pointed at one end. This must be rubbed violently on the succulent stem of the banana-tree, and the friction would produce fire. They eagerly made the experiment, but were, of course, unsuccessful, and demanded more truthful information. They were then told to rub the stick on the *koa* tree; failing in this trial, the bird recommended an attempt upon the trunk of the *ohia;* and so on till they had experimented on all the principal trees of the forest. There was no lack of success in

producing great quantities of smoke, and making long, deep furrows in the trees (by reason of which the bark of all large trees is rough and wrinkled to this day); but not a spark of fire could they obtain. It was now very evident that the bird was practising deception; they therefore pulled out his tail-feathers, by way of torture, hoping thus to compel him to speak the truth. The poor Alae finally yielded, and told his persecutors that if friction were applied to a soft, dry wood, called *hau*, it would ignite without fail. The men obeyed this direction, and were rewarded with complete success. Having refreshed themselves with roasted bananas, they applied a live coal to the crown of the Alae's head, which immediately swelled into a fiery crest, and then released the unfortunate bird. He flew slowly away to the lakes of Waiakea, where his descendants may now be easily distinguished by their red crests, and by their destitution of those caudal feathers which are so ornamental to the majority of birds. Thus did men obtain the prize of fire.

Here the old man paused, and his head drooped upon his breast. Having ordered a fresh supply of wood for the fire, the king passed the awa-cup to him, and requested the narration of another story; but the sage merely touched his lips to the rim of the shell, and remained obstinately silent. It chanced that there was present a young man, the son of the king of Hawaii. He had come with a message, and a gift from his father to the king of Oahu; and was now tarrying at the royal court, a favorite guest, and an interested spectator of the annual festivities.

"Let our father alone," said this young man. "He is old; his voice is weak and faltering. Listen to me, and I will relate, for your amusement, a tale of my own country." The king was pleased with this proposal; so, after musing a little, the youthful ambassador commenced as follows:

Once upon a time a certain fair princess dwelt among the cocoa-nut groves of Puna. She was, above all other maidens, graceful and lovely and the fame of her beauty had gone out through the islands, so that her father's court was thronged with suitors for his daughter's hand. Even the young Lord of Kauai ventured in his canoe across the stormy channel which separates that lonely island from the rest of the group, and sought to obtain the heart and the hand of the beautiful girl. But the lady cared not for the vows of these sighing swains; in fact, her hand had been, long before, promised by her father to the king of Maui,—tha

king of Maui whose brother was the famous voyager Kamapiikai,—and the maiden had, as yet, felt no desire to dispute her father's will.

One day, the young prince of Kau came with a stately train to the royal court. He was the cousin of the princess; and, though separated for several years, they had been companions in their childhood. The lovely lady was with her maidens in the forest when the knightly train arrived; and, coming gaily home at evening, she encountered the prince as he was strolling beside the royal fish-ponds. The meeting was unexpected to both, though not unwelcome—to the young lord, at least; and he hastened forward, to greet his fair cousin who, with her head and arms wreathed with fragrant *mailè*, looked like some wood-nymph, or fairy from the forest: but she made no reply to his salutations; and, turning coyly aside from the path, tripped lightly away among the bushes toward her father's palace.

"How beautiful she is!" thought the young man, as he slowly retraced his steps. Rumor had certainly failed of doing justice to her charms, and he determined to risk his all in the attempt to win her love.

On the morrow the cousins met. Both were timid and silent; but lovers speak not so much with the tongue as by the glance of the eye; however, when the old king and his attendants had gone with their surf-boards, to play in the surf on the beach, the prince found words with which to tell the story of his love. The lady listened with tearful attention, and then confessed how dearly she loved her cousin, and declared that she could love no other than him; but it was her father's will that she become the bride of the king of Maui, and no persuasion could avail to turn him from this purpose. The young lover was, nevertheless, sanguine in his hopes of success, so, when his uncle returned from the bath, he informed that worthy old gentleman of the progress he had made in his daughter's affections, and asked his consent to their speedy union. The old warrior quietly took down from its place a long, iron-wood spear, barbed and pointed with shining fish-bones; and politely requested the young man to return immediately home, unless he wished to experience the effects of an exhibition of skill in the spear-exercise. This was the "short and easy method" of dealing with unwelcome petitioners for his daughter's hand, practised by this model sovereign and parent, from which there was no appeal; and soon the beautiful princess saw her lover sadly departing with his companions, and going away, under the bluffs of the Kaha, in the direction of his home.

A few days after this little affair, as the princess was sitting alone on

the rocks of the sea-shore, listlessly watching her maidens who were sporting in the surf at her feet, there came a young girl with a message from her cousin. If she would come to the little cove at the beach, when the moon went down, that night, he would be ready with a canoe, and they would fly together to his home where she should be happy all the days of her life.

The gentle girl hesitated, and a refusal trembled on her lips, as she thought of leaving her pleasant home and the friends of childhood; but, when she recalled the image of that hateful stranger, who was soon coming to claim her hand, and carry her away over the sea to the distant island of Maui, her resolution returned; and she promised to be at the appointed place when the moon disappeared behind the mountain.

The night was warm and still, and the morning star of love was just rising in the east, as the moon went down. The princess woke one of her maids; and, together, they stole softly away from the royal enclosure, hastening to the cove, where was a large, double-canoe, well manned, and ready to push from the beach. The young prince tenderly embraced his mistress, and placed her, with her waiting-maid, upon the platform of the canoe: they then pushed hastily through the surf, and were soon out on the open sea. Merrily they coasted along the southern shores of the island till afternoon, when they landed at Punaluu, where the prince's mother dwelt beside that well known fountain whose cool waters have always been so peculiarly delightful to the sovereigns of Kau. This lady cordially welcomed the beautiful princess to her home; and, at evening, the nuptials of the happy pair were celebrated with all due solemnity and pomp.

Soon after this happy event, a herald came from the king of Puna demanding the restoration of the princess, intact as when she left her father's house, together with proper indemnification for the insult offered to his dignity and power. This demand was very promptly refused. The indignant monarch then declared war against the powers of Kau, and landed with a mighty army of spearmen upon the coasts of that region. The troops of the prince were repeatedly vanquished by the redoubtable warriors of his father-in-law; and he was, finally, compelled to flee with his family to the fastnesses of the mountain, leaving the enemy to roam at will over the fair fields of his dominion.

While thus shut up in the forest, the queen-mother, who was a lineal descendant of the goddess Pèlè, bethought herself of making application to her divine ancestor in behalf of her unfortunate son. Summoning a

few faithful followers, she bade adieu to her family, and set out for the sacred region of Kilauea, where the great goddess of fire, Pèlè, had her abode.

Two days they traveled along the borders of the forest till, on the South-east side of the mountain, they reached an extensive table-land which lies at an elevation of nearly four thousand feet above the sea-level. Portions of this plain are covered with a scanty growth of hardy trees and rough, mountain shrubs; but it is, for the most part, a desert waste of sand and lava rock. Near the center of the plateau yawns the great crater of Kilauea, an abyss nine miles in circumference, and a thousand feet deep; but, notwithstanding the magnitude of the vast pit, the spectator's first impression, as he stands upon its brink, is almost invariably a feeling of disappointment. He has pictured in his mind a cone-shaped peak, down whose heated sides the gory lava flows with thundering noise upon the country around. He sees nothing like the image of his fancy here; there is only an empty crater in which all is still and dead, and the smoke goes quietly up as if from the smouldering ruins of some great city. As he gazes, this feeling, however, gives way to others, and he can only be impressed by the sublimity of the scene. Volumes of smoke, lazily rolling up toward heaven, show where the pool of liquid lava sleeps; and little jets of vapor, every where springing from the crevices of the rock, reveal the existence of fire in the caverns below. The silence and desolation, the depth and extent of the crater, grow every minute more awful; and, as evening draws near, the immense dome of Mauna Loa throws gloomy shadows over the forests and across the plain, while its unbroken outline, with all its glaciers reflecting the lingering rays of the sun, rises in bold relief against the purple sky. When night closes in, and the goddess of fire awakes from her slumbers, the pillar of smoke is illumined with lurid light; and the spray and foam, the dash and surge of the fiery waves, can be distinctly seen as they beat against their rock-bound shore.

To this sacred region, then, came the queen, bearing offerings to the goddess who dwells among the fires of the crater. Standing on the brink of the chasm, the venerable woman prayed long and loud, invoking the wrath of her divine ancestor upon the barbarous king of Puna, and praying that his domains be desolated, and his groves and fish-ponds be destroyed, by a flood of burning lava. Her attendants cast into the crater an offering of hogs and fowls, together with fruitful clusters of the sacred ohelo, and then they retired to await the response of the deity.

Soon the ground was shaken by an earthquake; a jet of lava sprang into the air; and the mighty goddess appeared sitting on the crest of a fiery wave. Calling her suppliant child by name, she graciously accepted her prayers and sacrifice; promised the desired assistance; and sank back from view into the foam of the burning lake.

All day long black clouds clung around the mountain, and rolled over the volcanic plain. Low murmurs filled the air, and the earth groaned as if in distress. When night came, the vast masses of smoke and vapor that hung over the volcano glowed fiercely with the light that glared from the depths of the crater. The terrified inhabitants of the island gazed anxiously at the cloudy pillar of fire, and trembled with fear.

At length, the side of the mountain was suddenly rent, and a torrent of molten lava poured forth upon the surface of the ground, lighting up all the sky with its frightful glare. The devouring current flowed rapidly down the declivity, and soon reached the more nearly level forest lands where its progress was retarded, but none the less sure. Steadily it continued its course toward the devoted shores of Puna,—drying the springs; filling the ravines; burning the mighty trees of the forest; and utterly consuming everything in its track:—now, expanding in liquid lakes of molten metals; then, rushing madly through some narrow gorge; and ever approaching the shore of the sea. The king, in alarm, quitted the scene of his victories, and returned home with all his warriors, to rescue their families and property from the fury of Pèlè; while the women and children thronged the temples, and prayed to the gods for the deliverance of their land.

Day after day the terrible river rolled on, and pushed its way through the tangled jungle that covered the inland wilds of the island, till, at length, it poured out upon the fertile and inhabited borders of the coast. Right on, it came; over the green fields, and smiling slopes; through the waving groves of breadfruit, and banana, and cocoa-nut trees; engulfing the houses; and laying waste the plantations of the unfortunate people. The old king stood with his priests before the advancing flood, and offered sacrificial prayers; but the fierce goddess called from the midst of the fire, warning him against trespass upon the rights of her children; and threatening him, in case of disobedience, with the devastation of his entire kingdom. No entreaties could stay the fiery torrent in its course; and it plunged madly into the ocean, whose waves hissed, and steamed, and roared over the invading masses of molten rock. The despairing monarch, at last, sent messengers, to ask peace, and to sue for the friend-

ship and intercession of his son-in-law. Then the terrible Pèlè retired to her home in the volcano; and the flood of lava ceased its flow, leaving only a vast tract of black clinker and broken slag where once the sites of thriving villages and cultivated fields had been; and the sea-waves dashed their foam against a wall of rock where they had been wont, when land-breezes rustled the palm-leaves, to ripple gently along the white sand-beach that lined the shores of the moonlight sea.

Here the narrator arose, and was moving away from the fire; but the king called him back, to inquire the fate of the princess and her gallant husband. "Her parent," replied the young man, "became reconciled to their union; and, at his death, bequeathed to his children the kingdom of Puna. After a long and happy life, they slept with their fathers; and their bones rest, side by side, in a cave under the *pali* of Kelauea. Thus ends the story of the fair princess of Puna."

When the ambassador had finished this tale, and had retired to the house provided for his accommodation, the venerable historian raised his eyes from the ground, and said:

Stories like this are fit only for the ears of women and children. Hear me while I recount the wanderings of Kamapiikai.

The king of Mani had a son, named Kamapiikai, who was unlike all his royal brothers. While they were engaged in hunting, and fishing; or in wrestling, and throwing the spear; he would wander away alone by the shore and watch the waves as they foamed upon the beach. Or else, he would seek out a bowery retreat beside some sparkling brook where the waters ran musically over the stones, and the shining spray made rainbows, in the sunlight, around the tiny cascades of the stream.

Thus he dreamed away the days of youth till approaching manhood gave vigor to his limbs, and breathed into his soul a longing after new scenes and occupations. He then extended the length of his rambles till he had roamed through all the valleys of the island, and had climbed to the highest peak of Halèakala—the mountain of the sun. After this achievement, he passed over to the great island of Hawaii, and spent many months in viewing its wonders. He scaled the precipices of Waimanu and Waipio, where he discovered, and named, the beautiful fall of Hilawè whose spray throws itself eighteen hundred feet down the perpendicular wall of rock that forms the side of the valley; he passed in one day over the ravines of Hamakua and Hilo; unsuccessfully attempted the ascent of the snowy mountain; offered sacrifice to the goddess Pèlè,

on the brink of the fiery chasm in which she dwelt; and traveled merril over the grassy slopes of Kona which had not yet been laid waste b the burning floods of lava that afterward poured from the sides of tl mountain.

In the midst of these travels, while refreshing himself among the coco nut groves of Kailua, there came to him a vision one night. A brig fairy appeared, in his sleep, and told him of a far off land, called Ha pokane, where was situated the fountain of Waiolaloa whose waters co ferred eternal youth upon all who drank thereof. The fairy bade hi seek this happy land, and then vanished away.

The young prince immediately awoke from his slumbers, and order the attendants to prepare a canoe, in which he embarked, and return to his home on Maui. Here he related his vision, and asked his fath to supply him with one of the largest war canoes in the navy. The kir deeming this only a new expression of his son's eccentricity, readily co sented; and, in due time, Kamapiikai launched forth upon the oce with ten of his chosen followers.

More than a year passed away; no tidings of the adventurers came court. Two years sped their flight; and the wanderers returned not ba to their home. The royal father now dispatched messengers to Hawa to Oahu; and even to Kauai—that far, northern island of the grou but nowhere had the prince been seen. Another year came, and wei and then they mourned in despair.

Fifteen years passed. The king grew old, and died; grieving to t last for his youngest boy whom the waves had, no doubt, swallowed in the sea; and his eldest son reigned in his stead.

One bright, summer morning, when the sea-breeze began to darken t surface of the ocean, a sail was spied at a distance from the land. U like the brown mat-sails of the islanders, it was of the purest white, a of a shape quite different from those of the royal fleet. Nearer, a nearer, it came; dashing along between the lines of foaming break and through the narrow passage of the reef, till the curiously carved b of the canoe struck upon the beach before the royal palace. A tall a portly man, covered with a gorgeous feather-mantle that hung from shoulders to his knees, rose from a seat in the canoe, and stepped u the shore. The throng of half-naked savages fell back at his appro and stood gazing with silent wonder upon the magnificent stranger. surveyed them for a moment, and then said, "I am the son of your ki and I have returned from my search after the land of Haupokar

Then the old men cried out, "It is, indeed, Kamapiikai!" and the king, his brother, came running down the beach; and all the people shouted till the very hills echoed back the sound of rejoicing and welcome.

After the first transports of joy were over, the two brothers, entering the temple, offered solemn sacrifice to the gods of the winds and the sea; and then retired to the palace, where, after Kamapiikai had been bathed, and feasted, and anointed with fresh cocoa-nut oil, he sat down in the graveled court-yard, and thus related the story of his adventures.

Fifteen years ago, I set sail in my father's canoe, and went out over the broad ocean, to seek for the land of Haupokane where flows the fountain that gives eternal youth to all who taste its waters. With my companions I have drank of that fountain, and the gift of youth is ours. Many days and nights we sailed away from these shores, and often strained our weary eyes over the waves in search of the promised land; but no land did we see. Our carefully husbanded stores of food and water failed; and, when horrid famine, and awful death, stared us full in the face, the wind ceased to blow; and our little bark tossed idly up and down upon the glassy surface of the deep. Thus, for three days we lay till hope forsook the hearts of my companions; and, when the third evening sun went down, they stretched themselves in despair on the bottom of the canoe, longing only to be released by death from their pains. But, confident in my vision, I still sat erect, and prayed to the god of the sea for our deliverance from the awful fate which seemed so near. At length, there came a gentle breath of air, stealing across the water, and rippling the waves around the canoe. The great sail puffed out, for a minute, full of air, then flapped against the mast, as before: it was cruel to be thus tantalized with deceitful hope. Soon, there came another gust that ruffled the waves, and, with increasing power, bore us on our course. Sweet and cool, it stirred the sail, and saluted my senses with faint odors of the land. The land! the land of the blest! I cried; and my companions started from their death-like slumber. Together we strained our eyes through the darkness; but nothing could we see. Still, the fresh breeze kept wafting to us the perfumes of the land, and hopefully we hastened over the waves. When the morning sun arose, we spied a low coast extending away in the distance before us, and rising gently toward a range of blue hills that loomed dimly on the horizon. The cool wind was driving us rapidly along, but only in a direction parallel with the coast; so we furled our sail, and waited for the sea-breeze.

As the sun came up over the hills, it darted its rays brightly across the

water, and lighted up the land and sea with its cheerful beams. The wind began to diminish its force, and soon died utterly away, leaving us to drift with the tide which was setting our canoe slowly toward the shore. Finally, the breeze sprang up, and, hoisting the sail, we commenced skimming along over the crests of the waves.

We could see, as we approached, how beautiful was the unknown land before us. The green and well-watered slopes stretched smoothly up from the margin of the sea to the black forests which clustered over the hills in the background. Groves of palm-trees lined the beach; and, through their swaying leaves, we could see a hundred little rivulets, sparkling, and hastening, to mingle their spray with the foam of the sea. Beautiful was the scene; doubly beautiful! to the weary voyagers' eyes.

The winds soon wafted our canoe to the shore. Leaping forth upon the sand, I returned thanks to the gods who had saved us from the perils of the deep; we then walked slowly along the beach, seeking for the inhabitants of the land, of whom no trace had, as yet, appeared. Thus we proceeded till the setting of the sun, when we came suddenly upon a group of maidens, clothed in white, who were sporting upon the banks of a small stream, and twining their locks with wreaths of the sweet-scented mailè.

"Tell me, fair maidens, who you are," I said; "and what land is this, to which we have come on our voyage over the sea?"

"Fairies are we," they replied; "and we dwell in the land of Haupokane where flows the fountain of life—Waiolaloa. We bid you welcome to these happy shores." Then, advancing, they took us each by the hand, and led us to a grove; where, by the light of the moon, they provided a banquet of fruits, and pierced the shells of young cocoa-nuts for our drink. When we had eaten, and were satisfied, they bade us slumber; and, covering us with their mantles, disappeared from our view.

In the morning, we were awakened by the songs of birds; and, on arising, found the refreshments of the evening renewed before us; but our fair entertainers were invisible. We spent the day in strolling through the endless groves, where the fragrant *hala* filled the air with its perfume, and all manner of fruit trees and spice trees shaded the earth with their boughs; and returned, at even-tide, to the spot where we had met the fair ladies of the land. They were not there; but, as the moon arose, they came tripping lightly along the sands, and joined us beside the stream. Here we discoursed of the pleasant land, and asked them concerning the mysterious fountain of life. They described its position;—

just within the forest, at the base of a high hill which we had remarked during the day; and related its many healing virtues: then, before the hour of rest arrived, they vanished away, like a dream in the night.

On the morrow, we proceeded in search of the wonderful spring. As we left the shore, and approached the forest, the birds sang sweeter songs; and more exquisite odors filled the air. The fresh, morning breezes kissed our cheeks with celestial softness, and the landscape seemed brighter and lovelier than any ever seen by mortal eyes before. At length, we heard the murmuring sound of flowing waters; and, pushing through the thicket, we stood beside the fountain of life—Waiolaloa.

From under the roots of a stately tree, the clear waters gushed up into a basin of mossy rocks, against which the wavelets came surging, and sparkling, from the center of the fount. Little, yellow paradise-birds hovered continually in the cool and delightful shade of the overhanging tree, and sipped the dewy drops that gemmed the mosses and flowerets; all the while filling the air with the softest and sweetest of harmony. Fair maidens lay slumbering in the shade of the surrounding grove, on couches of ferns and moss; or the sunlight, peeping through the leaves of the trees, toyed affectionately with their raven locks, as they sat by the murmuring stream, and sang melodious songs to the music of their heavenly lyres.

As we broke through the underwood, these fairy guardians of the grove started to their feet, and enquired who we were, and what we desired. We told them whence we came, and our errand to that enchanted land. Then they gave us each a shining, pearl-shell cup, and said: "Drink; drink long and deep, till eternal youth is yours." Many times, that day, we drank from the cool, flowing waters of the fountain of life, imbibing health, and youth, and strength, with every draught; and, at evening, we returned to the sandy shore of the sea.

Months and years passed away; but, forgetful of our home and friends, we tarried still in that delightful land. No storms of wind or rain, no summer heats, no wintry chills, ever reached those blissful shores; soft sea-breezes rustled the leaves of the palms by day, and gentle land-winds stirred the spice-trees at night. The days sped swiftly away, as we sported in the surf on the beach, or wandered among the fragrant groves, passing hours of pleasure in soft dalliance with the fairy maidens of the land. But, at length, a vision bade us return over the sea to the long-forgotten home of our childhood, and there announce the existence of the land of the Hanpokane, and guide other wanderers to its shores. Obedi-

ent to this command, we embarked again on the ocean; and here we are, once more among our relations and friends.

When Kamapiikai had finished this narrative, his hearers all rose up, and pressed eagerly around, to offer their congratulations, and to propound divers questions concerning his wonderful adventures. The king proclaimed a sacred feast, at which the hero gave, in public, an account of his voyage; but refused to reveal the distance, and position, of the land of Haupokane; for the king feared a complete depopulation of his dominions if his subjects should learn the way to a happier clime.

Kamapiikai did not tarry long on Maui, but soon sailed again for Haupokane, with a number of his friends who were desirous of obtaining immortality. They promised a speedy return to their home, nor did they fail to perform this engagement.

Three times did Kamapiikai thus sail over the sea, guiding his friends to the coasts of Haupokane; and a fourth time he embarked with forty of his companions, but they never more returned to the land of their birth. Other voyagers have sailed in search of the fairy region and its mysterious fount; but never, since the days of the adventurous Kamapiikai, has it been found by any of those who sail over the waves of the sea.

The first gray light of dawn was tinging the eastern sky when the old man concluded his story. No sound disturbed the universal quiet, save the ocean's low murmuring along the coral reef. Slowly the stars faded away; the drum's echoing roll sounded again among the distant hills; and the curling smokes of a thousand morning-fires saluted the rising sun, as the king, and his attendant chiefs, proceeded to offer sacrifice at the temple. The night was past; its pleasures were over, and another day of festivity had begun.

"SENSIBLE appearances affect most men much more than abstract reasonings; and we daily see bodies drop around us, but the soul is invisible."—*Young.*

MATHEMATICS AND METAPHYSICS OF LIFE.

POETS in all ages of the world have sung, and preachers have taught, the great truth of the unreality of life. They have done this, however, only in appearance. They have never intended to teach that life is in reality a dream—but simply that viewed in connection with the momentous interests of eternity and the shortness of time, as compared with the measured ages of the world to come, all matters pertaining to this life are of so little importance, its pleasures and employments so unsatisfying, meagre and visionary, that they have been led to declare that life is truly but a dream—a shadow that fleeth away. But the science of mathematics enables us to go farther—to declare that literally and truly, life is a dream. Paradoxical as it may seem, yet if we admit the evidence of mathematical demonstration, we are led to this inevitable conclusion. The demonstration is very simple and appreciable to the most illiterate. Its one single promise is this—life is indicated by motion, and where no motion is there is no life. The application of mathematics is to prove that there is not and cannot be in the whole universe such an existence as motion, hence that there is no such thing as physical life, and that consequently all ideas of motion and of life are spiritual, having their great center and only existence in the soul. Motion has reference to space, and no space, however small, can be traversed except by portions at a time—a tenth of the distance must be passed before the remaining nine-tenths, and then a tenth of the remainder before the remaining nine-tenths, and this may be carried on ad infinitum, and by the principle of the "Infinite series," the original distance can never be accomplished. But as this space is itself indefinitely small, we are forced to the inexorable law of mathematical demonstration, to the conclusion that motion through any space, however small, is impossible. There is then in nature no such thing as physical life. How then can we explain these infinite changes that are continually taking place among mankind—the ever varying appearances and vicissitudes of our mortal existence? Pre-

cisely as you will explain the various and numberless phantasmagoria of a dream. Who has not, when his body was in a death-like sleep, climbed mountains, crossed rivers, traversed continents, and passed through all the various scenes of actual experience with all the seemingness of reality? Who has not encountered dangers the most terrible, which have made the very "hair to stand on end," and suffered the most cruel punishments and experienced the acutest agony, and, in fine, been exercised by all the various passions of love and hatred, hope and anxiety, courage and fear, of which the soul of man is susceptible, and all this while the body is in the embrace of the sister of death? Why then should it seem unreasonable to suppose that life itself is a dream—that it is a mere vision of the soul while enshrined as a precious jewel in its earthly casket? Can physical life, by any mode of reasoning, be freed from the most impenetrable mystery? Who understands it? Who has been permitted to look so deeply into the arcana of the divine mind and its wondrous works, as to perceive the connection of soul and body, as clearly to discern the secret springs of life? None. The various kaleidoscopical views of life are presented to the mind, we know not *why* or *how*, nor shall we ever know until the soul awakes from its dream of life and the glorious realities of eternity burst upon its view with unbeclouded splendor.

"Love is a river deep and strong,
That runneth onward to the sea;
More swiftly now it glides along,
Its sparkling waters dancing free.
And now again more slow and grand,
It rolls towards the happy land,
Until at last eternity
Receives its waters. Still is love,
Though changing ever, deep and strong."—*Anon.*

"God creates; he creates in virtue of his creative power, and he draws the universe, not from nonentity, but from himself, who is absolute existence."—*M. Cousin.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Great is the dignity of authorship."—*Tupper.*
"Authorship—Editorship."—*Roget.*

A "HAPPY NEW YEAR"—though *rather* late—to all our contributors and patrons. Once more we come before you—hat in hand—make our best bow and—and—"*retire*"? Not exactly—anxious friend—till we have once more inflicted upon you our most sapient lucubrations, till we have once more given you the benefit of our enlarged experience, till we have again made you doubly pleased—1st, that we have contributed so much to your entertainment and instruction—for a leisure hour or two, and 2nd, that we have at last drawn so near a close—till, in fine, we have "opened upon" you again even as Spring has opened upon us; bright and blooming or gloomy and sad, as the case may be. The season is not yet quite enough advanced to arouse in us a remarkable degree of enthusiasm, so if that "wee word *we*" (*pungent* alliteration, eh?) does n't accomplish as much as would be desirable, and perhaps—under more favoring circumstances—possible, our gentle readers (readers are always *gentle!*) must find their solace for the prosiness of the Editor's Table in the pages preceding. Again; and this *may* be the true reason of our want of success in this department—that is, recollect, if there *is* any such want—which we are by no means certain there will be—we lack *experience*—personally, we mean, for *corporately* we have had enough; but *personally* we were never guilty of such an attempt before. However, we don't say this as an apology for what follows, but simply as a sort of introduction or preface. We are willing to do what it was sorrowfully declared Mrs. Dombey would *not do*—"make an effort"—and then if we fail we shall feel that

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in *ourselves*, that we are underlings."

Some one has very wisely remarked that "it takes all sorts of folks to make a world." Certain it is that this remark might be applied to a *College*; for if "all sorts of folks" can be found anywhere, it is *there*—some remarkable for one thing, some for another, and some for—*nothing at all*. Some excel *physically* and some *metaphysically*; some *morally* and some—and by far too large a sum—*immorally*. Perhaps we cannot show this diversity of talent more clearly than by two or three examples. We recollect there was a very deep and solemn interest excited in the Senior Class during the discussion of the subject of the "ultimate atom." The question was, how it should be arrived at, and it was one of all absorbing interest. Students might have been seen "dragging their weary length along" over the College grounds, with downcast eyes and an expression of deep-seated melancholy on every countenance. What the end would be none could conceive; but it was certain that such a deplorable state of things could

not last. At length the startling and joyous intelligence was one morning given, that the "ultimate atom" had been discovered! On inquiry it was ascertained that our "devil" was the fortunate discoverer of the hitherto profound secret. It is hardly necessary to say that he rose instantly in our estimation, and we had for a time most serious thoughts of his promotion; but, like most resolves made under the influence of extraordinary excitement, they still remain unexecuted. He was for the time "the observed of all observers," and with reason too, for he had made a tremendous stride in science, beyond the age—an advance which would forever set at rest all controversy—all speculation concerning the elements, qualities and properties of matter. It is true, the *recipe* excited some surprise, but so far as we know was implicitly believed. We subjoin the *modus operandi* for the benefit of posterity.

It is proper, however, to premise that the discoverer is an enthusiastic student of Natural History, taking great delight in "shooting and stuffing" chip-mucks, snow-birds and such "small deer" as are not dangerous. He said that he took a robin's leg, boiled it several hours in ten gallons of water, carefully strained the whole—except the leg which had been already *strained*—took three drops, evaporated them completely in a glass retort, set a box-trap at the aperture, and the next morning he had the "ultimate atom!" Singular, wasn't it? And it had never been discovered before! Whether any one ever tried the experiment afterward we don't know. That *we* did not we *are positive*, partly perhaps on account of constitutional indisposition, but more particularly because it would have seemed uncourteous and might have indicated a want of confidence in our "imp's" veracity, which truly we never for a moment have been inclined to question.

Another anecdote, which at the time appeared rather amusing, may serve to illustrate the aphorism with which we commenced. The topic under discussion was the existence of *matter—substance*—the question being what evidence we have that there is any such thing. The inquiry was made—"When you look at an object what do you see? for instance when you look at this desk?" The answer was perfectly orthodox—"Form and color, sir." Ques.—"Is that all?" Ans.—"It is." Ques.—"How do you know then that there is anything more there?" This, as might have been expected was too much, and the interrogated sank beneath its weight. Another was called. The same question was asked him—"How do *you* know there is anything but form and color?" With an air of conscious superiority, and a facility of invention equal to any emergency, this embryo metaphysician replies—"*I'd cut it open, sir!*" The applause that greeted this reply was unanimous. While we are upon this subject, perhaps we may as well relieve our mind of one more of somewhat similar character. Speaking of "personal identity" and its evidence, the question occurred—"What evidence have you that you are the same person that you were ten years ago?" The reply was—"Memory and consciousness—conscious of what I now am and remembering what I was then." Ques.—"But can you remember what you were when but a year old?" Ans.—"No, sir." Ques.—"Well you believe you are the same person now as then?" After deep study and considerable hesitation the victim answers—"Yes, sir." Ques.—"*Why* do you believe it?" After a still longer time spent in silent meditation, his countenance suddenly brightened and he replied with eager animation—"Because I can't think who I *could* have been if not myself!" The reply was *overwhelmingly* satisfactory, and it is needless to say that the interrogator "collapsed."

It is indeed curious what a diversified assemblage of "humans" are always collected within the walls of a College. If man himself is a microcosm, a college is a microcosm on a somewhat larger scale, and we venture to affirm that in no one place can a man obtain a better knowledge of men in general the world over, or get more correct or useful ideas of human nature, of what the world really is, than in College. Here all classes are represented—and when we say *all* classes, we do not mean simply all *respectable* or *reputable* classes, although one would gladly limit its meaning thus—but it is hardly to be expected that in an association of some two or three hundred young men from all parts of the country and of the world, and from all stations in life, there should not be some who, to use the very mildest form of expression, confer no honor upon any society with which they may be connected. We sincerely hope now, that no one will take offence at these few plain words, spoken in our Editorial capacity and ourself shielded by Editorial "privilege"—for if any *do* thus take umbrage, it certainly will not be that portion who are undeserving censure—and if all include themselves in this number none can find fault—otherwise we can only say, "*Si vest—is fit*—wear it."

We presume no one who has ever been "over the course" has failed to notice certain distinguishing characteristics of the four classes in College. The *symptoms* are never-failing—indubitable. Let us for a moment note some of the peculiarities. We will take our stand at the corner there and notice who passes, and see what truth there is in manners and physiognomy in indicating a student's position in College. There comes one. Notice his walk—a most marked, self-sufficient swagger—a very evident don't-care-for-anybody-ish-ness in his whole demeanor, reminding one very forcibly of that important epoch in his childhood when jackets were exchanged for the long-tailed coat, and when he looked with a sort of dignified, pitying contempt upon his younger and less fortunate companions. You know him instantly to be of that class who, whether deservedly or not, have the unenviable reputation of smashing windows, smoking Freshmen, blowing horns and making "night hideous" generally. But here comes another—not with such self-important appearance as the first, but with downcast, modest countenance, possibly owing to the fact that he feels himself in the presence of the "upper classes." At all events, he passes on with only a shy glance at your face, and seems in a desperate hurry to get to the recitation room—that is, if *that* is his destination, and if *not*, why *then* to "prayers," for those are the two things uppermost in his mind. There is a look of anxiety on his face, which may be attributed either to fear lest he may be tardy or to that twin bugbear—a Sophomore. This is the man who has come to College to *learn*, and who don't see what pleasure "those Sophs" can find in "rowing" Freshmen. Certain is he that he never would be guilty of anything so "mean"—(alas! the fallibility of man!) But who is that walking up the hill with such a *negligé* air? Look one moment, my friend, and you will consider your question superfluous. There, he has met the two just mentioned and passes without so much as a look, or any recognition whatever. Not that he feels *above* them—by no means. He has been here too long to cherish any feelings of that nature towards his fellow-creatures. He sees the folly of it. Are they not all of one family—sort of brothers in some respects—and shall he, forsooth, because farther advanced—because he *knows the most*—feel exalted above his less favored neighbors? No, this is *not* the cause of his conduct. He would be indignant if you should attribute it to this; but we rather think he would be puzzled to give a *clear* and *succinct* reason for it, unless it be something of this kind. But let us follow him as he goes into the Chapel to pray.

ers. How quickly his gaiety has vanished! It seems as if a thunder-cloud had
denly thrown a shadow round him, and as he sits there with lugubrious counten
he seems the very model of propriety. Strange what has produced this change—
it? To *you* perhaps it is, but not to *us* who have been "through it all," we s
you. But as we are gifted with ubiquity just now, let us enter yonder room, whe
a number of these "models" collected and, shade of Mahommed! engaged in—
Oh! nothing but a little *innocent amusement!* The curtains are all drawn and the
fast locked; but still, although mirth reigns there, there is an expression of anxi
every face. In the midst of their merriment, a step is heard ascending the stairs
stantly every voice is hushed, every cheek is blanched, and, in the twinkling
eye, every *contraband* article has disappeared—the steps approach the door—"ah"-
the silence of death reigns in that deserted (!) room. Do you any longer dou
what class *they* belong? But come—let us introduce to you a representative o
another and *only* other class in college. We shall be obliged to go to his room,
is so *far* advanced that he very seldom appears abroad, except at *recitations* occ
sily—to prayers, perhaps, in some cases, we might add also; but this may as w
left out, since nearly all have "discretionary absences," which, freely trans
means, "Stay away from prayers as long as you please, and if it is ever conv
drop in." So we will seek him at his room. We knock—a gruff "Halloo"
expressive and unique way of telling us to "come in." Now when the door is o
and we enter, we may find the occupant, variously engaged, according to the wi
the moment. He may be sitting in his easy chair, tipped back and heels on
dreaming over metaphysics, or he may be stretched out at full length upo
"lounge," meditating upon—his studies? Ah, no! upon his prospects and inte
after he shall be freed from the restraints of College laws, and especially that
liarly obnoxious one respecting "*matrimonial affairs*"—or he may be deeply en
in a game of chess, and thus wasting the golden moments which will be gone
soon. But be assured that whatever you find him doing *beside*, you will almost
riably find him smoking, or at least your olfactories will be greeted with the na
smell of the vile weed, which seems to be the golden bond of association betwe
so-called gentleman and the blackguard. This one habit they have in common,
everlasting disgrace of the former be it said. (After this homily we proceed.
addresses us with an air of cordiality, but of perfect independence—indeed one
be apt to mistake him for a sort of second edition of the "Declaration of Inde
ence," believing in certain "inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty an
pursuit of" *laziness*, which, in *his* vocabulary, is synonymous with *happiness*.
happen to be of one of the "lower classes" he endeavors to adapt his conversat
suit our capacities, and therefore talks quite condescendingly and patronizingly
studies, the beauties of "Horace," the pleasure to be derived from a careful st
"Analytical Geometry" and other subjects of that nature, which he supposes m
particularly interesting to us. It must not be supposed, however, that during
time he has made no allusion to *himself*, for you will think afterwards that i
although you didn't seem to notice it *then*, most of his conversation related t
was the order of things when *he* was a Freshman or Soph, as the case may be
the whole you are well pleased, and think to yourself, "What a delightful tim
Seniors must have," and look forward with longing, yet almost despairing, g
the time when you can *do so too*. Well, Senior year is pleasant on a good m

counts—by far the pleasantest year in College—and as a general thing, Seniors are a happy set of beings—always excepting the unfortunate Editors of the Quarterly and issuers of the annual College Catalogue. These are worthy the deepest commiseration of all philanthropic individuals. Just look at their woe-begone countenances, haggard looks, and blood-shot eyes. *It is no such thing, sir!* That remark was invidious. It is *not* caused by what you so unblushingly suggest, but by over-exertion and excessive mental depression. Truly a more forlorn object cannot be imagined than our brother "quill" there, gazing disconsolately at that immense pile of unsold Catalogues. Unsold, did we say? We should *rather* say *unpaid for*, since in truth the greater part are sold, but there being no law, save the law of honor, to oblige the buyers to take them, a large portion remain yet on hand.

Undoubtedly one thing, if not the *principal* one, which contributes greatly to the pleasantness of the last year in college, is the fact that it *is* the last year. Four years within college walls, however happily they may be passed, is a long time and the regular routine of exercises, becomes at last so monotonous as to be irksome, and the student looks forward with joy at the prospect of speedy deliverance. The world is all before him "where to choose," and it is natural that he should be eager for that time to come when he shall be free—when confiding in the powers of his own developed manhood, throwing off the shackles that have so long bound him, in body if not in spirit, he may step forth on God's green earth and commence to think and act independently for himself. If he has well improved his time for the last five years, he is *prepared* for this, and if *not*, then four years of his life have been thrown away, and worse, for whatever mental advancement he may have made, unless he has reared the structure upon the basis of firm moral principles, unfortunate will it be for him, and thrice unfortunate for the society upon which he shall obtrude himself. Let us hope there are but few such.

In our peregrinations the other day, on an "errand of mercy," viz: soliciting subscriptions to the "QUARTERLY" for the *intellectual* benefit of the desired subscribers, and endeavoring to impress upon the minds of delinquents the superior merits of our "Catalogue" (there 'tis again,) for the pecuniary benefit of ourself, we chanced upon the following delicious *morceau* of Freshman experience, which we feel called upon to give the "benefit of our circulation," although perhaps at the expense of the writer's modesty and to his surprise at being so unexpectedly brought into the notice of a "highly respectable and discriminating public."

Perhaps some apology may be deemed necessary for allowing the insertion of certain words and expressions of a not very refined nature, as for example the word "thunder" in the fifth line, and "smashed" in the eighth. We can only say that we deem them marks of the remarkable precocity of the author:

ENTREE IN COLLEGE OF ———.

On the eleventh of September, quite early in the morning,
I was roused from my slumbers, without a moment's warning,
By the ringing of a bell in a North-east direction,
Which set me in the following train of reflection;—
"Now that's the old chapel bell just as sure as *thunder*,
But why in compassion does it ring *so*, I wonder;
It goes jingle, jingle, just like a fire bell,
And what makes 'em ring it so, *smashed* if I can tell."
After lying a few minutes and thinking it over,
A thought struck my mind, and I then did discover

That there *might* be in town a *factory* bell,
Which had nearly accomplished a pretty good "sell."
Having come to the conclusion, after much deliberation,
That I could sleep a little longer without derogation,
I turned myself over for a comfortable snooze,
Saying to myself, "I'll get up when I choose."
I'd no sooner adopted this firm resolution,
Than my mind was at once knocked into confusion
By the ringing of another bell "like all git out;"
And that *this* was the chapel bell, I hadn't the least doubt.
So I bounded out of bed and drew on my breeches
With that sleight of hand which experience teaches;
And finishing my toi'et, I made tracks for prayers
And found a lot of Freshmen all gathered round the doors.
I minded my own business and they minded theirs,
And *half an hour after that* we went in to prayers.

This speaks for itself, the last line in particular is terribly expressive. It will be completely understood and appreciated by a great majority of *quondam* Freshmen. Indeed, if our own memory were not remarkably treacherous, we think we should be able to recall circumstances in *our* eventful history, which in far too many respects were mournfully similar to those so graphically depicted above. But we will change the subject. It is one which it is painful to think upon, and besides it seems so long ago, so far back in the dim distance, that they appear almost to belong to another sphere, and we have no disposition to disturb their ashes, humbly mindful of the good old adage, "Nil de mortuis nisi bonum." There are many things in our college life which we look back upon with pleasure and alas! too many which cause feelings of deep regret. To which class belongs the fact that, during the first term of Freshman year, we were so devoted to the cause of science, so self-sacrificing at the shrine of learning, as to attend *voluntarily*, a recitation an hour before *prayers*, while the stars were still shining brightly, and the eastern sky had not yet begun to grow gray with the coming dawn, we need not say. At such a time, an observer, had there been one, might have seen that noble band of youths bending their steps towards Kellogg Hall, unmindful of cold, or storm, intent only on "raking x's." Well, those days are gone, and we wonder now that we alluded to them at all, for it is very seldom our thoughts get farther back than the "Sophomore Biennial," which seems to be the "great gulf fixed" between the two halves of college life, over which *we* rarely go, and which it is impossible for *some* of *them* to pass to us.

We regret that we cannot give our readers some interesting items of college news, but we seem to be the victim of circumstances. A long vacation of six weeks, and the unusual quiet which has pervaded the "institution" thus far this term, render news a thing not to be thought of. It is true there are certain rumors of an interesting character, but lest we may be premature in their announcement, we prefer waiting until our next issue, trusting that *then* they will either prove to be well founded, or their falsity made apparent, and there are other things which *would* be of a very interesting character, provided there were even so much as a rumor afloat concerning them. For example, a project for obtaining a plentiful supply of water at the college. It would, without doubt, be one of the most absorbing topics conceivable. We have, indeed, an artificial *lake* of somewhat astonishing proportions, the cost of which has been the occasion of some invidious remarks, to the effect that it would have been more wisely

appropriated to bringing the water a little nearer where it is wanted. But we all know such observations *will* be made by certain disaffected individuals who prefer *utility* to beauty, *convenience* to ornament, and who evidently have no just appreciation of art. But seriously it is one of the most annoying things connected with winter life here to be obliged to go perhaps a quarter of a mile for a pail of water when the thermometer indicates—20°. Nothing in the Revolutionary War could have been more trying to men's *soles*, unless perhaps the winter at Valley Forge, which, if all accounts are to be believed, may be a parallel case. We would therefore say to the "powers that be," in the words of the "chief executive," "we recommend this matter to your serious and early attention."

A new publication has made its appearance in college the present term, bearing the highly euphonious title of the "Gulielmensian," containing the college societies, secret societies and in general taking the place of the usual "College Index," although we presume it will not be considered unnecessary or inexpedient to issue the "Index" next term. The production is very neatly printed and for a novice, "takes" very well, perhaps it will become a "fixture."

On the evening of the 24th February, a levee was held at the "Mansion House," in commemoration of the birthday of Col. Williams, the founder of the college. It was simply a social gathering of the officers and students and a few invited friends, consisting mostly, we were happy to observe, of the *fairer* portion of creation, by whose gentle and inspiring presence the sociability and festivity of the occasion were of course greatly increased. After an hour or two passed in *promenading* by those who had the good fortune to have ladies, and in *gazing* upon the "forbidden fruit" by the less fortunate, a collation was served to the hungry multitude, for which they are indebted to the generosity of Nathan Jackson, Esq., one of the noblest benefactors of Williams College, whose donations to the cause of literature and science, although by no means *small*, we trust have but just commenced.

After the satisfaction of the "inner man," speeches were made by Dr. Hopkins, followed by Prof. Lincoln, Rev. Mr. Durfee, C. A. Stork of the Senior class, M. L. P. Hill, Junior; T. H. Woods, Sophomore; and E. Hooker, Freshman—all but the first being in response to various appropriate sentiments. The whole affair as might have been anticipated, under the guidance of our worthy President, passed off in a highly satisfactory manner. We obtained one or two scraps of information on this occasion, which if not *surprising*, were at least *new*. For instance we learned that Woodbridge Little, Esq., was born in 1741 and graduated at Yale in 1770, *at the age of nineteen years!* Also that the sum of $2500 and $2700 is $5700! "Wonderful, *if true!*" We also overheard one most villainous remark, by a person who *should* have known *better*—a remark which we were both surprised and mortified to hear. An allusion was made in one of the speeches to the fact that Col. Williams, among other qualifications, "could outwhoop the very Indians themselves." Upon which the above mentioned reprobate observed, that perhaps he *might* "outwhoop" the *Indians*, but he would defy him to "outhoop" *the ladies* then and there present. With this exception the proceedings were marked by a great degree of decorum.

The Florida expedition started from New York on the 19th ult., but did not leave Coney Island till the 21st. After being detained by stress of weather for seventy-two hours, being obliged to lay to, they arrived at St. Marys on the 9th inst. The passage had been so long and the weather so severe, that much anxiety began to be

felt for the safety of the schooner by the friends of the crew in this vicinity. The party were to separate at St. Marys—a part to explore the southern portion, particularly Key West, and the remainder the northern sections. At the last advices several valuable collections had already been made, and the prospects of a trip successful in every respect were good.

The election of exhibitors at public debate resulted as follows:—

PHILOLOGIAN.—*Debaters*, R. APTHORP, B. W. COLE, G. B. MANLY. *Orator*, E. A. PIERCE.

PHILOTECHNIAN.—*Debaters*, E. S. ISHAM, E. QUACKENBUSH, W. TATLOCK. *Orator*, R. P. WILSON.

The result of the election of Adelphic Union exhibitors is as follows:—

PHILOLOGIAN.—*Disputant*, M. H. SMITH. *Poet*, H. B. Stevens. *First Orator*, E. C. Hooker. *Second Orator*, W. A. Lloyd. *Third Orator*, C. H. Bixby.

PHILOTECHNIAN.—*Disputant*, J. GUTHRIE. *Poet*, J. H. DOUGHTY. *First Orator*, W. LANSING. *Second Orator*, F. W. COLE. *Third Orator*, C. C. C. PAINTER. *Valedictory*, D. S. JOHNSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We feel deeply grateful that our correspondents have generally been so punctual in responding to our "call" for *material*. As regards the *quality* our readers will judge. Most of the communications were accepted; but a few were necessarily consigned to the ignoble pile of "Rejected Addresses."

"Anon"—Your emandation having been submitted to the "Arbitrative Power" was decided "non fit." The *chirography* was good, but *orthography* execrable, and the whole piece wanting in perspicuity and order.

"Lord Ratten"—A peculiarly appropriate cognomen, considering the nature of your piece. However, had we time and disposition to prune it of its *superfluous* puerilities, it might become a readable document. As it is, you must yourself acknowledge that "A mouse he would a wooing go" is hardly dignified enough even for a College Magazine.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS.—"D."—Your excuse for not writing is amply sufficient. "Matrimonial subtraction" *should* exempt any man from contribution.

"J. W."—Yours is received and accepted, as you will see by consulting our pages. We are glad that matrimony *in prospective* did not stop you from your duty.

D. D. Evans—Your most *polite* and *courteous* note is received. It is quite too *vituperative* for a *gentleman*, but does not seem unbecoming in *you*. However, as Squibob says,

> "Where *impudence* is *wit*,
> 'Tis folly to *reply*."

We have quite a number of articles which were handed in too late for this issue. They will appear in our next.

OUR EXCHANGES.—We have received Nos. 4 and 6 of "The Stylus;" Nos. 3 and 5 of the "Beloit Monthly;" Nos. 4 and 5 of the "Knoxiana;" Nos. 1 and 2 of the "Kenyon Collegian;" No. 7 of the "Marietta Collegiate;" Nos. 11 and 12 of the "Wisconsin Journal of Education;" No. 10 of the "Fort Edward Ins. Mag.;" No. 3 of the "Philomathsean;" No. 3 of the "Amherst Coll. Mag.;" No. 5 of the "Nassau Lit.," and No. 5 of the "Yale Lit."

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THE

Williams Quarterly.

JUNE, 1857.

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The Williams Quarterly.

Vol. IV. WILLIAMSTOWN, JUNE, 1857. No. IV

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1857.

SAMUEL B. ELMORE, | DAVID S. JOHNSON,
EDWARD S. ISHAM, | HOMER B. STEVENS,
WILLIAM TATLOCK.

RELIGION AND CHARACTER OF THE GREEKS.

THROUGH their religious nature men have always been exposed to a peculiar form of tyranny. This nature in men, resembles one of those sacred groves of antiquity,—reared by the true God, cheered by his sunlight, bowed and shaken by his storms, but concealing in its solemn shades the altars of superstition. The fascination of mystery enables craft to grasp dominion over the mind and conscience; a dominion more blasting in its tyranny than civil despotism; for men may rebel against the one, but the other makes its "people willing, in the day of its power." This was the bondage that has left the records of its triumphs on the Tigris, on the Nile, by the Tiber and the Rhine. It was this that made men doubly slaves; slaves to their princes, and slaves to their priests. This has lost to us the history and science of antiquity, and this alone has wasted Egypt, made her but a splendid mausoleum, and sepulchred forever in its painted crypts of hieroglyphics, her literature, her history, and her art.

Her paganism moulded the national character of Greece. Perhaps, before the days of the Olympian Theogony, the conception of one invisible God inspired the worship of the tribes of Hellas. But this conception could not long exist among a people with no especial tendency to

abstruse speculation. The natural craving of the mind for that, which was more within its scope; the brightness of the external face of nature, luring men to perform their sports and sacrifices in her unveiled presence; their gratitude and admiration for the natural agencies that nourished and refreshed them led them to abandon their conception of a single God, and substitute that polytheism, which every age has proved the only firm foundation for a sacerdotal sway. Even papal Rome could sustain her power upon no other basis, and when she could not revert to the mythology of ancient Rome, nor dared divide into a multitude of petty deities the Christian God, she set his throne far off in clouds and darkness, multiplied the ways of access to him, and called on men to bow at the shrines of the Madonna, and worship at the altars of a hundred saints. The mythology of the Greeks appealed directly to their fancy and imagination, and subjected them immediately to the encroachments of their Priesthood. Localities, like the cavern of Trophonius, whose crazing terrors banished joy forever from the brow of the beholder; the mysteries of Eleusis, that from the hallowed banks of the Cephissus imposed a reverence, that shamed the "Peace of God," the papal power proclaimed so vainly in the middle ages; the Delphian tripod, with its appropriate pillar of brazen serpents, and the thunders of Dodona firmly bound on Greece, the shackles of her hierarchy. Eloquence and poetry mellowed their rugged terrors into grace, and their shroud of mystery softened but deepened their impressiveness. It was an age of mystery. What involved it not intrinsically, was soon invested with it by the Priesthood. It breathed from every mountain; robed its awful genius in the curling waves of Scamander; brooded in their philosophy, aud rendered their religion awful. It established a power over mind as universal as conscience in its application, and more imperative in its authority; which the doubts of philosophy and the ridicule of satire proved equally unable to subvert. The Greek dwelt always as under a vast canopy of dread; a sombre cloud hung ever over his spirit, even when the skies were bright above him, when the heath of Hymettus blossomed at his feet and the waves most brightly sparkled on his classic shores. The mystery that clouded antiquity, that pervaded his religion lay ever upon him like a sense of doom, and only his light-hearted vanity saved him from being crushed beneath its weight, into the broken-spirited servitude of Egypt.

Thence the peculiar national character of the Greeks was a natural result. The exuberance of spirit, the nervous vivacity of disposition that lingered when their intellectual energy was gone, inspired their so-

cial institutions with a feverish vitality. It found its meagre aliment in their hollow civil rights, in the information which their games, the theater and the exoteric doctrines of philosophers diffused, and in the charm of grace with which poetry and eloquence invested their mythology; and while it turned them shuddering from the clouds and darkness, with which an artful Priesthood veiled the mysteries of nature and theology, it wrought, amid their corruption, that love of superficial elegance, that hectic flush of beauty and exquisite taste in which the world of art still finds its models.

Active, fond of learning and ingenious, their activity was unreflecting restlessness; they loved agreeable knowledge rather than abstractions, and their ingenuity was that of imitation. The profounder doctrines of their philosophers were foreign. It was less difficult to glean from Egypt, Zoroaster, and the Gymnosophists of India, than to elaborate philosophy by patient effort. Its bald abstractions charmed them less than the brilliant fallacies, to which they listened where the Athenian βημα looked upon the sea. They menaced the life of Plato; they murdered the proud Thracian, Aristotle; they gave to Socrates the bitter hemlock; but the same people, with glad rejoicing, bestowed a sceptre on the courtezan Aspasia. The lapse of centuries has left their vice unparalleled. Their love was without delicacy; their policy was unrestrained by principle; their patriotism was no love of country, but a love of its meretricious pleasures. The vines ran wild upon their mountains, and their vallies were untilled, while they lingered idly in their pillared porticoes; and Philip of Macedon thundered around their walls, while they flocked in thousands to the theatre. Only the fierce energy of desperation roused them from their idleness, conquered at Marathon, and nerved the valor of Thermopylæ.

There was nothing spiritual in the Grecian character,—it was merely a refinement of humanity. We find nothing diabolical in their vices, nothing heavenly in their virtues. The range of human taste, and intellect became a Procrustean couch for their literature, mythology, and art. Their Poets sang of humanity, and the characters of their deities were human attributes intensified. They had not intellectual energy to conceive an invisible God, superior to the frailties and imperfect sympathies of men. They wanted Gods, whose human passions rendered them appreciable without effort—beings, whose names could be defined; not like the Christian Deity, a Being to be felt alone, dim, undefinable and incomprehensible. This was the fascination of Greek mythology, not that it

was so elevated, but that it was so low. It was the loftiest reach of h man taste and genius, but the full scope of their theology was within t grasp of mind. No infinite purity rendered its beauties incomprehen ble, nor were its terrors so fearful as to be unappreciated. Their Go dwelt, not above the rolling heavens, but on the summit of an emine in Greece, and their Tartarus was in caverns of the earth, and not wh "deep calleth unto deep." Men cannot sympathize with the infinite en tions of the Christian God, but boundingly respond to every impulse Jupiter, and Venus, and Apollo. Thus they forsake the beauties of t heaven of heavens, and linger around Olympus; calmly contemplate t distant and incomprehensible terrors of the Christian Hell, but shudde the gloomy horrors of the awful home of Pluto and the dread Proserpi

The Greeks were wretched amid all their superficial elegance. T depth of their despair was marked by the intensity of their refineme but when they reached that degree of intelligence, which is incompati with servile devotion to the Gods; when their oracles had lost th sanctity; when Pericles and Thucydides had taught them to conte the prodigies of the age, they began to despise the bonds that bound the Then, for the want of civil law, dissension spread, and beautiful Gre drew the dark pall of anarchy over her hills and islands, and bowed h self before the dark-browed Nemesis of Macedon. So the Atheni when in despair he consigned himself to death, threw a mantle over head, shut out the light of heaven and died. And now the Oracles of Gre are mute forever, and the fires have long expired upon her holy alta Her warriors now go out no more to battle, and the dwellers on the fi of Marathon know not that it is holy ground. Her bards are silent, a her instruments of music are hushed. The thoughtless throng no long linger in her courts, and temples, and the mournful wail of the midnig wind, that sighs among the crumbling ruins of her pentellic porticos, is t fitting requiem for her beauty desolate.

THE FLORIDA EXPEDITION.

THE Lyceum of Natural History had, for a long time, been desirous of enlarging their collections. Possessed of ample rooms, they felt the necessity of active measures that should fill the empty cases of Jackson Hall. During the Fall of 1856, many plans were proposed and discussed, but no other seemed so full of promise as that of an expedition to the Florida Keys. It was finally resolved to charter a small vessel, which should convey thither an exploring party, composed of members of the Lyceum; and remain at their service during the two or three months of their absence.

Prof. Hopkins with his accustomed ardor engaged in the projected enterprise, and it was mainly through his agency, that the requisite expenses were provided for, by subscriptions from the friends of the Lyceum and College. Prof. Chadbourne was induced, though at great sacrifice of his own time and personal convenience, to assume the guidance of the party, and the Lyceum feel they are indebted to his exertions for the ultimate success of the expedition.

Early in February 1857, the schooner Dew-Drop, of New York, was chartered and fitted for the cruise; and on the 19th of the same month, sailed. The expedition was composed of the following persons, members of the Lyceum.

H. C. ALLEN,	ARCHIBALD HOPKINS,
LYMAN BEECHER,	S. H. SCUDDER,
G. W. CARLETON,	J. M. NICHOLS,
W. D. DAY,	N. B. SHERWIN,
J. E. DARBY,	E. P. WILLARD,
S. E. ELMORE,	R. H. WARD,
W. S. GILMAN,	E. M. WIGHT,
C. J. LYONS,	H. M. LYMAN,

Together with the following not members of the Society: Dr. Kerr, of Franklin, N. Y., Mr. Blackinton, of Blackinton, Mass., D. C. Eaton, of Yale College, and J. V. Lauderdale, of Geneseo, N. Y.

A high degree of success attended all the movements of the expedition, and such has been the interest it has awakened among the friends of the Society, that we take pleasure in laying the following narrative before the readers of the Quarterly.

Part I.—The Cruise of the Dew-Drop.

At twelve o'clock on Friday, the 19th of February, 1857, the schooner Dew Drop was lying under sailing orders in the East River. The morning had been dark and foggy; the wind was light and Southerly; and the prospect of a pleasant trip down the bay of New York was very doubtful. Our party of explorers, bound to the Keys of Florida, was embarked, and impatient for the novelties of a sea-voyage; so that great was the satisfaction of all, when, at three o'clock P. M., the streamers of the shipping began to turn their fluttering folds toward the entrance of the harbor, and preparations for immediate departure were commenced. A short prayer was offered, on the deck of the schooner, by the Rev. William Beecher; friends were bidden farewell, and dismissed to the shore; the moorings were cast off; and, in a few minutes, with cheerful shouts from the crew, and parting cheers from the crowd on the wharf, our yacht was moving rapidly out from among the vessels that lined the piers of the East River. A fresh breeze from the north-east, and a strong ebb-tide, bore us swiftly past the fortifications of Governor's Island, and hurried us into the broad expanse of New York Bay. The water was full of ice, floating down the river; and, as our little vessel threaded her way between the huge cakes, or went crushing and grinding among the smaller fragments, we stood shivering on deck, and thought of Dr. Kane's experiences in Arctic navigation.

The sun soon disappeared behind a lowering bank of clouds; the sky became hazy, and the wind increased so rapidly that the captain considered it unsafe to leave the shelter of the land that night. He, therefore, bore up, after passing through the Narrows, and anchored the vessel in Coney Island Cove. This was, at first, a source of vexation to the inexperienced; but when night closed in, and the wind increased to a gale from the eastward, accompanied with driving rain and piercing sleet, we

all acquiesced in the superior foresight of the commander, and made ourselves as contented as possible, while devoting our time to an inspection of the accommodations furnished for the voyage. The schooner was, originally, a fishing smack of ninety-five tons burthen, and had been fitted for this cruise by the construction of a temporary cabin extending half the length of the hold. A double row of standing berths formed the sides of this apartment, and a rough pine-wood table occupied more than half the intervening space; so that only a narrow alley on either side was left for passage and accommodation. The deck, which formed the ceiling of this delightful saloon, was so low that no one could stand upright under it, and many were the consequent knocks which we received during our initiation into the mysteries of sea-life. Light and air were admitted, when the weather was pleasant, through a "hatchway" in the deck: when it rained, the "companion-way" (as the covered entrance to the cabin is called,) alone served instead of doors and windows. Fortunately, however, for us, the vessel had just been refitted, and painted; so we enjoyed as much comfort as was possible on so small a craft.

Our first night on the water was the occasion of much novel experience. With two or three exceptions, no one of our party had ever before been at sea; consequently we were as verdant as the freshmen, who, for the first time, attend morning prayers in the chapel. The evening, in fact, was well worn away before the good-natured steward could answer all the questions with which he was assailed, concerning the advantageous location of sundry coats, hats and boots, during the hours of repose; and many were the complaints, only half smothered, by certain large-limbed members of the party.

The night, at length, was spent, and morning dawned. As the first glimmering light appeared, there was a general uncoiling and disentanglement of brawny limbs throughout the ranges of berths. My next neighbor had found his quarters too contracted for comfort; and he now proceeded to relieve his feelings by the utterance of a series of characteristic yells, which soon proved contagious, much to the discomfort of a few steady minded persons who were somnolently inclined, and blessed with a constitutional aversion to early rising. It was amusing to remark the expedients adopted by those unaccustomed to the motion of the vessel; but, when the steward announced that no fresh water could be served out for purposes of ablution, the consternation manifest upon the countenances of the unsophisticated was something truly appalling. After breakfast—a meal which was consumed in a manner indicative of the most primitive

voracity—we attempted the deck; but the wind was blowing a perfect easterly gale, and it was so cold that no one could stay long away from the cabin stove. Sheltered as we were, under the lee of Long Island, the water was comparatively smooth; but still the vessel had sufficient motion to render some of us quite uncomfortable. The crew spent the day in stowing away the cargo, and clearing the decks of every supernumerary article; while we sought out all manner of witty inventions for the purpose of killing time. Several enthusiastic young gentlemen were intent upon a boating excursion to the shore; and it was only after the delivery of an impressive harangue, by the captain of the vessel, that they could be prevailed upon to abandon their project of rowing half a mile, in the teeth of a gale, and against the strong current that was setting out of the bay. Our sportsmen finally produced the contents of their armchests, and passed the forenoon in fingering and furbishing a most formidable array of rifles fowling pieces, revolvers, hunting knives and daggers. The unarmed members of the expedition were blessed with no such resource; so some went to sleep; others watched the revolutions of the steward around his red hot little fury of a stove; while still others maintained a persistent analysis of their physical sensations; and all united in a most earnest longing for the clear skies and warm airs of the southern clime. As the day wore away, the motion of the vessel increased, causing a great degree of discomposure among the uninitiated; but, at the same time, affording no little mirth to the "old sailors." One burly youth, in particular, who rejoiced in an herculean frame and a powerful pair of lungs, complained loudly of great internal agitation; and thought he must be looking very pale. He was, however, quite revived, at the supper table, on being informed that his countenance was as ruddy as the plate of "salt junk" before him, and became, at once, more than usually vociferous and voracious. But this feeling of relief was not of long continuance, and our heroic friend was soon compelled, by his emotions, to assume a recumbent position in one of the berths. There he spent the evening, edifying the company, from time to time, with ludicrous statements concerning the progress of his malady; and protesting every minute, that he "*would* go on deck, and relieve himself of everything but his boot-heels, which we were requested to gather up and send home to his mother." This gentleman's chum, a round-faced, spectacled satyr, had no fear of the sea before his eyes, but marched comically around with note-book and pencil, taking down the names of the afflicted, and the exact times of their respective seizures. The comic element was so involved in our misery, that not even

those who were most affected with sea-sickness could fail to enjoy the ludicrous features of the case.

The gale spent its fury, during the night; and, when we arose at early morn, a gentle breeze from the north was rippling the water, and stirring the dense masses of fog that covered the bay. The air was frosty; and the rigging was encrusted with a film of ice, formed by the rain of the previous evening. The sun appeared, while we were at breakfast, and soon dissolved the mists that obscured the entrance of the harbor. We immediately got under way, and before ten o'clock were passing close along the beach of Sandy Hook, with a fine westerly wind swelling the canvas of our sails. As we glided past the light-houses and buoys into the open ocean, it was interesting to observe the different emotions displayed by those of the party who had never before been at sea. A gentle swell was rolling lazily in from the Atlantic. Some thought it grand—some considered it terrible—others were merely uncomfortable. The wind continued to increase, and, before noon, it became necessary to reduce the amount of sail. Sea-sickness became alarmingly prevalent, and the owner of the note-book found constant employment. Only three of us were really prostrated with nausea; the others, through their superabundant vitality, endured its discomforts with remarkable courage; always giving fair notice, and requesting public attention, every time they were driven to the lee-rail, and joining heartily in the laughter attendant upon their performances.

We were sailing all day along the coast of New Jersey; a low, white sand-beach, in appearance utterly void of interest. Three or four schooners were in sight, washed high and dry upon the shore, just where our vessel would probably have been, had the captain pushed out to sea on Thursday evening. A cool wind bore us rapidly on the course, and as the shadows of the quiet Saturday evening gathered over the ocean, the Absecom light-house, with its glimmering rays, served for a few hours to mark our progress, and then sank from view in the northern horizon.

Sunday was a charming, spring-like day. Gentle breezes wafted us slowly over the quiet waters, and breathed new life into our bodies. Schools of porpoises gamboled around the vessel, and oily blackfish puffed little clouds of vapor into the air, as they slowly rolled their huge carcasses past. No land was in sight, and only a passing sail, flitting here and there along the horizon, served to remind us that we were not entirely alone upon the blue ocean. A due observance of the day was maintained by all on board, and there was no one who did not enjoy the

peaceful calm, and quiet passage of its hours. As the sun went down, the wind died away, and during the two following days we were almost entirely becalmed. When we arose, on Tuesday morning, not a breath of air was stirring; the undulations of the sea were scarcely perceptible, and the surface of the water was smooth as silk. The low shores of North Carolina were in full view, at a distance of six miles, and yet the air was so clear and still that we could distinctly hear the dull murmuring of the surf along the beaches and shoals that lined the coast. Large flocks of beautiful white gannets were sweeping around over the water, and the sea was perfectly alive with porpoises, now lazily rolling their shining fins up into the sunlight and then darting swiftly away in pursuit of their prey. A light breeze at length began to breathe at intervals from the southwest, and carried us slowly along among the flocks of sea-fowl. Our ornithologists eagerly endeavored to improve this opportunity of commencing their collections, and blazed away with the utmost enthusiasm for the space of six mortal hours; but the beautiful birds could seldom be approached within rifle-shot, and ordinary discharges of duck-shot from such a distance produced no effect. Our naturalists, having been very desirous of comparing the plates in "Audubon's Birds" with the living specimens around us, were exceedingly disappointed at their want of success, and were about to give up in despair, when a young gentleman (whose early triumphs in the capture of the ultimate atom at college had rendered his brain fertile in expedients), brought forth a long, rusty, old ducking-gun, into which he proceeded to screw a triple charge of buckshot. Then, having steadied his nerves with a tremendous mouthful of "fine cut" tobacco, he took careful aim at a magnificent gannet which was slowly circling around the vessel, and pulled the trigger. Down fell the unfortunate victim, dead and motionless on the water, and with shouts of exultation we turned the vessel from her course to pick up the prize. An enthusiastic crowd swarmed over the bows of the schooner with landing-nets, grapnels and harpoons, (one fellow was seen eagerly reaching with the handle of the deck-broom,) to secure the bird. It was at length fished up, and deposited in all its beauty upon the deck, where we spent the remainder of the now waning day in comparing our treasure with Audubon's descriptions, and preparing its plumage for preservation.

The next day was cold and stormy. With only two or three exceptions, all were again sea-sick and miserable. But, as usual, our very misfortunes were the occasions of frequent mirth; they would have been

otherwise utterly intolerable. During the afternoon we caught a glimpse of the coast a few miles north of Cape Hatteras; then tacked ship, and stood off against a strong, southeast gale. This increased our discomfort, and our companion whose sufferings while anchored at Coney Island have been already recorded, found himself again prostrated in his berth where he passed the time lamenting his folly in trusting his precious corporosity to the motions of the treacherous ocean. Another young gentleman, who was blessed with an exquisitely sensitive physical organization, became convinced, during the course of the evening, that his berth was not sufficiently airy and spacious for the accommodation of himself and chum. He, therefore, in the plenitude of his wisdom, saw fit to encamp for the night, on top of the dining table. As he lay enveloped in white coverings, with a flaming candle at his head, he presented a striking resemblance to a certain disagreeable natural object, and, consequently, provoked many very uncomplimentary remarks from the surrounding beholders. He was not, however, utterly inanimate, but kept up a running fire of inverted blessings from under the blankets, much to the amusement and edification of the audience. In spite of several argumentative discourses, and a great deal of good advice, our friend persisted in maintaining his position till the middle of the night, when the vessel suddenly executed a frightful roll, hurling all the movables in the cabin into a heap at one end, and landing the unhappy tenant of the table in their midst, with his head in awful proximity to the yawning mouth of a cavernous spittoon. It was with no little difficulty, and, it is feared, with much internal profanity, that our unfortunate companion gathered up his remains, and deposited them for the rest of the night, in their legitimate position beside his jeering and now exultant chum.

Our progress till the last of February, was slow, and characterized by few incidents of interest. A constant succession of headwinds and calms kept us drifting in the borders of the Gulf Stream, and we could not refrain from envying the passengers on the steamers, which were almost daily in sight, as they hurried past, on their way up and down the coast. Time hung heavily on our hands, and many were the expedients adopted to hasten its flight. Some of us were hopelessly sea-sick—some found the examination of their weapons an unfailing resource—some drew consolation through an endless succession of cigars—while there were only a few who had the courage to enter upon literary and scientific pursuits. There is no place where time is so easily wasted as at sea. Stormy weather casts a gloom over everything, and unfits one for any exertion,

physical or mental; and when the sky is clear, and warm airs waft the ship along, a delicious, dreamy languor pervades the system, and seduces one into the most remorseless sacrifice of his hours.

The last day of February was an extremely uncomfortable day. We were in the Gulf Stream, whither our vessel had been driven by opposing winds, and were slowly working along against its rapid current. The wind died away with the afternoon, and huge masses of lurid clouds began to rise above the horizon. As the sun went down, they gathered blackness and intensity, and soon came sweeping upon us. We took in all sail and awaited the coming of the squall. The thunder and lightning surpassed all our previous experience. For half an hour the schooner was in the very center of the storm-cloud, with the lightning darting its constant streams of fire into the water around us, while the thunder roared unceasingly, and every wave of the ocean glowed with phosphorescent light. The rain poured in perfect torrents, and at each instant we expected the deadly stroke; yet every feeling of terror was swallowed up in contemplation of the grandeur of the tempest. The destroying bolt alone seemed wanting, to cap the climax of perfect sublimity.

The squall, at length passed over, and the stars began to peep in between the driving clouds. It was beautiful to watch the glimmering flashes, as the storm rolled away up the Gulf Stream. As the electric light quivered around the horizon, it seemed as if the brooding wings of night were for a moment lifted, to let a glimpse of heavenly glory in upon the troubled ocean.

The following week was one of great discomfort, and we experienced every possible vicissitude of weather during its course. The wind would blow from every quarter of the compass, and then die away into a calm. The waves were now sleeping in perfect quiet—now swelling like mountains, and threatening at every surge to engulf our little cockle-shell of a schooner. We had sunshine and clouds—whirlwinds and thunder squalls. One night, indeed, our vessel was struck by lightning. Two glittering balls of fire darted down the mast to the deck, along which they rolled, sparkling and crackling over the cabin—prostrated the helmsman, benumbing his limbs with the shock, and then glanced over the stern into the water with a hissing sound, like that produced by the sudden immersion of red hot iron. Fortunately, no one was seriously injured, and the vessel escaped without damage.

Monday morning, the 8th of March, at length dawned upon us. Our

soundings indicated an approach to the coast, and every one was on the *qui vive* of anticipation. At nine o'clock, the low shore was descried, and soon a white sand beach was visible along the whole western horizon. After much examination through the spy-glass, and repeated consultations of the chart, our captain declared that the schooner was twenty miles north of St. Mary's River—the place of our destination. A gentle breeze carried us slowly along to the southward, and it was long past noon before the buoys which mark the passage across the bar of the river became visible. We raised the signal for a pilot, and crept slowly towards the land, feeling every inch of the way with the sounding-lead. The surf was tumbling heavily on the bar—the breeze shifted, coming in light puffs from the mouth of the river, and no pilot appeared in answer to our summons; so every preparation was made for anchoring. The tide, fortunately, was in our favor, and the channel, though very narrow, was well marked out; so the captain concluded to push in as far as possible before letting the anchor go. The surf roared more terribly as we advanced, and the wind and current being in opposite directions, rendered the vessel nearly unmanageable; we, consequently, almost despaired of effecting the passage in safety; but just as we were beating about in the worst part of the channel, a coasting steamer came rushing past, on her way up the river. Our captain hailed her and received all necessary information concerning the course. She steamed rapidly through the passage, and was soon hidden from view by a projecting tongue of land, while our vessel drifted slowly along with the tide, which finally swept her into a wide basin between Cumberland and Amelia islands. In this sheltered harbor we cast anchor and secured the schooner for the night. The surrounding shores were barren, low and sandy; but everything wore an agreeable air of novelty. The solid walls of a United States' Fort, in process of erection, were the only visible signs of civilization; all else appeared in its primitive wildness and beauty. As the sun went down, perfect clouds of birds were visible along the beaches, and numerous stately pelicans, sweeping slowly around the reefs, rendered our ornithologists half frantic with delight. The evening was calm and pleasant, and we spent an hour on deck, enjoying the light of the full moon, and listening to the merry songs with which several of the party enlivened the solitude of the harbor. After this little concert, ink-horns and journals were in general requisition, and it was midnight long before the scratching of quills ceased to disturb the otherwise silent cabin.

The wind changed during the night, to the northeast, and at early dawn

every preparation was made for getting under way. The pilot, a venerable Spanish gentleman, came on board soon after breakfast, and in a few minutes, with a favoring wind and a flowing tide, we were gliding swiftly up the St. Mary's River. The surrounding country was low and flat—scarcely elevated above high-water mark, and was, for the most part, covered with dense pine forests. An hour's sail up the crooked channel brought us to the town of St. Mary's, a pretty little village, nestling among the trees on the Georgian bank of the river, at a distance of ten miles from the ocean. This place had been chosen as the rendezvous of the expedition, and here we expected to meet Prof. Chadbourne, who had preferred the overland route from New York, to the uncertain passage by sea. No sooner was the vessel anchored, than our party hurried, one and all, to the shore, each intent upon rest and refreshment after the discomfort of our long and perilous passage. Some hastened to the post-office, some to the hotel, while others started at once upon a tour of observation and discovery. To our great disappointment, Prof. Chadbourne was not in the place. He had awaited our arrival for more than a week, and had then proceeded to Fernandina—a small settlement on Amelia Island, near the mouth of the river—with the intention of meeting us there. Our late arrival on the preceding evening, and early departure that morning, had frustrated this design, and we now found ourselves without any leader, or directions for action. We, therefore, spent the remainder of the day in strolling and searching for curiosities of every kind.

St. Mary's is a quiet little town, with its streets laid out at right angles to each other, and well lined with shade trees. At all the principal crossings, large wooden pumps are situated, shaded with handsome live-oak trees, and frequented by negro women, who come to draw water, and then depart with their pails balanced on their heads. Nearly all of the shade trees are fringed and covered with the trailing Southern moss (*Tillandsia usneoides*,) which gives them a singular, though not unpleasing appearance. The houses of the inhabitants have, generally, an appearance of being slightly constructed, but are tastefully surrounded by large yards, well filled with shrubbery and choice fruit trees. Everything has a dreamy, easy air, like that of tropical climes; there is no noise, no bustle, nothing going on, excepting at the lumber yards, of which there are two or three along the bank of the river. We found the inhabitants extremely hospitable, and anxious to render all the aid in their power. Quite a number of valuable specimens were presented to the expedition by various persons interested in the objects of our pursuit, and much information concerning different localities was obtained in the same way.

The country we found very different in appearance, from what our previously formed ideas had led us to expect. It is sandy and level as a floor. The greater portion is covered with pine forests and thickets, especially where the land is wet and swampy. Few of the clearings are cultivated, but are filled with a growth of dwarf palmetto and low shrubbery. The roads are beautifully smooth; and, winding as they do, among the tall and shady pine trees, they offer rare temptations to those fond of equestrian exercise. The limited time of our stay prevented us from visiting the plantations of the interior; consequently, we did not see the patriarchal institution in its full perfection. Negroes were numerous in the village, but were generally employed as household servants, or men of all work about the town, and in their personal appearance, at least, gave no evidence of undue physical exertion on their part. The masters evidently considered kindness the best policy, and appeared to manifest none of that spirit so often ascribed to the owners of slave property. It chanced that one of our number claimed relationship to a certain northern divine whose name has recently become well known throughout the country, and considerable curiosity respecting his personal appearance, was in consequence, manifested by some of our friends on shore. When, however, the young gentleman was pointed out to their notice, and they beheld a burly youth in top boots and a broad belt, well lined with knives and pistols, besides sundry appliances for scientific investigation, they could express no other feeling than one of admiration of his appearance and equipments.

On the next day, Wednesday, March 10th, we made an examination of the river and its immediate vicinity. The season was too early to admit of procuring many plants, but we were successful in obtaining shells, birds and fluviatile specimens. Much inquiry was made after alligators; but they are only found during the warmer months of the year, and we, therefore, met with no success in that department of our search.

Prof. Chadbourne came up the river at evening, and joined us on board the schooner. A council was held at once, and it was decided to divide the party—one half to remain at Fernandina for the purpose of exploring the northern part of Florida—while the other half should immediately proceed with the schooner, to examine the Florida Keys. This resolution adopted, we commenced taking in supplies of wood and water for a month's cruise. The whole of Thursday was thus consumed, and it was not till Friday morning that we were ready to drop down the river; when a storm set in, rendering it impossible to move from the anchorage. The

wind blew a gale from the northeast, and the rain beat pitilessly all day long. It was extremely vexatious—we could do nothing on board, or on shore, and the storm prevented all motion upon the river. We, however, spent the day in perfecting plans for future explorations, and in fitting out two of our number, who had been detached from the party, for the purpose of making an expedition up the river, to the great Okeefenokee Swamp—a distance of seventy or eighty miles.

The rain ceased during the night, and the wind became favorable; so, at an early hour of Saturday morning, we bade our friends farewell, and started down the river. The tide was, unfortunately, against us, and after narrowly escaping the point of a quick-sand shoal, we were compelled to cast anchor, and wait till the afternoon current should be in our favor. When we once more got under way, the wind was so light as to be of very little service, and we were obliged to resign ourselves almost wholly, to the eddying currents of the river. It was, consequently, dark when the vessel finally reached the anchorage at Fernandina, and rounded-to in the midst of quite a little fleet of U. S. surveying cutters and tenders.

The cold mists and clouds dissolved away in the course of the night, and we were delighted with as beautiful a Sabbath morning as ever dawned. At eight o'clock, the vessels all ran up their flags to the mast-heads, thus giving the harbor an unusually gay appearance. We dressed ourselves in semi-sunday attire, and at ten o'clock went on shore to attend divine services, which were held in a private house, there being, as yet, no church edifice in the place. After dinner we strolled along the track of the new railway, which is in process of construction, from Fernandina to the Cedar Keys, and considered the rising greatness and prosperity of the place, which, though now in the very earliest stages of existence, is rapidly increasing in magnitude and importance. Although very strict in our observance of the Sabbath, nearly every one of the party had some involuntary collections to exhibit on his return to the vessel. One had detected a beetle crawling over his coat; another had accidentally found a rare land shell; another had captured a little green Chameleon-lizard; and by some curious concatenation of circumstances, a twining black-snake had been discovered, wriggling in our esteemed professor's pocket-handkerchief. Before the close of the afternoon, a little negro boy brought us an alligator ten inches in length. It was alive and pugnacious—savagely biting at everything within its reach. We hospitably entertained the little stranger, and treated him to a draught of our choicest liquor—under the effects of which, it may be added, he still remains.

Monday morning found us hard at work unloading stores for the Northern division of the party. A sandy bluff surmounted by a Coast Survey signal-pole was chosen for the camping ground, where a large tent had been erected and placed at our disposal, through the kindness of the gentlemen connected with the Florida Railway. To this place were carried the baggage, provisions, ammunition, and appliances, belonging to the shore party, and at noon the signal for weighing anchor was given. We bade our companions farewell, and set sail with a pleasant breeze for a mon th'scruise among the Keys.

Our situation on board the vessel was now much improved. One half of the original party had remained at Fernandina, and we, consequently, found an abundance of space in the cabin. It seemed at first quite desolate and silent, but we soon became accustomed to the novelty, and enjoyed the increased accommodations as they deserved. The weather was warm and delightful; the winds were fair and steady; and we seemed as if floating on a "summer's sea." So sudden was the change from the cold storms and wintry winds which had so long pursued us, that for several days we were almost incapable of physical exertion, and could only lie on the deck in a state of dreamy languor, or sit under the shade of the sails, and watch the dancing waves as they sparkled in the sunlight. On Friday morning, the 20th of March, we sighted the northern shore of Abaco, one of the Bahamas, and continued all day coasting around the island towards the "Hole-in-the-wall," a promontory which marks the eastern entrance of the passage over the Bahama Banks. We passed this point during the night, and reached the shallow water of the Banks at ten o'clock the next morning. A strong trade-wind was blowing, and we rushed all day before it with only a space of twelve feet intervening between our keel and the white sand below. The water was perfectly clear, and we could plainly see the bottom and the black masses of sponge growing thereon. The depth of the water was remarkably uniform, scarcely varying a foot from three fathoms in all the distance across the shoal.

It was four o'clock Sunday morning when our vessel dashed out of the "white water" of the Banks into the deep blue waves of the Gulf Stream. The edge of the Bank is abrupt and perpendicular as the wall of a precipice, and the line which separates the white water from the blue is as sharply drawn as the line of the horizon. One instant we could by the light of the moon plainly see the sand under our keel; the next instant our eyes were vainly peering into the unfathomed depths of the blue ocean.

Sunday was a delightful day, and our vessel foamed rapidly along before the strong trade-wind. At sunset we were seventy miles distant from Key West, and at midnight the lighthouses of that port were visible. We hurried boldly on, passing through the reef-channel close under the Sand Key light, and anchored on the "middle ground" at four o'clock Monday morning. When we turned out at daylight, the coral islets were in full view at a distance of four miles. Key West was the nearest,—a low, level islet, covered with stinted vegetation, and without a single tall tree on its whole extent. After breakfast we got under way, and ran up to the anchorage before the town. We eagerly hastened to the shore as soon as the vessel was secured, and at once commenced our observations. The city, which numbers about three thousand inhabitants, is filled with elegant, tropical residences, many of them shaded with waving cocoanut trees, and surrounded by tasteful gardens filled with blooming oleanders and choice southern plants. Notwithstanding the dryness of the sandy soil, everything appeared green and flourishing; and the beautiful pink blossoms of the favorite rosebay were bursting over every garden fence. The business portion of the city is inferior in appearance, very little local business being carried on, and the traders depending mostly upon the visits of the California steamers, the ships of war, and the spoils of the wrecking business. The United States Government is erecting in the city a large coal-depôt for its naval steamers, and a gigantic fortification is nearly completed on a shoal half a mile south of the harbor. These public works, when finished, will give the place an air of no small importance.

Our party met with a cordial welcome from Mr. J. C. Clapp, a former president of the Lyceum of Natural History. He introduced us to Major Sanders, of the U. S. Army, who gave us every facility in his power, and to several other gentlemen from whom we received many favors. He showed us charts of the Keys, furnished us with a pilot for the vessel, and presented the expedition with a number of valuable specimens which we could have obtained in no other way. He advised us to spend the greater portion of our time, after examining the natural history of Key West, in exploring the vicinities of Bahia Honda and the Dry Tortugas. Our plans were immediately arranged in accordance with this recommendation.

The next day was cold and rainy. Scarcely a drop of rain had fallen during the five preceding months, and the cisterns of the city were nearly exhausted; consequently, what was to us a great source of inconvenience

was a cause of unmingled satisfaction to the inhabitants. The time of our stay, however, was so limited that we could not afford to wait for the return of fair weather, and our parties spread themselves at an early hour over the whole island. They found a goodly number of plants, but the rain rendered the getting of specimens very unpleasant. Dead land-shells, in some localities, were lying in perfect heaps on the ground, but not a single one did they see alive. It finally became so cold and stormy that they were compelled to return to the vessel, having made only a trifling collection. The rain, at length, ceased shortly before sunset, whereupon several of us took the boat, and sailed to a mangrove-key, about two miles distant. They returned soon after dark with a huge pelican which they had shot. These birds they reported as being numerous among the little mangrove-keys, and on the strength of this statement we organized a boat expedition for the morrow, which fortunately proved to be a most propitious day. Our parties of exploration again set out at an early hour; one with the boat, while a second proceeded on foot around the shore in search of shells, leaving the *idlers* to guard the vessel, pack away specimens, and make preparations for the trip to Bahia Honda. These last mentioned gentlemen were so fortunate as to shoot several pelicans and sea-gulls as they were leisurely sailing around the schooner, and the preservation of their skins furnished occupation for the whole of the afternoon. Our conchologists returned at three o'clock, having made a circuit of the island with but indifferent success. In fact, we found it difficult to obtain marine specimens on the Key West beaches; there were so many invalids from the hospital, and so many little boys from the city, who every day strolled along the shore and collected everything new and curious.

It was now evening, and the boat had not returned. There was no moon, and it was so excessively dark that we began to feel no little anxiety lest some accident should befall our friends among the reefs and islets to which they had gone. After watching and waiting till nearly bedtime, we heard a distant sound of singing from over the water; soon the plash of oars was audible, and in a few minutes the explorers were alongside. They had met with remarkably good fortune, having succeeded in discovering a pelican-rookery, from which they brought back a basket full of eggs and young birds. The bottom of the boat was fairly covered with the birds they had shot, the shells they had found, and the various marine wonders they had collected.

At nine o'clock the next morning, we got under way for Bahia Honda.

(a key about thirty-five miles east of Key West), under the guidance of an experienced wrecker, whose services we had engaged for the trip. The passage was between the outer reefs, on the south, and the line of keys on the north;—a passage four or five miles in width, through which we were obliged to work the vessel against a strong trade-wind. Our naturalists passed the day in skinning the birds which they had previously obtained, and in cleaning the shells found at Key West.

We anchored the schooner, at dark, under the lee of Pine Key, as it was unsafe to sail among the reefs and shoals by night. The evening was moonless and calm; and as there was an abundance of fish about the vessel, we spent several hours in piscatory amusement. We succeeded in catching a large number of porghees, grunters and cat-fish; besides a large craw-fish, which had indiscreetly suffered itself to become entangled among the lines. The sport was highly enjoyed by all the party; though one poor fellow seemed fated to catch only eels; and, while the rest of us were pulling up goodly fish of fair proportions, he was continually bothered by the twisting serpents, writhing themselves and his line into all manner of vexatious knots.

We reached Bahia Honda—an open roadstead between two little islands—at nine o'clock the next morning. A party was immediately landed on the key, where they spent the day in making an examination of its sand-beaches and lagoons. They found the island tenanted only by two of the tide markers attached to the Coast Survey, who had a little tent on the beach, where they lived, and watched the tide-guage, day after day. A more monotonous and cheerless existence could hardly be imagined. Our party met with good success, and returned at evening, with a fine collection of small shells and marine specimens, gathered along the beach. The rest of our number had met with no less success, though in a different direction. Having remained on board till the afternoon tide began to fall, they took the large boat, and sailed over to a shoal about a mile distant from the anchorage. This shoal was only two or three feet under water, and our explorers could wade around on it with perfect ease. They found here, an immense quantity of valuable specimens; sea-fans and feathers, corallines, corals of the pebble-stone and lichen-like varieties; sponges, polyps, sea-urchins and star-fish; cuttle-fish twisting their snaky folds; craw-fish darting away from under the feet of the intruding naturalist; conch-shells and tritons; all without number or limit to their growth. Two hours had not passed, before the boat was loaded with one of the most valuable cargoes it had ever contained, and the party was obliged

to return to the vessel, leaving a pile of conch-shells which they had collected, large enough to fill the boat a second time. These conchs are among the largest known shells; and the delicate, rosy hue of their inner surfaces renders them a much valued ornament in every conchological collection.

On the following day we sent a large party to the shoal, and they succeeded in making a collection, even larger than the one of the preceding afternoon. Our deck, during the whole of this day, presented a novel scene. While the collectors were absent on the shoal, the rest of us were busily engaged on board, boiling and cleaning small shells, packing away the curiosities previously prepared, putting up the conchs, alive, in casks of sand, and carefully preserving delicate specimens in alcohol. Each member of the expedition had a department specially assigned to him, and the work went on smoothly and with dispatch.

We remained at Bahia Honda till Monday, March 30th, when we got the schooner under way, and ran down before a gentle breeze to the Sombrero reef, with the intention of examining that locality during the afternoon, and then proceeding to Loo Key, on our way back to Key West. We anchored at noon, near the reef, upon which the U. S. Government is erecting an iron lighthouse; and, after dinner, our whole party went in the boats, to explore the place. We waded around, with very poor success, for the space of an hour, and then returned to the schooner. The boats were immediately hoisted on board, the anchor was lifted, and we set sail for Loo Key. The wind, however, was very light, and we made such slow progress, that evening overtook us before reaching the place of our destination. We therefore came to an anchor under the lee of Pine Key, close by one of the U. S. Coast Survey steamers, which had been cruising all day in that vicinity. A strong, easterly wind set in, during the night, and raised such a heavy surf that when we got under way in the morning, the pilot considered it unsafe to touch at Loo Key. We, accordingly, kept along before the wind, and reached the harbor of Key West just at noon. The afternoon was occupied with the procurement of water and stores; and before dark we were ready for the trip to the Dry Tortugas.

At evening, we made a trial of our dredge—a great, clumsy contrivance, which had been an object of ridicule ever since it was brought on board at New York. With infinite labor and trouble, it was carried a short distance from the vessel, and dropped upon the bottom of the harbor. The boys on deck slowly drew in the long line fastened to the pon-

derous machine, and finally raised it out of the water. The net was filled with something heavy, and our naturalists gathered enthusiastically around, to watch the examination of the precious contents. There was a bucket-full of sand, a bit of coral limestone, a piece of sea-weed, and an empty whisky-bottle. This was rather discouraging; but we resolved upon another trial, and the dredge was once more dropped overboard. When it again came on deck, the contents were found to be the same as before, with the exception of a broken flower-pot in place of the empty whisky-bottle. The ardor of our scientific gentlemen was amazingly cooled by these revelations concerning the habits of the sub-marine population; and the ill-starred dredge was ignominiously hustled into the lowest depths of the vessel's hold, where it was suffered to remain in obscurity throughout the whole remainder of the voyage.

At an early hour of the ensuing morning (April 1st), we set sail for the Dry Tortugas, a group of sandy islets lying sixty miles to the westward of Key West. The wind was fresh, and we rolled merrily along before the white-tipped waves. We spied the lighthouse and the rising walls of Fort Jefferson, about the middle of the afternoon, and were soon beating up the narrow crooked channel that leads to the Garden Key anchorage. At four o'clock we anchored in the snug little harbor under the walls of the fort, and found ourselves on the very spot which Cooper has so graphically described in his novel entitled "Jack Tier, or the Florida Reef." The appearance of the harbor, with its surrounding reefs and islets, was the same as when Cooper sketched its outlines; but Garden Key, the place where the gallant young Harry was united to his charming Rose, cannot now be recognised as the same little, sandy islet described in the story. The lighthouse, and the light-keeper's cottage, remain just as they were then; but the hand of man has changed everything else. The massive foundations of Fort Jefferson encircle the whole island; enclosing an area of ten acres, and promising to become one of the largest and most impregnable fortifications in the world. The harbor is deep and secure; and, though involving an immense outlay of money, there is no reason why it may not be converted into an important naval station. No hostile fleet could possibly approach, in time of war—so intricate are the passages and channels of the reef, and so commanding is the position of the fort—and the American cruisers could sally out from its sheltered precincts, as the wreckers and fishermen now do in search of their prey.

As soon as the anchor was down, we got the boats into the water, and commenced prospecting. One party landed on a little island not far dis-

tant, and made a very pretty collection of small shells. The other party sailed out over the reefs, upon which they saw immense fields of growing coral. The most common kind was the variety called "antler coral," from its resemblance to the horns of the stag. Then, there were brain corals, pebble corals, flower corals, and an endless variety of branching corals. The reefs were only about three feet under water, and their whole surface was plainly visible as we paddled the boat slowly around from place to place. It seemed like sailing over a submerged garden filled with a countless variety of flowering shrubs and growing plants.

We were favored, during the whole of our stay, with the most delightful weather. The days were warm and clear; the evenings were calm and bright. After spending the long day in the laborious occupation of collecting corals and marine specimens of every description, we would take the little boats and float around in the silver moonlight, on the quiet waters of the harbor, watching the bright stars of the Southern Cross, and contrasting in our minds the soft airs of the Mexican Gulf with the wintry blasts which were then, no doubt, whistling around our Northern homes. This charming weather was especially propitious to our undertaking, and our vessel continually presented a scene of unsurpassable industry and activity. The deck was covered with boxes, barrels, kegs and baskets; and our scientific gentlemen were constantly employed in cleaning and packing the treasures which we discovered. The coral, when obtained from the reef, was carried to the beach, and placed at low water mark, where the tide could overflow and cleanse it. After being thus exposed for three or four days, it was carefully packed in large casks, and conveyed on board the schooner. While engaged in this manner, we received many favors from Capt. Woodbury and Mr. Phillips, the U. S. officers in command at Fort Jefferson, who kindly furnished us with many articles necessary to the successful prosecution of our labors.

On Wednesday morning, April 8th, we finished our collections, and gave the signal for sailing. It was with great reluctance that we prepared to leave this productive field of scientific investigation. No Pacific coral reef could be richer than those reefs of the Tortugas. We never left the vessel, during the week spent at Garden Key, without finding some new and valuable specimen. We had, in that time, preserved no less than twelve barrels of marine curiosities; and, had that been our object, we could, in the space of ten days, have easily loaded the vessel with coral alone. We had, however, received imperative orders to leave Key West, for home, on the 10th of April; so we now commenced preparing to get

under way. The hold was carefully stowed; the decks were washed; and, at ten o'clock, A. M., the windlass was manned to the cheerful tune of "Homeward Bound," which was sung only as sailors can sing it. The anchor was "catted in a trice," and we were soon running out of the little harbor, with a strong wind from the northeast driving us into the Gulf Stream. This direction was, of course, unfavorable to our rapid progress; and, accordingly, it was not till Friday morning that the lighthouses of Key West appeared in sight. The wind was then so very light and baffling that, in spite of the vigilance of our pilot, the schooner was drifted by the tide upon a ledge of rocks, which scraped her keel in a most effectual manner. She, fortunately, slid off without receiving any very serious injury; and, a breeze soon springing up, we reached the U. S. wharf at Key West, before the completion of the morning watch. The vessel was immediately hauled up to one of the cisterns, and our empty water casks were replenished in a very short time. The remainder of the day was passed in preparation for the homeward voyage, and, at evening, we reported ourselves ready for sea.

The usual tranquility of the harbor was disturbed, just before sunset, by the simultaneous arrival of three ocean steamers—the Isabel from Havana, the Tennessee from San Juan, and an iron propeller from Philadelphia. The Tennessee had a large number of Gen. Walker's soldiers on board, returning home from the wars in Nicaragua. They were a sorry looking set of men,—pale, emaciated, suffering, many of them, from wounds and disease, and destitute of everything but the clothes on their backs. The Tennessee was a new and splendid steamer, but the wretchedness and misery that we witnessed between her decks was sufficient to extinguish all feelings of pleasure as we examined her beautiful proportions. The amount of fuel required for the furnaces was enormous, and it was not till midnight that the coal-heavers finished their task, and the huge vessel, swinging away from the dock, steamed rapidly down the harbor, and disappeared in the darkness of the silent night.

At an early hour next morning, we bade our friends farewell, and loosed our sails to a favoring breeze which speedily swept us beyond the reefs, and far from the lighthouses and observatories of the beautiful "Key of the Gulf." It was with no small satisfaction that we contemplated the approaching termination of our cruise, and reviewed the remarkable success which had attended its progress.

Sunday morning, April 12th, found us lying in a calm, just outside of the reefs south of Indian Key. The low islands were visible along the

northern horizon at a distance of ten miles. Our vessel floated quietly on the gently undulating surface of the clear, blue water, while we passed away the hours of the morning in watching the sharks and dolphins which were gliding around in the far depths below our keel. At length a shark seized in his mouth a large hook which happened, by some chance, to be trailing overboard, and was immediately hauled on deck. He measured nearly seven feet in length, and having been slaughtered without remorse, his remains were carefully laid aside for preservation on the morrow.

A gentle breeze sprang up from the south, soon after dinner, and bore us leisurely on our course. It slowly increased its force during the afternoon and night till two o'clock on Monday morning, when it suddenly shifted in a tremendous squall, and commenced blowing a gale from the northwest. Monday was an intensely disagreeable day, yet we succeeded in skinning the shark and preserving its integument in alcohol,—not, however, till the day was consumed, and five men had been slain with seasickness in the effort.

Tuesday was another tempestuous day, but, with one furious shriek, the gale spent its strength, and left us, on Wednesday morning, tossing in a dead calm at a distance of one hundred miles from the mouth of St. Mary's River. A fine breeze began to blow at noon, and hurried us rapidly toward our destined port. We got soundings before sunset with eighteen fathoms, and shortened sail at dark. The dawning light of the ensuing morning (April 16th) found us off the bar of the river, and only a short distance from the outer buoys. The wind was favorable, and we were soon running up the channel towards our former anchorage. While we were at breakfast, however, the vessel grounded on a shoal which brought her up all standing. It was, fortunately, low tide at the time, and, after lying on the sand for an hour, the returning flood floated the schooner off, and released her from that dangerous situation. We then ran up the bay to Fernandina, and dropped anchor opposite the encampment of our Northern division, before the completion of their breakfast. None of our friends were in sight, and we gave six rousing cheers before any of them noticed the arrival of the vessel. We hurried on shore, and were warmly greeted by our comrades. One of their number was sick in the tent; another was at the hotel delirious with fever caused by a sun-stroke; the rest of the party were well, but heartily tired of life under canvas. It was soon decided that three or four of our number should accompany the sick man home in the Charleston steamer which was expected on the morrow. We then commenced packing, and shipping the freight off to the schooner, and in this manner the whole day was consumed.

The first business, next morning, was to see our friends embark on the steamer. The sick man was much better; in fact, quite rational. After bidding them adieu we commenced shipping the personal equipments and baggage belonging to the shore party. When this was accomplished the decks were cleared, and at four o'clock in the afternoon we got under way for New York. We made rapid progress with wind and tide in our favor, were soon across the outer bar, and at sundown were flying on our course with the low hills of Amelia Island only dimly visible on the southwestern horizon.

The wind continued fresh and fair till Sunday, when it veered around to the northward, accompanied with cold and dismal weather. The following week was disagreeable enough, but we made good progress in spite of head winds and calms. To us who had been so long accustomed to the sunny skies and soft airs of the south, the change of temperature, as we advanced toward the north, seemed almost intolerable; and we passed much of the time shivering under the blankets in our berths. No one was sea-sick, so we were spared that annoyance; but there were few of us who escaped the ill effects of the cold, damp weather. An alligator which we were endeavoring to bring home alive was frozen to death during a storm off Cape Hatteras, and it was with great difficulty that we succeeded in protecting our other living specimens of Natural History.

It was late on Saturday afternoon, the 25th of April, when we sighted the low shores of New Jersey, at a distance of twenty miles from Sandy Hook. A gentle breeze from the west wafted us slowly along; and, at evening, we could see the lights of the great city tinging the clouds above the northern horizon. We were becalmed during the night, and did not reach Sandy Hook till it was too late for the flood tide next morning. The wind was so light and variable, that we found it impossible to stem the rapid current which was setting out of the bay, and were compelled to anchor in the midst of the channel, to wait for the afternoon flood. At three P. M., a fresh sea-breeze sprung up; and slipping from our moorings, we swept rapidly through the Narrows—close under the grinning cannon of Fort Hamilton—stopping for a moment at the Quarantine; and so on up the great bay of New York. As the sun went down, we rounded-to in the East River, and cast anchor near the South Ferry. It seemed strange, after our long absence, to be once more surrounded by ships and houses, and to hear the roar of the cities around us. The members of the expedition hurried immediately on shore, and the cruise of the Dew-Drop was ended.

Part II—The Camp at Fernandina.

The morning of the 16th of March found the Dew-Drop lying at anchor near the steamboat wharf in the harbor of Fernandina. Quite early in the morning an unusual bustle about the decks gave evidence that some important movement was on foot, and by eight o'clock boats loaded with bedding, trunks and provisions, the property of the persons to be left on the Island, were traversing the passage from the anchorage to the bluff near which the camp was to be stationed. While returning from one of these trips to the vessel, all hands were startled by the cry of "a man overboard," which came from a barque lying at the dock near by, and after a few moments of suspense, the head of a man was seen to emerge from the water, directly under the vessel's stern. Providentially he was enabled to grasp the rudder before the strong current had carried him completely under the vessel, and was soon rescued from his dangerous position. By noon all the stores had been removed to the shore, and the Dew-Drop under a gentle breeze left the encampment and passed out to sea. She was greeted with three hearty cheers as she passed us, which were as heartily returned. Now was the time for sad thoughts. Half our party, to whom we had become much attached, had left us to undertake the somewhat dangerous navigation of the Florida Keys. They might be shipwrecked and we never see them again. Now, too, we were to commence the collections upon the success of which the reputation of the expedition and the means of defraying its expenses depended. But work soon drove sad thoughts from our minds; we arranged plans of action and set about the accomplishment of them.

An alligator had been found which had been shot some days previously and it was proposed to get the skeleton, but unfortunately volunteers for this work were not abundant. The quality especially in demand was a strong stomach. At length one whose gastronomic organ had not yielded to the gentle persuasions of Neptune, was selected to accompany Prof. C——, and they proceeded to their work. But the odor was too much even for him, and after a few ineffectual attempts, he resigned. The remainder of the party with one exception, spent the afternoon in pitching

the tent and depositing therein our stores and baggage. The remaining individual started out to spend the afternoon in botanizing. At night, being very weary, all "turned in" at an early hour, but looking around before going to sleep, E——, who had gone out to botanize was not to be found. A party was immediately collected to go in search of him. The towns-people added not a little to our alarm by saying that he was probably lost in the swamp and would be unable to find his way out before light. We proceeded to Indian mound, an elevated spot in the swamp, and lighting a fire upon its summit, shouted his name and fired off our guns. After spending some time in this way we heard two shots in succession from the camp—the signal that he had returned, and retraced our steps, relieved from much anxiety. There was nothing very romantic in his story, to repay us for all the bluster. He had, indeed, lost his way and been compelled to return home by a much longer route than was necessary.

Our place was named *cockleburr camp*, from the great annoyance those articles caused us by getting into our clothes and bedding. For the first week we had no floor to the tent, but spread our mattresses upon the bare ground, in consequence of which it was very damp; we afterwards however, procured boards, and constructed a sort of floor; this made it very comfortable, and it was really pleasant to sit in the door of our tent of an evening, with a good camp fire in front, and chat with the people who called. On the following morning, Prof. C——, and Dr. Kerr, left our party to enjoy the hospitalities of Mr. Postelle, and make collections on St. Simon's Island, Georgia. The rest of us employed our time in making excursions to different parts of the Island, and came home well laden. We had not been able thus far, to obtain a cook, so we had to act as steward in turn. A little ship's galley so low that we could barely crawl into it when bent double, constituted the kitchen. The pipe from the stove reaching scarcely to the roof, the smoke was all blown directly into the face of the cook, and as often as once in five minutes, his head would be seen protruding from the place called a door, like a turtle, from his shell, seeking a breath of fresh air, and room for rubbing his inflamed eyes. Our food at this time consisted of fish, corn-dodgers, and four kinds of crackers. We took breakfast at seven o'clock, and dinner at five; thus adhering to the custom of fashionable society. Our table was little more than *knee-high*, consisting of trunks, piled up two deep at first, but afterwards for want of trunks reduced to one tier.

The adornments of our home may be referred to here, as they formed

an important contribution to our enjoyment. They consisted of a cage containing two *cardinal grosbeaks*, or "Red birds" as they are called there, and a hoop perch, holding two Parrokeets. We must also include in this list, a square frame of cedar poles, suspended from the ridge, on which were hung garments of every color and description, the beautiful blending of whose hues readily reminded one of the rainbow.

Mr. Sears, whose kindness had provided us with the tent, and who took every opportunity to aid us, came almost every evening to sit by our fire and relate anecdotes of his own experience in camp life, as an engineer for railroads, in different parts of the country. We can never forget the kindness which this gentleman showed us, and must confess that in a great measure, the success of the party was dependent upon it. But it must not be supposed that we had no drawbacks to our enjoyment of this romantic life. An important one, which always kept us in a state bordering on anger, was the multitude of pigs, which, having no owners in particular, considered themselves as entitled to plunder our stores without reserve. If, however, they had stopped here, we might have had some patience with them. But they were ambitious; they entered the walks of science; they greedily devoured six baby alligators; they lugged off portions of a skeleton, which had been prepared, with great expense to our olfactories; in short, they haunted and taunted us, from morning to night. At last our patience was gone, and we fell to pommeling and cudgeling them without pity. Here, too, they had the advantage of us; for they received our rebukes as meekly as though they were martyrs to that great and glorious cause, in which we tried patiently to suffer.

On the third day, a large number of plover, curlew and herons were obtained by a party who visited the Pine Swamp, and one individual, not a little to our annoyance, brought a tin flora, filled with crabs of the kind known as "fiddlers." After annoying us for some time, by their scratching and dancing in the flora, he transferred them to a tin wash basin, whence they distributed themselves over our beds, clothing and provisions rather promiscuously. It was pleasant to observe the expression upon different faces, as one drew from his boot, another from his stocking, pocket, or the flour barrel, a little, muddy, filthy crab, that had quietly concealed itself there.

When Prof. C——, left for St. Simons, he directed that two of us should meet him at the mouth of the St. John's River, to proceed in his company to St. Augustine. We were to be accompanied by two others, in connection with whom we were to examine the beach at the South end

of Amelia Island, and the Bird Banks at the mouth of the Nassau River. Accordingly on the morning of the nineteenth, two of the party who were to walk to the South end of the Island, a distance of twenty miles, set out, and in the afternoon the others followed in a boat.

The channel between the Island and the main land is very narrow, and in many places exceedingly crooked. It sometimes however, spreads out into broad, shallow bays, which at low tide are seen to be covered with extensive oyster beds. One of these bays we mistook for the channel, and while running under full sail, struck a mud bank covered with oysters. Our boat was consequently driven high and dry upon the bank, and as the mud was too soft to form any resistance by which we could push off, we seemed destined to wait until high tide, which occurred at about nine o'clock in the evening. But necessity, which is said to sustain a maternal relation to invention, persuaded us to throw out a stick of light wood which we had in the boat, by standing on which we were able to push her off. When we had arrived near the place where we were to encamp for the night, we fired a signal to the walking party, and had the satisfaction of seeing a column of flame arise from the woods at a distance of more than a mile, and soon the reply came echoing along to us. Running the boat up to the spot whence the sound proceeded, we found the party encamped under an aged live oak, whose branches were thickly hung with the Spanish moss, reaching nearly to the ground.

No sooner had we touched the shore, than they most eagerly besought us to give them some water. One of the party indeed, we heard long before landing, shout at the top of his voice, "Do for God's sake give me some water." Having been supplied, they drank immoderately, without regarding our advice, until their thirst was satisfied. Having made a bountiful supper from the oysters, which we found fresh, sweet and abundant upon the shore, and set a watch, we went to sleep. In the morning, we took an early start in order to reach the Bird Banks, before sunrise; but it was of no avail, for we missed them entirely; and consoled ourselves with collecting shells upon the beach, and shooting curlews and plover upon the banks of Saw Pit Creek. At five o'clock in the afternoon we started from the last named place to pass around the extremity of Little Talbot Island, and enter the mouth of the St. John's, which we then supposed to be the Nassau River. We had to row several miles, and as it was fast growing dark, had great difficulty in making out our course. We passed through what was the next morning discovered to be the *swash*, a line of smooth water between the breakers and the beach,

not more than two rods in width. Here we had difficulty in keeping our boat from being pitched sidewise upon the beach, so great was the violence of the rolls. Emerging into smooth water, the sail was hoisted, and we made for the Light which is on the St. Augustine Bar, opposite the entrance to the St. John's, and apparently about four miles distant from us; but the wind being adverse, we were obliged to keep continually tacking, and were unable to make out the channel. This is very narrow, and bounded on either side by long lines of breakers, which kept up a most melancholy roar, under the strong breeze which then prevailed. We several times came near being dashed upon them, in attempting to enter the mouth, and after spending some hours in beating about among them, we concluded as the safest method, to stand out to sea, which we accordingly did, and supposing the breakers still to exist at the south of us, kept on the course until after twelve o'clock. We then attempted to steer a little nearer shore, but the wind and tide together, contributed to drive us farther to sea, and the only one of our party, who fully understood the management of the boat, being overcome by sleep; another took the helm; and we speedily lost sight of the Light House. At about four o'clock in the morning, a council of war was called, and our prospects, together with the stock of provisions examined. The former seemed to indicate another day and night at least, upon the deep, while the latter were inadequate for half that period. We had only water enough for a drink apiece, and the result looked doubtful. But about this time the breeze lulled, and the whole party (with the exception of one, who had lain in the bottom of the boat during the whole night,) set to rowing, and steering a little to the west of North, which we were enabled to do by the stars; we succeeded by daylight, in making out the Light House, and by four o'clock in the afternoon, were anchored in Fernandina Bay, having reluctantly given up the attempt to enter the St. John's River.

We found the party at the camp, making collections rapidly, especially as the steward's department was now in the hands of Aunt Harriet, a model colored lady, as well as a model cook. She was owned by a gentleman living near us, and we were very glad to obtain her assistance in the culinary department, which had heretofore afforded us so much trouble.

Early on the morning after our return, (which was Sabbath morning) we saw the schooner Governor Aiken, coming down the River, and as she drew near, were hailed by the Okeefeenokee party, who were returning from the swamp, which they had found burnt over, and consequently, des-

titute of objects interesting to us. They had gone up the St. Mary's River, in a small boat, accompanied by a Mr. Clark, of St. Mary's. The wind and tide not assisting them, they were obliged to row most of the way, camping at night in old deserted houses, or in their boat; and after a journey of five days, reached the Great Okeefeenokee, only to find that their efforts were of almost no avail. They had obtained several varieties of birds, reptiles &c., together with two turtles; the gopher and terrapin; besides making themselves acquainted with that race of men, known as "Crackers," one of whom accompanied them for part of the journey. Returning, they traveled night and day, so that they looked worn and haggard when they arrived at the camp, and declared that their excursion had very little of the pleasure element in it.

Having received our friends, two of us made preparations to take the Everglade at nine o'clock, for the purpose of accompanying Prof. C.—— to St. Augustine. He came down from St. Simons Island, surrounded with baggage, having collected and received from Mr. Postelle, some three thousand shells. Having landed the collections at Fernandina, we proceeded on in company, and by noon were entering the mouth of the St. John's River. On either side of us were long, low sand-bars, visible at the then low tide, and covered with large flocks of Pelicans, standing erect, like sentinels to guard the passage. Among them were numbers of the White Pelican, which is rare as far North as the mouth of this river. Flocks of ducks, containing hundreds, repeatedly sprang up, just in front of the boat, and flying a few rods astern, again alighted. About Jacksonville, the river seemed literally covered with them.

The water of the river is very still, with no current; so that the influence of the tide is felt at a great distance from its mouth. It is exceedingly variable in width, often spreading out into broad lagoons, having the appearance of a chain of lakes, and on this account, as well as the want of current, the Indians called it "Eolaka."

We arrived at Picolata, where we were to leave the steamboat, at eleven o'clock in the evening, and taking stages for St. Augustine, rode over palmetto roots and through live-oak bushes, which occasionally protruded their long arms into the carriage, a distance of eighteen miles, which we accomplished by three o'clock in the morning. The owner of the line, and driver of the stages, was a New England man, and he possessed a very good establishment.

Arrived in the city, we were put down before the Magnolia House, and attempted to gain admittance. After pounding at the door, and calling to

the inmates for some little time, a colored female cautiously put her head out of the window, and examined our appearance, prior to opening the door. Having, at last, succeeded in entering, it was long before beds could be prepared, and we had little sleep that night.

Sallying forth early in the morning, we had nearly gone over this oldest city in the United States, by breakfast time. The old gateway at the north end of the town is an interesting relic of the old Spanish architecture. Its two huge pilasters are still standing, although bearing the marks of time. A sentry box on each side, is hollowed in the solid wall of coquina rock, and is barely sufficient to admit a man. The old moat and ditch also, extending from the fort to the St. Sebastian's River, are still in existence. To the east of the gateway, and perfectly commanding the entrance to the harbor, stands Fort Marion, erected by the Spaniards in 1756. Built after the system of Vauban, it is said to be a very good specimen of military architecture. It is sufficient to contain one thousand fighting men, and mount seventy peices of heavy ordnance. Parts of it are still occupied as an arsenal, and a jail for criminals. Not long since, one of its four bastions fell in, and many human bones were found, together with a skeleton, chained to the wall, with a pitcher by its side. It was consequently supposed by some, that the place had been used as an inquisition, but it may have been only a prison, in time of war. The following inscription is sculptured in stone, under the Spanish arms, and placed over the principal gateway:

"Reynando en Espana, el son Don Fernando sexto, y sierdo Governador y Captan General di esta Plaza de san Augustin, de Florida, y su Provincia el Mariscal de campo, Don Alonzo Fernandez de Heredia se conduyo este castillo el ano de 1756, dirigiendo las abras el capitan ynginero Don Pedro de Brazos y Garay."

"Don Ferdinand the sixth being King of Spain, and the Field Marshall Don Alonzo Fernandez de Hereda being Governor and Captain General of this place, St. Augustine, of Florida, and its province. This fort was finished in 1756. The works were directed by the captain engineer, Don Pedro de Brazos y Garay."

The barracks in the south part of the town, were erected on the ruins of an old building belonging to the Franciscan order of friars. It was never used by them, the vessel bringing them from Cuba having been wrecked on the coast, and the whole party drowned.

The cathedral, standing near the centre of the city, and fronting the Plaza de la Constitution, was built at the same time with the fort, and

although bearing the marks of age, is still in very good repair. The Catholics still use it as a place of worship. It has a chime of bells, each placed in a separate niche in the spire, which is built entirely of coquina rock. On the West side of the Plaza is the court house, situated in the centre of what was once a large botanical garden. It is in the form of the letter L, and like all the old buildings, is of coquina rock. To the east and directly in front of the harbor, is a very neatly constructed little market, where at sunrise each morning, meat, fish, and vegetables are displayed for sale.

The only paper published here, is a weekly, entitled "The Ancient City;" a small sheet, with a very small circulation. A copy which we obtained while there, contained a very affecting appeal to the inhabitants for encouragement and support. Whether it was heeded, is very doubtful. It seems a little strange to northern people, that in the whole State of Florida, not a single daily newspaper is published.

The streets of St. Augustine are very narrow, none of them being more than twenty feet in width, and many less than eighteen. This, together with the projecting balconies, makes them difficult to traverse with carriages. These are seldom used, the most common conveyances being pony phætons and carts drawn by mules. Traveling is mostly done on horseback. What seemed to us rather singular, was, that the stores were destitute of signs. Only one was seen in the whole city, and that over a New York store. We visited what is called the South Beach, for the purpose of collecting shells, and met with excellent success. The *donax variabilis*, a beautiful little shell, was obtained in large quantities.

Anastatia Island, which we visited on the following day, was not as prolific in shells; but we saw here the quarries of coquina which consists of shells, closely cemented together, and making very good building stone. The site of the Spanish tower, which once stood here, is now occupied by a lighthouse. Having packed our collection, which was quite large, and in making which, we were much assisted by Mr. Brediere, we started for Picolata. We had a very comfortable carriage, entirely to ourselves, and enjoyed the ride much better than in going over. The road conducted us mostly through pine barrens, with very little variety in scenery. Hills thrown up by the salamander, completely covered the ground. The driver had a huntsman's horn, on which he blew a fearful blast, both on leaving the city and on our arrival at Picolata. This place consists of one small house, in the midst of an extensive barren. Seeing preparations making here for dinner, we went in and tried to eat; but, although the dinner

consisted of choice game, with its accompaniments, everything was so execrably cooked, that we had to retreat as hungry as we went.

After we had waited several hours, the steamer Carolina arrived, and we took passage in her for Pilatka, which is some distance up the river. We arrived there during the night, and in the morning went ashore, to look at the place. We found the steamer St. Johns, lying at her wharf, and the Darlington just leaving on a trip up the river. By the way, the captain of the Darlington is a great rifle shot, and affords his passengers much amusement by killing alligators on the shore, as he passes up and down; he shot as many as twenty at one trip. This, considering there are only two places in which a shot is fatal, is very good practice. Pilatka is a very small place, although a centre for inland communication. There are two or three quite large stores in the place, and it is here that the planters come from miles around, with their huge wains, drawn by mules, to exchange their cotton for supplies.

At eight o'clock we started down the river. After descending a few miles, a boat with three men, was seen to emerge from the brush which overhung the shore, and steer directly for our bows. When they had nearly reached us, the Captain shouted to them several times, to go *abaft* the wheel; but they evidently did not know what *abaft* meant, and kept on their course. The consequence was, that the paddle-wheel striking their boat, capsized it in a twinkling. It had contained two white men and a negro; the latter clung to the boat, and having succeeded in getting into it, pulled in one of the white men, while the other was drifting far astern. The Captain now urged the two men to pull after their companion, who was shouting for help, and saying that he could not stay above water any longer; but they were too much terrified to do anything, and one pulling one way, and the other another, it was some minutes before they could start for his rescue. They at length pulled the poor fellow in almost exhausted, and having received their load of grape vines, pushed off.

Arriving at Jacksonville, at three o'clock in the afternoon, we hunted all the marshes about the place, for birds; but returned to the boat with nothing but a Clapper Rail, (Rallus Crepitans). As we reached the village, there was an alarm of fire, and a troop of negroes dragging a small fire engine, rushed through the principal streets, uttering the most hideous yells; but when it was proved to be a false alarm, they drew back their engine in high dudgeon. The boat remained at Jacksonville that night, and on account of the fog, was prevented from sailing the next morning,

until a late hour. Once under way, however, we were not long in descending the river: entering the open sea, we found it very rough, and symptoms of sea sickness began to show themselves among the passengers, which resulted in producing many ludicrous scenes.

At about eleven o'clock we arrived at Fernandina, and found our friends all in good health and spirits. The remainder of the day was spent in packing what had been collected during our absence, and we retired for a good night's rest after our wanderings. During our absence, a party had explored Cumberland Island, with some degree of success. They, too, complained of tough experiences, having encamped the first night in an old deserted house, where they were constantly haunted with the expectation of seeing something; on the second, sleeping in the bottom of their boat, with three stowed away in a place not large enough for two; and on the third, lying in the open air on an island, where the tide rose to within a few feet of their bodies. They consequently returned home ragged and worn, and disgusted with expeditions generally. Visiting the Dungenese House, they had met Mr. Nightingale, the proprietor of the Island, who kindly offered them every assistance in his power, while exploring the Island.

As Prof. C—— was soon to leave us, for the north, we now set to work packing specimens which had been collected in the different expeditions, and obtaining what we could upon the Island. Among birds, we obtained a good supply of the American Mocking Bird, (*Turdus polyglottus*,) the Parrakeet, (*Psittacus carolinensis*) and the Ground dove, (*Columba passerina*). These were the most common birds among those which are not found at the north. Besides these, many rare and valuable specimens were obtained. We also procured several varieties of fish and reptiles, some of them quite rare; together with numerous Indian bones and relics. In the shell department we also collected largely. Two members of our party visited St. Augustine after the return of the first company, but without success in collections.

The time had now arrived for Prof. C—— to leave us, and although we very much regretted parting with him, yet the evening before his departure was spent, in contriving to amuse him, and many a hearty laugh was heard, both before and after retiring. He started in the morning for Savannah, by steamer, and again we felt alone in the world. At about this time, Mr. Sears also left town with his family, and we were deprived of his society, which we had begun to value very much. From these causes, we were at first a little lonely, though I believe few would have accepted

the offer of an opportunity to return home, at that time. We soon found enough to do to prevent our brooding over the troubles we encountered.

On the first of April, one person left our party for Tampa Bay, intending if possible to penetrate to Cedar Keys. The country in that direction was considered dangerous on account of the Indians, which prevented us from traveling farther to the south. We see negro life here with all the peculiarities of the far south. The blacks were lounging about camp the whole time, trying to sell us some snakes, toads or other animal. A great many snakes were bought of them, which they had caught without danger to themselves, simply by putting a forked stick over the neck of the reptile, and thus pinning his head to the ground. Sometimes we attended negro meetings in the evening; these are held in a little hut, built of slabs, without windows or floor, and occupied by some three families. It was really quite interesting to stand near the open door, and look in upon the dark group, which surrounded the huge fire of pine knots, that burned on the hearth. The preacher was a slave; a tall, straight, and gentlemanly looking fellow, who after a very lengthy prayer, made a short exhortation, when they commenced to sing words like these.

"O my Redeemer,
Show me de way,
Show me de way.
O my Redeemer,
Show me de way,
Show me de way
Unto de promised Land.

It's well and good
Dat you come'e out to-night,
Dat you come'e out to-night,
It's well and good
Dat you come'e out to-night,
Dat you come'e out to-night,
To learn de ways ob de Lord."

After singing for some time: praying and exhorting alternated again, sometimes continuing nearly all night. The blacks seem very fond of music, and groups of them might be seen in the evening before almost every house, singing or playing on some instrument.

Going up the rail-road one day, an alligator's nest was found, though destitute of occupants. It was composed of grass, weeds and mud, piled up in layers, so that the heat generated by fermentation, shall hatch the

eggs, which are placed between the layers. When the young leave the shell, they immediately betake themselves to some pond, near which the nest is always situated, when it is said the mother feeds them with a milky substance, which she casts out of her mouth upon the surface of the water. On the beach, one hot day in the middle of April, one of the party received a sun-stroke which was very violent, and threw him into a fever, that has lasted for two months. He was attended, while there and accompanied as far as Philadelphia on his return home, by Dr. Jackson, from that city, who treated him with much skill and kindness, and to whom we are under the greatest obligations.

Inasmuch as the first expedition to the Bird Banks had proved so eminently unsuccessful, Prof. C—— advised that before our return, we should undertake another. Accordingly on the thirteenth of April, three individuals were dispatched on this service They went in a heavy yawl boat, with three days' provisions. Being late in the afternoon, when they started, but little progress was made the first day. They were intending to encamp in a deserted cabin, near where the rail-road crosses the Fernandina River, but a planter living near, having come down to the river, invited them to go up with him and stay in his kitchen. Accordingly they walked some two miles to his house, and spent the night. To reach it, they had to cross a marsh more than a mile in width, upon a road built on spiles, with timbers laid across at intervals of about two feet. This was very difficult of accomplishment in the night, especially as they were loaded down with blankets, &c. They lay down to rest upon the hard floor of the kitchen, and awoke in the morning much refreshed. On visiting the boat, it was found left by the receding tide, high and dry upon the bank; but while making some extended preparations to launch her, one of the party by main strength pushed her afloat.

After rowing for some distance through a narrow and very crooked channel, in which they several times lost their way, a point was seen jutting out for some distance into a large bay that they had entered, which with wind and tide both adverse, could not be rounded. Accordingly, after several unsuccessful attempts, it was concluded to go back a short distance, and wait for some change. After a time it came, and the remaining distance was passed with little delay. Night overtook them near the south end of Amelia Island; but before they had reached good camping ground; and finding a little hillock in the center of a marsh, they made a fire upon it, roasted some oysters, ate their supper, and having arranged their lair, fell into the arms of Morpheus.

In the morning, having eaten a supply of oysters, from the dish which Nature had set before them, they put up sail and steered for the Bird Banks. But here bad luck awaited them; for the birds had not begun to breed, and consequently very few were seen. Having shot a few gulls, curlew and terns, they left the Banks, and crossing over to the beach, spent the remainder of the day in collecting shells. On returning to the boat, it was found to have left them in the lurch again; there was no water within sixty feet of it: nothing but a level sand beach, over which the yawl must be dragged to the water. On examining the provision chest, too, a great deficiency in eatables was observed. Here was trouble; it seemed impossible to drag the boat to the water, but it would not do to wait for the tide to rise, or they would reach home very hungry men. So they went to work, and after an hour's hard struggling, the boat was launched; by dark the collection was on board, and the hungry, thirsty and tired party pulled for Fernandina, as hard as they were able. As there was no wind, it was necessary to row the whole way, and being ill acquainted with the channel, they had a very hard time of it. Having no water and being extremely thirsty, the only resource was to mix vinegar and molasses; the only two liquids in the boat, and try to quench their thirst with that. But this made bad worse, and it was only by holding bullets in their mouths, that they could be at all comfortable.

At length, they lost their way, having left the channel and entered a broad bay filled with oyster banks, which were just covered at high tide. The night being very dark, these could not be seen until the boat struck, and it was one continual routine of running upon banks and pushing off, until they became almost entirely discouraged, and were upon the point of attempting to spend the night there; but at length, by following the shore for some distance, the channel was again entered, and they went on encouraged. Before reaching camp however, sleep seized upon all, exhausted as they were by abstinence and hard rowing, so that no sooner had the person whose turn it was to steer seized the tiller, than drowsiness began to creep over him, and soon the boat would be going in an opposite direction from that in which they wished to sail. At length the camp was reached, and a search immediately instituted for water and eatables. Having satisfied themselves on this point and removed their luggage from the boat, they turned in, as the sea phrase is, for a good night's rest.

While at breakfast next morning, loud shouts in the direction of the river announced the arrival of the Dew-Drop, and looking out, we saw

her colors flying, as she cast anchor in front of the camp. A boat soon brought our friends ashore, and right glad were we to see them; much regretting however that the time had come for us to leave the south.

We had experienced much kindness from the people among whom we had been thrown, and whatever were our troubles, we cannot fail to remember with pleasure and gratitude those who befriended us. It was a source of great wonder, especially to the negroes, what we could want of the alligators, snakes and birds, that were collected, but the promise of a "bit" apiece for what they brought us, made them set eagerly to work, and procured us many valuable specimens.

Upon the whole the expedition was eminently successful, and has brought treasures into the Society's cabinet, and the cabinets of those who aided the enterprise, which would not have been obtained without it. Those of us who were permitted to accompany it, also, feel that we have thereby gained greatly in very many respects. It is such an expedition as any society or any college may be proud to have originated, if we judge by its results; and we hope that this is only a beginning of what is to be, for there are plenty of fields left for the naturalist to explore, and plenty of treasures to be gathered in before the book of Nature can be read understandingly, and this can never be done by private individuals with such profit and so great a degree of success, as by such expeditions.

We close this account of our adventures, by expressing our great obligation to our friends, both here, and at the south, who have assisted us in carrying out the objects of this enterprise.

HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIANNE.

A MONODRAME.

SCENE—*A dark and gorgeous apartment in Herod's palace at Jerusalem—A cresset hung by a silver chain is dimly burning in an alcove—Courtiers and attendants talking in an antechamber, who gradually retire—A Roman sentinel mounting guard before the door of the room.*

[*Enter* HEROD *in soliloquy.*]

DEAD! dead! did they tell me that she was dead!
That her sweet spirit is among the stars!
It cannot be, ah no, it cannot be!
And yet why seems each echoing corridor
So desolate? the sentry's measured tread,
The empty babble of these shuffling minions
Seem not to gain my hearing. All is lone
And silent as the grave! For the light step
Whose soft approach, more noiseless than gazelle's,
The beating of my heart was wont to herald
I hear no more! When I would contemplate
The heavens, e'en the stars are dim, for those
Bright, flashing orbs which eloquently gazed
On mine, when we paced through the porticoes
What time the dewy zephyrs fanned the bowers
Of Salem's moonlight gardens, those clear orbs
I see no more! The voice whose melody
Made harmony with chime of tinkling founts
Is hushed forever! These signs verify
What my poor, stricken heart would disbelieve.

[*The moon emerges from a cloud, and its rays steal along the floor of the chamber. He pauses and gazes musingly on it.*]

How cold and pale yon moonbeam creeps along
The marble pavement! In her playful moods
How she delighted in imaginings
Of beauteous beings haunting twilight hours,
And with her witching finger tip would point
Where silver-edged clouds the welkin hung

And call them islands of the blest. Ah! we
Do cling to olden memories and talk
About the dead as if they were but absent
A few days, and would come back at our bidding,
When they are gone forever—Ha! what ho!
—'Tis but the watch cry from Antonia's ramparts.
How solemnly that midnight sound breaks on
The city's dead repose. All sleep in peace,
Regardless of my sorrows: aye! methinks
I'm lonelier than it should be, pining here
Without a soul to soothe my lamentations!
Will no one pity Herod in his anguish?
Will no one pity Herod? No one take
His hand and say, "I too have lost my wife,
My little cherubs, one frost nipped them all.
Then let me mourn with thee and shed my tears
With thine." But men avoid me as they would
A viper of the desert; for they think
Ah me! a bloody tale; 'tis whispered round
That Herod slew her. I slay thee! my love!
By heaven! let noonday scowl with midnight gloom
An 't be declared 'tis light if rumor thus
May blab a slander which is credited
By all the nation! And yet why do men
Cluster in groups and shuddering glance behind them,
And start and turn if they but catch my eye?
Why doth each rising sun bring forth to light
Foul traitors and dark-planned conspiracies,
If Herod be not guilty!—Oh my God!
Would 'twere a simple myth like those my nurse
So often taught me in my childhood, when
Affrighted I did hide my chicken head
Upon her bosom! would that 'twere a vain
And transitory nightmare sent from hell,
To vanish with the morning! Would it were
Aught else than what it is! My Marianne!
Forsake me not! oh clasp thy tender arms
Around my neck, and whisper soothingly
(As erst) that thou forgiv'st me! let me not
My doom encounter by thee unforgiven!
I did it but in passion, and the deed
One hour sufficed to work has made this world
For me a palpable, a second hell.
Fantasies flout my vision ceaselessly;
When morning gilds the palaces I've built,
When evening's curtains drop adown the sky,
A beauteous form, whose raven tresses drip

With clotted gore, doth haunt me; vainly I strive
To screen with trembling hands the horrid sight.
And oft a blushing maiden, robed in white,
And radiant with the hues of womanhood's
Early dawn, flits before me.—If this be
What men have called remorse, an endless pang,
A sense of crime which mocks the use of words,
And brings in blazing contrast all the bliss,
The innocence, the purity of youth
With manhood's black transgressions; then preys here
[*Placing his hand on his heart.*]
A fiend insatiate, who shall gnaw my heart
Throughout eternity, more ruthlessly
Than ever vulture on Prometheus' vitals.
Remorse begets despair. Despair grants no
Reprieve. 'Twere better that oblivion veil
The past, e'en if it hide most cherished scenes,
When thus the weight of grief outbalances
The sweet associations of affection.
—Ho slaves! Bring here a goblet brimming o'er
With Lethe's lymph! now will I drink and die
Forgetful of the matchless happiness
And the unutterable bitterness
Which evil destiny allotted me—
They hear me not; their thoughts are all wrapt up
In grief for her, the loveliest and the best.
[*Exit.*]

SUMMER.

Why do the days of our childhood come back to us as summer days; literally as days when summer is in the ascendant? We speak not of childhood spent in the city, where life flows only through human channels, and even Nature limits the display of her power to the fierce shining of noon-day suns on stony walls, and the falling of distained snows through murky atmospheres. Childhood in the city is but a mockery of childhood; for though childhood in all its delicate susceptibilities and latent power, yet never finding that life of Nature which would meet those yearnings, and call forth this power, all the newness and wonder of this unaccustomed

scene, are to it but the wonder of spirits cold and lost in the dull round of labor. But if memory never comes to the child of the city

"With music and sweet showers
Of festal flowers,"

why does she bring only *such* remembrances to those who have lived in the country? It is a high tribute to summer, that the young spirit should have felt such magic in her presence; for she must have come with wondrous meaning, to have fixed herself so deeply and so dominantly in memory.

So the thought came to me as, with the earth and the heavens, I rejoiced in the light and the heat of a summer day; and I asked, what is there in summer that makes dim memory tell only her tales? and again I asked, why is it that at the same time, she charges all the present with such depth of gladness; and stranger yet, awakens a solemnity so profound, that it overwhelms and swallows up the sadness of autumn's relaxing life, and the deep dreariness of wintry death? Why has she veiled herself in this twofold mystery; opening within us the fountains of joy and of sadness? Autumn is sad with death, and winter is solemn with tempests, and spring is joyous with blossoms; but summer, queen of the seasons, overshadows them all, making them her handmaids and slaves; Spring coming before her, to strew her way with flowers; Autumn coming after her to gather up what she has so lavishly cast about her. Why does summer thus lord it over the year? It cannot be her beauty alone, that secures for her this imperial throne. Though she is rich in colors, in graceful forms and a thousand nameless charms; yet autumn clothes herself in richer hues and bathes the earth in balmier airs; and winter with his frosts, builds palaces more splendid than all the temples of the groves, and traces over the earth with a network more delicate and pure, than summer's carpet of grass and flowers. We do not yield her our homage for the gifts she brings, for even the child, to whom she offers neither grain nor fruit, acknowledges her power, and remembers her communings with him. Neither beauty nor utility award her the palm. There lurks a power in the depths of summer days, competent to greater efforts than the ripening of grain in the ear, or decking the meadow with daisies; a power, which lending sadness in its departure to the winds of autumn, solemnising the march of winter by its absence, and bringing mirth to spring in its return, bursts in all its fullness and perfectness upon the spirit, in every summer sky; in the harvest field and in the forest; alone in the long grass on the plain, and alone in the valley by the stream.

With all the magic potence of a human spirit to win; with all its varying shades to bewilder, laughing in one turn of the brook, and weeping in the next; broad and calm on the plain, and dreary on the long and heated road; it steals its way to the heart in the gentle fragrance of the violet, or takes captive the imagination with all its pomp of gorgeous shows.

Let us catch some of the protean forms in which she arrays herself, and enquire what there is that, appealing to every emotion, so enchants us. She comes at times with gaiety and mirth; with ringing of fairy bells, and such jocund glee, as lift the soul into a new atmosphere, where it floats as buoyant and careless, as gossamer down on summer lawns. Such seasons are in the upspringing of the day, when fleecy clouds attempt to veil the joyful sun; when light breezes play with the young flowers, and Nature comes with a glad shout, singing airy lyrics to jocund old Earth. Then we call her gladsome Summer, and rejoice as no other season can make us; not with the boisterous joy of animal health; not with the loving joy of the home-circle, nor with the quiet joy of peaceful life; but in that which embracing all these, and crowning them with a new delight, calls itself the joy of Summer. It is a joy that in its lightest moments, lays deep its hold on an earnest life, and like the cheer that springs from such true and earnest life, leaves no sting of remembrance, goading the spirit to remorse, in the recollection of debasing frivolity and senseless mirth. Summer fills with meaning her laughter, and teaches wisdom even in smiling skies. But notice in what specific modes it is that she informs all Nature with joyfulness. It is at the beginning of the day; it is in quick movements; in bright colors and fresh forms. Take the particular parts; the quickly nodding flowers; the sparkling, lively-sounding brooks; the free and airy clouds; the heavens flooded with a light fresh and pure; these are her material. The prime agent in all these special indications, is that mysterious power of motion, which leaving Winter still and dead, and giving to autumn but one hesitating, downward movement, floods all Summer with its myriad varieties, subtle, yet bold and full. This joyousness of Summer has all the freshness and spontaneity that we mark as characterizing movement in the purity of its first genesis; as we see it in the dawn of life in childhood, magical with the aroma of freshness and newness, that so especially belongs to the beginnings of existence. So opens the Summer day, revealing to us one of Summer's phases. But as the morning ripens into noon, there will come another and a higher phase, a solemnity not sad, but earnest and deep. It was when in the green woods, towards the middle of the day, the fool lay

basking in the Summer sun, that he fell into a strain as deeply musing as ever Shakspeare wrote:

"It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see how the world wags;
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour we rot and rot.
And thereby hangs a tale."

We recognise the fitness of the season and the place to the sentiment; for where but in the broad sunshine, in the silent forest, could thought have touched that earnest, solemn chord. Then the sun sweeps in stately march over the zenith; the massive clouds move slowly, as with an inward sense of power; their broad shadows pass thoughtfully on the hills and plains, and Summer in her noon-day life—Summer exultant, jubilant in her magnificence of power, yet with no noisy triumph, or boisterous mirth, stretches her broad domain before us. Her wide-sweeping and searching sway is no wonder to us when we see with what self-contained power, she pours out her life upon the earth; when vegetation in gorgeous abundance, answers to her call; when earth and air and water, teem with her myriad hosts. In all this splendor of array, and silent pomp of glowing light, luxuriant colors and heavily-breathing odors, there is a solemnity that presses home to the spirit with thrilling force; the same solemnity that floats on cathedral airs, and that echoes through David's great psalms of thanksgiving; not gloom, for there is all the difference between gloom and solemnity, that there is between death and the fullest life. The fullest life, I say, for life at its acme, does not show itself in noise and parade; from its very intensity it is calm. Hence the solemnity with which we approach in prayer to God, the life of communion between spirit and spirit, being too intense to allow the disturbance of outcry or flourish. Such is the solemn silence when

"The noonday quiet holds the hill:
The grasshopper is silent in the grass.
The lizard with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the cicola sleeps.
The purple flowers droop: the golden bee
Is lily-cradled."

The mysterious power of movement culminates in these deep Summer noons. As in the early day it made Nature joyous with its light and free mirthfulness; so now it is in the subtle influences of its slow goings, that the noontide is so sovereign in life; and, as in the joyous movements of

the earlier day, there was an anticipation of this more quiet scene, so now beneath this overflowing life, there lurks the suspicion of some more troubled hour, when Summer shall mourn to herself, and call on all the earth and heavens, and the heart of man to share in her wierd lamentation. Thus is revealed another phase of her prodigal life, the most inexplicable, yet the most bewitching of her moods, drawing us to her with painful longings and dim yearnings, that we do not comprehend, and at the same time making the mortal heart within us to tremble and grow faint before her awful whisperings of some nameless mystery. There is mystery enough in the joy that we feel in Nature's life but we ask in deeper wonder,

> "Can trouble live with April days,
> Or sadness in the Summer moons?"

This comes with the passage of the long, still afternoon, when the broad sunshine falls unchecked. Weariness and utter loneliness fill the soul as the sunlight streams through the still air, and rests on the quiet earth; and it seems as if a very spirit stole to us from Nature, yet came not from without, but was with us from the beginning; a familiar spirit, yet so unfamiliar with its dreary languishing, and wailing remembrances, that we bow in awe and wonder, as before some superior stranger. The passing hum of the wild bee is painfully clear, and the keen agony of undefined emotion that is fearful in its intensity, floods our souls from all the hot and quivering air, and from the full sunlight that will not cease, but pours its life steadily and unchangingly upon the weary earth. In its presence forgetting the deep heavens, the tall forests and the streams, we see but Summer concentrating all her life, to pour it in one channel, and yet in all her force of vitality so wildly sad. But why should that sunshine which is so profoundly symbolical of our twofold life, be filled with such mournful meaning? Is there a sadness in life that is the synonyme of joy? Who that has entered the inner shrines of his own spirit, has not felt this mysterious sadness, and recognized it as the mourning of the spirit that, let it struggle as it will to the farthest penetralia, it can never know itself as it is, for the veil of flesh is between. So when Summer, in her most abounding life, floods the earth with her sunlight, and in light and heat would reveal herself, there is a sadness in feeling that the very condition of such a revelation, must ever be a bar to its perfection. Thus she mourns in deep grief, on long, cloudless afternoons; thus she vitalizes all heaven and earth, but to make them her mourners, and appeals to man that he may be in sympathy with her. And her great high-priests, the poets

of the earth, have answered to her call, as this dreary ballad from one who has had near communion with her can testify:

"With one black shadow at its feet,
The house through all the level shines,
Close latticed to the brooding heat,
And silent in its dusty vines:
A faint blue ridge upon the right,
An empty river bed before,
And shallows on a distant shore,
In glaring sand and inlets bright.
But 'Ave Mary,' made she moan,
And 'Ave Mary,' night and morn,
And 'Oh,' she sang to be all alone,
To live forgotten and love forlorn.

"Nor bird would sing nor lamb would bleat,
Nor any cloud would cross the vault,
But day increased from heat to heat,
On stony drought and steaming salt;
Till now at noon she slept again,
And seemed knee-deep in mountain grass,
And heard her native breezes pass,
And runlets babbling down the glen.
She breathed in sleep a lower moan,
And murmuring, as at night and morn,
She thought, 'my spirit is here alone,
Walks forgotten, and is forlorn.'"

But Summer enfolds within her the wonder not only of herself, but of all the seasons. There is no remarkable beauty in the starting of the grass, nor in the first unfolding of the leaves; but it is the promise of life, the dawn of life itself, that gives such deep meaning to the brightening skies of Spring. So Autumn is sad because it is the hiding of Summer's face, the waning of life. There is no reason why the falling of the leaves should be unutterably mournful; nor that the sound of the winds should be that of wailing; but that there is in every movement the evidence of decaying power. So Winter comes gloomy and horrid with death. Thus either rejoicing in her coming, or mourning her departure, do the seasons borrow from her all the magic of their meaning. And the old question returns with new force. Who is Summer, and why should she lord it supreme over the seasons, and over the hearts of men? What are all these mysteries of movement; these fitful changes playing on her face, as the lights and shadows play on the restless aspen? Like every other wonder,

the source and solution of these is in ourselves; for every mystery is involved in the deeper, the only mystery of spirit. Forbidden, though spiritual, to commune with spirit face to face, we turn with earnest sympathy to that, which as the fullest manifestation of ourselves, we feel must be the fullest manifestation of spiritual power; life active, intelligent, emotional. But all our external life comes under the subtle forms of movement. In the glad romps of youth, where motion is quick and fresh, in the slower motions of manhood, in the full flush of meridian strength, we see the mysterious connection of movement with the inner life of the spirit, as the interpreter of that life, chronicling for the outward world the slightest shade of variation, and stamping it legibly in the flushings of the cheek, the glance of the eye, in the magic gesture of the orator, and the graceful carriage of the untaught child. So in dancing brooks, in proudly waving forests, and in all the myriad phases in which the all-golden Summer appeals to us in Nature's life, chronicled for us. Hence our joyful sympathy with the glad day-break of Summer; hence the earnest meaning in her solemn noons; for we feel the unfathomable life of a spirit in the rich scene. And hence, as we have half explained, is the mysterious yearning with which we are drawn in the sad afternoon, when the Spirit of Summer baffles itself in the very attempt at a more perfect revelation of itself. Here, too, is the explanation of that thrill with which we hear of the dim Orient. Visions of a life luxuriant, unconquerable, intense beyond conception, float before the mind at the word; for it is there that Summer has built her most splendid palaces, and arrayed herself in such gorgeous apparel as she never shows with us. Hence it is, that childhood hearing indistinctly of the east, dreams of Summer seas and everlasting verdure, where she repeats herself in endless rounds, wandering

> "On from island unto island at the gateways of the day,
> Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
> Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise,
> Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy fruited tree—
> Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea."

But we need not stop with what some may call a mere blind feeling; there is a philosophy in Summer; the true philosophy of spirit. It is perfectly philosophic, that we should not only feel, but believe, that there is something more than a blind force of Nature that bursts into the splendor of sunset, or steals upon us in the sweet fragrance of the lily; and believing this, that we should turn to it with eager longing. Had not the philosophic, though ungenial Greek, lived in the midst of everlasting

Summer, he would never have fixed a Naiad in every stream, or a Dryad in every wood; for it was Summer, who, though she could not quicken him to a life spiritual through communion with her, yet taught him the dictum of philosophy, apparently forgotten by modern metaphysicians, that force finds its ultimate origin in spirit alone; and that not by any long-linked chain of abstract forces. For where were the economy in sustaining such a series to be the media of action to that primal power, which, in the very creation and sustenance of these mediate forces, shows itself capable of dispensing with their aid; the power competent to the creation of such mediate forces being of necessity fully commensurate with the power that could immediately produce the desired results. Such a transference of man's method of procedure in the world of matter, made ready to his hand, to the power that created and upholds the universe is as unphilosophic in its violation of the law of parsimony, as it must be unsatisfactory to every one who sees more than a dead mechanism in the process of Nature. More philosophic was the Greek, than we who boast a philosophy that has caught a new life from the revelations of Christianity; for although he could not see the hand of one divinity alike marshaling the pomp of the heavens, and unfolding the wealth of the earth, yet was he too far-sighted to believe that mere abstract forces, blind and vague, could build a temple so mighty as that in which he dwelt.

So we rejoice in Summer's life as one kindred with our own, but at the same time learn from her fleeting hours, that even as she fades, so must all external life of the spirit fade. That dawn of life, its meridian glory, and that slow approach of the night of death, which are the course that we must run, the seasons run before us; and if no other companion is given us, with whom to exercise the divine privilege of sympathy, great Nature is born for us: she grows to a miracle of beauty, and declines before us. So she runs her ceaseless rounds, that the children of men may have before them the mirror of all their little life, and that, unsatisfied with such meagre manifestations, they may aspire to that life of which Nature can give no type, which is found only in communion with the Father of our spirits, where no veil can come between.

ISLAM.

THE dawn of the seventh century found the eastern Church divided, and corrupt in doctrine. The career of the first preachers of the Gospel had scarcely closed, when error, no longer restrained by their presence, began to spring up in the various scenes of their labors. Speculation took the place of a rational trust; controversy began to be rife, and the unity of the Church was destroyed by faction.

Though the church had spread until she had overstepped the limits of the Roman Empire, yet the farther she advanced from the birthplace of her faith, the farther she departed from its pristine purity and simplicity.

Under Constantine the great, Christianity had supplanted the pagan mythology of Rome, and been raised to the dignity of a state religion. This caused a further departure in its principles, from the teachings and example of its divine author, for the atmosphere of a court was unsuited to nourish a spirit of simple and earnest piety. Thus in conforming to the pomp and splendor of its earthly patrons, it lost its transforming power; it was itself transformed, and its vitality crushed beneath an oppressive weight of forms. At this time, also, numerous sects had arisen in the Church; each one, absorbed in the defence of its peculiar tenets, and contending solely for their ascendancy, assigned to them a disproportionate rank, and thus lost sight of the fundamental principles and object of their common faith.

Such was the condition of the oriental Church, when there arose a gigantic system of delusion, destined to crush for a time all conflicting heresies, and to unite all, Jew, Christian and Idolater, as the followers of a new faith. That faith was Islam; its founder Mahomet. The land of blooming gardens and arid deserts; the land of the magi and the astrologer, gave him birth. He was of noble descent, belonging to that tribe which constituted the hereditary priesthood of his country, and was largely gifted by nature with all those qualities of mind and body, necessary to a successful career. Bold in the conception of his plans, resolute and unscrupulous in their execution, of easy manners and pleasing address, his character was strengthened and adorned by an eloquence that was irresistible.

Whatever may have been the secret motives and design in the mind of the false prophet, his ostensible object, and that for which he claimed the sanction of inspiration, was to do away with the various systems of idolatry, which in his view enslaved the whole race, and to bring it back to the recognition and worship of one supreme God. "There is no god but God; and Mahomet is his prophet," was the proclamation that ushered in the dawn of the new faith; this was its cardinal doctrine; and from that time to the present, has been the Moslem's battle-cry in war, in peace his call to prayer.

It was in constructing his system so as to insure its reception by men of every nation and religion, that Mahomet displayed his most consummate skill. He incorporated into it elements drawn from the principal religions that prevailed among the neighboring nations. To procure its adoption by the tribes of his own countrymen, he retained some of their established religious practices. The associations of the Arab with Mecca, and the rites of its sacred temple, were too strong to be readily transferred to an entirely new faith. To gain the Jews, he drew from the corrupt forms of Judaism, and to recommend his creed to the Christians, he blended with it their spurious traditions. But for those who found in it no doctrine to approve and accept, he had no alternative but death.

It is noticeable that the three great religions of the world, Christianity, Romanism and Islam, have possessed in common the element of aggression. But the means employed to propagate them, have been as diverse as their doctrines. The first spread by the inherent power of the truth, directed by the spirit of God; the second by falsehood and intrigue, while the last last has ever followed in the track of war.

While the followers of the false prophet were few and weak, he was content to advance his cause by stratagem and persuasion; but no sooner had they become formidable by numbers than he disowned the peaceful character of his mission, and boldly proclaimed that the sword must be drawn to spread the faith, and never be sheathed till the last infidel had become a convert to Islam. To this end he took every means to inspire his soldiers with a desperate courage, and a reckless contempt for death. He declared the decrees of fate to be irreversible; that death would overtake every one at his appointed time, whether fighting bravely at his post, or vainly seeking safety in cowardly retreat. He raised their enthusiasm by describing in his flowing language, the delights of his sensual paradise; and the promise of their eternal participation in its pleasures, nerved them to endure without a murmur, the severe but transient hardships of earth. "Fight now," said he, "there will be rest enough after death, and

sweet will be that repose that is never to be followed by toil." Never has the world witnessed a more splendid and rapid succession of victories, than those which attended the Moslem arms during the next two hundred years. History records them as a surprising example of what undisciplined valor will accomplish when animated by a religious enthusiasm.

The ancient idolatry of Arabia was swallowed up in the new faith. The Caliphs, Mahomet's successors, led the hosts of Islam into Persia, threw down the altars of the fire-worshipers, and forced them to embrace their faith at the sword's point. They carried their victorious arms into the heart of India and planted the standard of the crescent on the banks of the sacred Ganges. They overran the North, from the shores of the Caspian to the walls of Byzantium, completely overthrowing the Greek dynasty in Asia. They subverted the proud kingdom of the Pharaoh's; and pushing their conquests along the whole southern coasts of the Mediterranean, subjugated Africa and the dusky tribes of Mauritania. Thence crossing the straits of Hercules, they poured the tide of successful war over Spain, from Gibraltar to the summits of the rocky Asturias; rushed down the northern slopes of the Pyrenees like a flood, conquered the South of France as far as the Rhone, and threatened with devastation the whole of Europe.

At the close of the eighth century, Islam was the dominant faith of the then civilized world. In most of the Christian cities of Palestine and Syria the churches had been converted into mosques; the cross had apparently yielded to the crescent, and the muezzin was heard where the minister of Christ had formerly stood.

From this time the fortunes of Islam were many and various. The Saracenic, being a politico-religious empire, based upon the Koran and the sword, was of course subject to the vicissitudes of war. In the tenth century, when the provincial governers threw off the authority of the caliph and proclaimed themselves independent sovereigns, the empire fell to pieces. But though the sword of the empire was broken, the *Koran* remained; the faith had become established, and to its other claims had added that of antiquity.

It is, however, the present condition and aspects of Islam that awaken the highest interest. We have been charmed with the romance that gathered about its beginning; we have marked with wonder the brilliant achievements that attended its progress; but in view of the condition of its enslaved followers and of the glorious freedom that awaits their emancipation from its thraldom, we are called upon to rejoice at the indications

of its *declining* power. For more than a thousand years, Islam has been the dominant faith of Asia. One reason for this is the conservative element which has always been so prominent a characteristic of the oriental mind. Owing to that veneration for ancestral institutions and deep-rooted aversion to change, the East has been stationary, while the West has been making giant strides in all the arts of civilization and refinement. The Arab of to-day differs little in social habits from his forefathers, who left their flocks on the slopes of Medina to join the ranks of Mahomet's host. That the faith of Islam still retains so strong a hold upon the nations of the East, is at once the cause and the effect of their social and intellectual torpor. Its tendency has been to foster credulity; to repress thought and a spirit of enterprise; for only thus could its claims pass unsifted and the rottenness of its foundations pass unexposed.

Ignorance and superstition are twin-sisters, and to enlighten the one is the surest way to dissipate the other. The false prophet foresaw that enquiry would be fatal to his religion, and hence placed a sword in the hands of his followers, as the most unanswerable argument. But no religion, not founded upon the word of God, can stand the test of time; and Islam, though it number its years by hundreds, contains within itself the elements of its own dissolution. Never were the tokens of its decay so manifest as at the present; never were the portents of its speedy doom so significant. The Mohammedan power has been shaken to its center; the faithful have taken the alarm; and the jealousy with which they watch, and the vigor with which resist the encreachments of the enemies of their faith, betray their consciousness of danger.

This state of things is the result of events that have transpired in the East, and particularly in Turkey, during the past half century. Not many years have elapsed since the attention of the christian world was first called to the Turkish Empire, as a field for missionary labor, and the word of life began to be carried back to the lands from which it originally came. The truth, though resisted with determined and bigoted opposition, has made slow but constant progress, and during the past ten years, the churches in which Christ, the true prophet, is proclaimed and worshiped, have increased from one to thirty.

The Russo-Turkish war has aided materially in preparing the way for the truth, and thus been the means of weakening the supports of the Mohammedan faith. It caused a tide of foreigners to pour into the Empire, bringing with them their national traits of liberality, activity and enterprise. Its object being favorable to the political interests of the Empire,

it tended to undermine the prejudice and intolerance which has always existed against the Frank race. It aroused the oriental mind from its lethargic slumbers, and quickened it into more vigorous life, as the warm sunlight and genial winds of spring, wake up the dormant energies of earth. The bigoted Moslem has been seized with a spirit of eager enquiry; and when he applies this to his religion, Islam will tremble, for it is its most formidable foe.

Another favorable effect of the recent war, has been to obtain personal security and religious toleration for all Christians within the limits of the Ottoman Empire. Through the joint efforts of the American and British governments, the Sublime Porte has recently issued a *firman*, abolishing the death penalty for renunciation of the faith. The Mahommedan can now embrace Christianity, and still enjoy life; for though the Koran still suspends the sword over the head of the trembling apostate, yet it is harmless, for it is released by the hand that should wield it. The prestige of the Frank name was never higher than at present in the East, and though the missionary can have no higher authority than he derives from the sacred nature of his office, yet this will aid him in securing the first, and often difficult point, the respect and attention of the people.

Islam can only exist in an age of darkness, and now that a brighter future is dawning upon the east, a future that promises much for the social and intellectual, as well as spiritual elevation of the people, the old faith must inevitably perish, for it cannot meet the wants of a progressive age. If, then, Islam is hastening to decay, and its doom is only a question of time; upon what faith must the Moslem's mind rest? Will he transfer his allegiance from the prophet of Mecca to the Antichrist of Rome? No; for the curse of Mahomet is pronounced against all idolatry, and the faithful regard with instinctive abhorrence the worship of pictures and images. There is then left for him no religion but the religion of Christ; and if this does not meet him, he will inevitably sink into the barren and gloomy depths of infidelity. But the gospel does meet his wants, and its glorious triumphs, already achieved, are harbingers of the time whenthe crescent, supplanted by the cross, shall wane and set in the gloom of the past; when the mosques shall give place to Christian churches, and their pealing bells shall echo across the Golden Horn to the far-off Euphrates, proclaiming the freedom of the Gospel to the enslaved millions of Islam, and calling them to the worship of one God, *and one mediator* between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.

NON OMNIS MORIAR.

Horace.

When death shall seize this feeble frame,
  And close this mortal eye,
Let it be mine to leave a name.
  That shall not wholly die.

The deathless spirit shrinks, appalled
  By that mysterious gloom,
Which shrouds our prospects as we near
  The portals of the tomb.

What! am I in this fleeting world,
  A few brief years to spend;
And, nameless, when its scenes are o'er
  Shall my existence end?

My soul repels the horrid thought,
  My powers take up the cry,
These ever-growing powers of mind,
  They shall not wholly die.

I see, beyond death's narrow stream,
  A vast and glorious shore,
Where spirits, disenthralled, shall grow
  In knowledge, grace, and power.

There let me climb the lofty mound,
  Where stands th' eternal throne,
And from its summit look around,
  And know as I am known.

While o'er the narrow house of clay
  That holds my mortal frame,
"He lived not for himself alone,"
  Be writ beneath my name.

I envy not the laurel wreath
  Of heroes, stained with gore,
I envy not the jeweled crown
  That decks the brow of power.

What care I for the bubble fame,
  'Tis but a fleeting breath;
If grateful hearts shall bless my name,
  When mine is stilled in death?

May I but wipe an orphan's tear,
  Or calm the widow's sigh,
Or soothe the trembling mourner's fear,
  I shall not wholly die.

"Friend of the friendless,"—be it mine
  This name to leave behind;
No prouder title mine than this,
  "A lover of my kind."

May I but lead one doubting soul
  To fix his hopes on high,
My life will not be spent in vain,
  Nor shall I wholly die.

Let works of faith my path adorn,
  Up to the judgment bar,
Then let my soul take up the song,
  "Non omnis moriar."

THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

ONCE man considered the stars an appendage to the world; now he views them in all their vastness and independence. Once he thought he saw above his head a crystalline sphere, diversified with brilliant spangles to adorn it, and to diffuse a few glimmering rays to cheer the darkness of the night. Could he pierce beyond this, he thought there would burst upon his view the throne of the Almighty and the effulgent glories of the home of the blessed. Now he no longer looks upon the canopy of heaven as a beautiful, yet hollow thing, but as "an immensity to the bounds of which, urge them never so wildly, the steeds of thought shall never pierce," thronged by myriads of suns and systems.

The contrast between these two views is a strong one, and when we see the vastly superior sublimity and truth of our conceptions of the universe compared with those of the ancients, it is not strange that we exult; yet we feel that compared with what is still to be learned, our knowledge is as nothing, and as we gaze out toward those bright orbs rolling on in the midnight stillness, we long ardently to know more of those secrets, into which our feeble vision has not, as yet, availed to enter.

That sympathy which we naturally feel for fellow intelligences, renders the inquiry whether those distant spheres are inhabited, one of prominent interest. Accompanying Young in "ardent Contemplation's rapid car," we ask with him:

> "Is Reason here enthroned,
> And absolute? or Sense in arms against her?
> Have you two lights? or need you no reveal'd?
> Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
> And had your Eden an abstemious Eve?
> Or, if your mother fell, are you redeem'd
> And if redeem'd, is your Redeemer scorned?
> Is this your final residence? If not,
> Change you your scene, translated? or by death?
> And if by death, what death? Know you disease?
> Or horrid war?

To expect any other answer to these inquiries, than such as imagination can give, at first thought, may seem useless. Great as may be the

advance yet to be made in increasing and perfecting the powers of optical instruments, we cannot reasonably expect that the eye of the telescope will ever enable us to discern inhabitants, if there are any, on even the nearest of the heavenly bodies, and much less, bring us into communication with them. Our only resort, therefore, is to open toward them the "oceanic eye of contemplation," under the guidance of Reason, and Reason must find her foothold upon the data already in our possession. Are these data, then, sufficient to warrant the conclusion that any of the heavenly bodies are the abodes of intelligent beings? We think they are; and it will be our object to state what some of these data are, and what the argument is, that may be based upon them.

But before doing this, it will be necessary to guard against a misunderstanding of the term, *intelligent being*. By this we do not mean a being who is possessed of a physical nature necessarily similar, or dissimilar, to that of man; but only a being, who, while he has a physical nature adapting him to the orb which he inhabits, and confining him to it, is intelligent, in that he takes notice of the existence of the globe he inhabits, of his fellow beings about him, and of the heavens spread above him, and refers these, together with his own existence, to the creating and sustaining act of the same Great Author.

Our actual knowledge of the economy of the Creator, as it is displayed in his works, is mostly confined to the earth; and the belief, resulting from this knowledge, that nothing is made in vain, is so general, even among the most careless observers, that we may well assign it a place among the objects of universal belief. In the attentive observer it is specially strong, and from him we learn, that not only everything with which he has yet become acquainted, exists for a definite ultimate purpose, but that it is so contrived, with such simplicity and nicety, that there seems to be no useless expenditure either of resource or power. When, therefore, leaving the Earth, we go out with the Astronomer to the celestial universe and learn that there are other, and some of them vastly larger bodies than the Earth, which have the sun as their common centre of revolution, and rotate like the earth, on their axes; that some of them are attended by satellites, and present in a greater or less degree, the phenomena of night and day, the seasons, hill, valley, mountain scenery, atmosphere, light, heat and color; and that on Mars especially there can be traced the outlines of seas and continents, clouds floating in its atmosphere, and brilliant white spots around its poles, indicating the existence of frozen zones; when he tells us, though not quite so confidently, that the other heavenly

bodies which are visible to the naked eye, are so distant, that their light, if reflected, could not reach us, and that therefore they must be self-luminous suns, some of them thousands of times larger than our own, each, probably, attended by its own family of planets; that the telescope reveals thousands and tens of thousands more of these orbs, some of them lying in drifts, as it were, and apparently so near as to give the beautiful phenomena of the Milky Way and the various other nebulæ, and yet so distant that they may circle on in their appointed way, without the least liability to jarring contact; when he tells us these things, I say, we immediately ask: What is the meaning of all this? All things in this little orb of ours teach us, that the Creator makes nothing, without he has in it a definite and worthy end. There must, then, be an end worthy of such a vast exercise of skill and power; and what is it?

It was not strange that the ancients, limited as was their conceptions of the celestial universe, should have judged it to be solely for the inhabitants of our earth. But how can *we* entertain such a belief? It may be sufficient to say of the sun, that its only purpose is to furnish to our sisterhood of planets a centre of attraction, light and warmth; and of the Moon, that it is so contrived and suspended in the firmament, as best fits it to serve simply as a lamp to the inhabitants of the earth; and there is in these views of the sun and moon, not only consistency, but sublimity. But to suppose that the fixed stars are solitary suns, throwing out a flood of useless splendor over immensity, while only a small number of them send each a ray or two to beautify the blue vault above our insignificant orb is simply absurd.

It is true, the purpose the stars subserve us is no mean one. Blot them from the face of night and the chiefest scene of beauty on which the eye of man ever rests is gone, and in its place is left an emblem of blank despair, such as now is nowhere to be found. Their necessity to the mariner as he crosses the pathless waters; their value in determining and describing the features of our globe and the seasons that pass over it; their influence on the intellectual character of man—the great minds which have been called out in the study of their nature, motions and varied phenomena; the lessons of elevated philosophy and sublime conception which they have taught, cannot be over-estimated. They are teachers of morals, too—

> "The planets of each system represent
> Kind neighbors; mutual amity prevails.
> None sins against the welfare of the whole;
> But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,
> Affords an emblem of millennial love."

They are teachers of piety, also, as they come

* * * * "Gathering one by one,

And family by family, with still
And holy air into the house of God,—
The house of light He hath builded for Himself,
And worship Him in silence and in sadness,
Immortal and immovable. And there
Night after night they meet to worship God.
For us this witness of the worlds is given,
That we may add ourselves to their great glory,
And worship with them."

But if these and all the other benefits conveyed to us by the heavenly bodies, constitute the only end of their existence, no one can fail to see that, in this case, the Creator has wasted vast resources and power to reach an insignificant, inadequate result. Furthermore, these benefits which the celestial universe confers upon us, are of such a nature, that they may be entirely incidental, and consist with its having a vastly superior ultimate object; as the coloring of the fruits of autumn pleases the eye, but has little to do with their value as fruit. The heavenly bodies cannot have been made for the inhabitants of earth alone.

Has, then, the Creator made them beautiful, countless, and diversified, so accurately and harmoniously adjusted, under laws simple in themselves, yet guiding the most varied and complicated motions, that He may Himself dwell with complacency on the display of His exhaustless resources of material, power, and skill, and that he may furnish, also, an additional theme for the adoring praises of the bright beings that circle around His throne? Such a view is inconsistent, since it makes the whole a mere display; for in every field where our knowledge is certain we find nothing, the only object of which is display. All things, while they manifest the glory of their Author in degrees more or less striking, are connected with and heightened by the bestowment of good upon sentient and *ultimately* intelligent beings. It cannot be, then, that the whole system is only, as it were, a vast orrery; and that over each one of all the millions of the heavenly spheres vacancy and deathlike stillness reigns, as age after age it wheels on in its noiseless flight.

What, then, you ask, is a satisfactory view of their design? We answer that we are not satisfied, nor are our conceptions of the Deity met, till we are permitted to regard them as tenanted—till we catch the sound of life there. Then we cease to look on the universe as a mere exhibition of the play of physical forces, however sublime and glorious. This g lobe

of ours meets our conceptions of what such a work of the Creator should be, when we see that everything—mineral, vegetable, animal, ministers to man the crown of the whole, who is an appreciative being, capable of being made happy by the beneficence of his Creator; and also a religious being, capable of returning to Him a suitable revenue of love and adoration. Let us view the heavenly bodies as thus inhabited—let us believe them to be the abodes of beings who can pour in their tribute to the glory of our common Father, and we are satisfied. Dead matter cannot praise Him. The flowers, the trees, the woods are voiceless, as they peer on Heaven's bright face. The various tribes of animate nature are destitute of the power to know and worship their Maker. It is true David called upon dragons and all deeps; fire and hail; snow and vapor; stormy winds fulfilling his word; mountains and all hills; fruitful fields and all cedars; beasts and all cattle; creeping things and flying fowls, to praise the name of the Lord. But how did they answer his call? Only by offering themselves to the Psalmist, to become new themes in his own songs of praise. It is only through man, her high priest, that Nature can utter her praises. Without him she is dumb. And must not each of the celestial spheres have its high priest not unlike him?

If we regard the celestial universe thus, then these infinitudes of space stretching out on every side, become to our view the courts of the Almighty's presence, into which all these orbs with our own are gathered, like so many devout worshipers, and while each raises its own peculiar note of praise, together they form one mighty anthem, to which His delighted ear attends.

WORDSWORTH.

THE error of the settlers of Virginia, in mistaking the shining sands of the James River for gold, became soon a convenient proverb for rebuking the propensity of men to be misled by appearances. This proverb applies to that common tendency in all the affairs of life and also in literature, especially in poetry, to be dazzled by display or pomp of expression. The works of the author, like the lives of eminent men, should have some prime, pervading purpose, to which language and ornament should be wholly subservient; and we find, that with true poets this is the case. It is natural and proper, that in poetry great importance should be attached to the imagery and versification; but, as this is merely the dress, with which any glowing thought or feeling can clothe itself, the chief consideration should be the inspiring thought, the scope and force of the truth, that has grown eloquent in the writer's mind. Milton did not write his epic simply to create poetry, but principally to invest an old truth with a new and higher grandeur. Horace's finest strains are his odes to justice and contentment; Tennyson's are perhaps his "In Memoriam," and lesser poets have made offerings to the affections.

The reviewers of Wordsworth, like those of other poets, have generally considered only his style and versification, which, however great may be their intrinsic excellence, any reader can himself readily observe. These critics, neglecting the understanding for the ear, have disregarded his professed purpose. This, for a just appreciation of his writings, he least of all poets can allow to be overlooked; indeed his chief poem, the "Excursion," is not interesting in its plot of incidents, but in the ruling philosophy, that has utterance in the earlier books and illustration in the latter. So imbued was he with a single purpose, with the idea of a sacred mission to mankind, that he styled himself, like no former poet, the "Priest of Nature." The object of his life was to correct both the artificial character of poetry and also of society, the evils, that grow up necessarily with all the advantages of progressive knowledge and civilization; and for this end he compared human life now, with the simplicity and dignity of life like that of the ancient pastoral times.

A golden light lingers around those old patriarchal characters, who were free from the care and restless avarice and ambition of modern times, able to expand into a boundless hospitality, and, by their life of several centuries, invested with a kind of stately dignity; and this poetry, that aims to correct the departures from the excellence of that primitive character, is worthy of consideration and has as lofty a purpose as ever inspired the poet.

His ardent communion with himself and nature, in forming his style and developing his doctrines, has been quite a subject of comment; especially because it caused a change in poetry as marvellous almost, as that occasioned in philosophy by the system of reasoning of Bacon. Other poets, writing from the dingy walls of cities with an affected and hypocritical love of Nature, misrepresented her: he, more truly loving and studying her, saw her more correctly, looked deeper than her forms, and drew from "the meanest flower" thoughts stirring the depths of the spirit. Other poets painted human nature and love, which will always be a theme of poetry, but were dazzled with the joy and glitter of sensibilities, bordering on the sensual: he represented love as beautiful because of annulling self and because it was the divinest feeling of man's nature: he looked beneath the frippery of fashion and the humble garb of the poor, and saw traits and virtues in the humblest breast as lofty as heaven, as glorious as stars.

However intolerant he may have sometimes been in combating the evils of society, he certainly did not imoproperly oppose the exhausting and degrading systems of manufacturing labor, and also the soporific and unproductive kinds of mental toil; the insensate work of amassing the minutiæ of knowledge for their mere acquisition rather than for the cause of truth and science. The student, laboring simply with the former motive, is like a mere child, admiring a pebble upon the shore; one with the former like a Newton or Hugh Miller, learning from the pebble laws of nature or the history of the globe.

But none of the evils, growing from the mischievous influences in society, occupied his attention more than the dark and repulsive character of religion. While he wished to bring the poetry back to nature, that had grown lifeless and artificial in the walls of palaces, he chiefly wished to bring religion to the charms of poetry and of nature that had become austere and unattractive in the walls of churches, and to infuse into its gloom and severity a joy and belief like that of ancient times, when they "went forth with peace, the mountains and hills broke forth before them

into singing and all the trees of the fields clapped their hands." He first drew attention to that modern theme of the muses, the moral lessons, the moral incentives of nature, the poetry of religion. But it should be remembered that his doctrines are not mere pleasing and Utopian theories, but rather the confessions of his own feelings and experience; that his reflections on nature do not like Emerson's run into transcendentalism and abstraction, to which there is no meaning, but are founded on palpable religious truths, and also that he did not undervalue the authority of the Bible, but wished to add to it the attractions of nature's teachings; so that, while the sun of revealed truth dazzled the intellect, the softer light of nature might touch the heart and the doctrines be not only firmly established as the mountains, but also adorned and brightened with cheering sunlight.

There can hardly be a doubt as to the existence of this influence of nature and to its value in practical religion. We must believe, that the forms of nature exert the very influence, that the mind and heart require and an influence for good and not for evil; that they, as works of God, display not only his power, but also as unmistakably the other glorious traits of his character, as his works in heaven, teach silently the immutable laws of duty and give glowing impulses to piety, that cannot otherwise be obtained; and if the ancients were attracted to and confirmed in their religion by blithe conceptions of deities of the air, groves and streams, the Christian ought, with his more sublime and beautiful idea of one Divine "Presence," ruling and blessing all things with infinite power and benevolence, to receive a rapture and ecstacy and a joyful faith from an habitual contemplation of nature.

Thus Wordsworth drew moral lessons and consolation from nature; thus he perceived at times such proofs of Divine benignity and of man's noble destiny, that he more than believed, and seemed to *see* and *feel* the truth of religion: realizing the Divine Presence in all things, the earth he trod became to his elevated imagination as sacred as God's temple, and he was in his dizzy rapture freed from petty thoughts and possessed with a love and reverence for God and all his works. With such rare feelings and such new and lofty doctrines in regard to poetry and society, it is not strange that he came to regard his vocation as peculiar and sacred; and a poet, who, with his talents, thus professedly aimed to promote moral excellence and to throw the sunshine and flowery beauty of nature around religion, deserves to be classed in the highest rank.

This belief of his in regard to his calling explains what has been so

incomprehensible to his reviewers, his imperturbation amid the storm of ridicule, which his first poems received, and also amid the applause in the revulsion of feeling. So impressed were they with the idea, that a great man must with an envious spirit labor only for fame, that they could not see that he had a holier object, and that his composure was the result of his philosophy, inwrought in his nature, making him noble and manly, and beautifully exemplifying in himself, the teacher, the practical working of his doctrine. His manner of life in his wild, picturesque home was precisely adapted to foster in him such a character. The solitude of his mountains, by shutting him away from the din and turmoil of the city, caused him to commune deeply with nature; he was led to meditate with himself, when evening veiled external forms and appearances, and the stars appearing, turned his thoughts to heaven.

"HUMANUM EST ERRARE."

A CHAPTER on fallacies would form one of the most interesting and instructive in the history of human progress. While logic was very primitive, and the inductive system was as yet unknown, even the minds best disciplined by the study of philosophy were sometimes led off into excursions without their proper sphere, and into speculations which seem to have been recorded as monuments of human folly. And where the philosopher has erred, with all his training, it is not wonderful that common minds, carried away by the excitement of political partisanship, or the frenzy of religious zeal, should have erred likewise. Thus we find statements made, and principles laid down, and deductions drawn from them, which, with our more perfect systems of logic, we find it difficult to conceive of as being seriously entertained.

The slow development of the art of reasoning, that art which involves the exercise of man's highest powers, is one among many illustrations of the fact, that

"Time's noblest offspring is the last."

It may, in some measure, be accounted for by the blind deference which was so long paid to the dogmas of Aristotle, and which kept the reason-

ing faculty in chains for more than two thousand years. And although, after the taking of Constantinople in 1453, that chain was broken, and reason restored to her prerogatives, yet, like a limb long disused, it acquired but slowly its pristine vigor, and even at this day has scarcely attained the power of free and natural exercise. So lately as the 17th century, several persons were banished from Paris for contradicting Aristotle's doctrines in reference to form and matter, and in reference to the number of the elements. And shortly afterwards, in the same century, the Parliament of Paris prohibited, under penalty of death, all teaching which was not in accordance with the doctrines of that philosopher.

Perhaps the pride of human reason may be a little moderated by attending to a few of the errors and absurdities of which it has been guilty, in its progress to its present more elevated and secure position. They are a few which have been selected,—and the list might be indefinitely increased. Epicurus argues that because no beings but those of human shape have the use of reason, therefore the gods are of human shape. This philosopher made a mistake, because he took for granted the major premise of his proposition. But Plato went still further astray, taking for granted both major and minor premises, in the proposition:—

> "Everything which moves itself must have a soul;—
> The world moves itself;—
> Therefore the world must have a soul."

The Carribbeans abstain from swine's flesh, assigning as a reason that such food would make them have small eyes, which they consider a great deformity. They also abstain from eating turtle, which they think would make them lazy and stupid. On the same principle, the Brazilians refuse to eat the flesh of ducks, and all slow-moving creatures.

Plato is guilty also of the sophism which is known as "non causa pro causâ." He attempts to prove that the world is endowed with wisdom, thus:

> "The world is greater than any of its parts;—
> Therefore the world is endowed with wisdom;
> For otherwise a man, who is endowed
> With wisdom, would be greater than the world."

He also argues that God made but five worlds, because there are but five regular bodies in geometry.

In the same category must be placed the argument of Irenæus, brought to prove that there can be only four gospels. He calls this a demonstration: "There are four quarters of the world, and four cardinal winds, conse-

quently there are four gospels in the church, as there are four pillars that support it, and four breaths of life that render it immortal."

We may laugh to our heart's content at this "Comedy of Errors," whose parts have been sustained by sage and savage, for they have had no tragical results, as others have, which we will mention. The Spaniards excused their cruelties to the west Indians, by maintaining that they were not men, but a species of the Ourang-outang, because they had a copper colour, spoke an unknown tongue, and had no beard. The Pope issued a bull, declaring that it pleased him and the Holy Ghost to acknowledge the Americans to be men. This was, however, violently disputed in the Council of Lima, in 1583.

In 1440, the Portuguese asked the Pope's permission to double the Cape of Good Hope, and reduce the negroes to perpetual servitude, because they had the color of the damned, and never went to church. Perhaps from these latter instances, we may have an idea of the school in which some logicians of the present day have studied, and obtain for them a much needed argument to prove the antiquity of the doctrine of the various origin of the human race.

One more fallacy will suffice for the present. The Romanists began their persecutions, with beheading heretics, hanging, or stoning them to death. But it was demonstrated that they ought to be burned in a slow fire; for it being taken for granted that God punishes in the other world by a slow fire, it was inferred, that as every prince and every magistrate is the image of God in this world, they ought to follow His example.

These instances will serve to illustrate the slow progress of logic. But if its progress to its present position has been slow, it is the less liable to any serious retrogression; and we owe much to those who, from age to age, have labored to forward the cause of intellectual science, even to those whose blunders are the laughing-stock of their posterity. Rome was not built in a day. The stately temple of Science, at which the world's workmen have been laboring for six thousand years, is but just beginning to develop its magnificent proportions. In darkness were its foundations laid, and those earlier generations of men who toiled wearily in the search for facts on which their posterity has built systems, who have dug in the trenches and cleared away the rubbish on the ground where now are rising the walls and pillars of a well-arranged building, had as little idea of the edifice which they were assisting to rear, as had the workmen on Saint Peter's, of the grand conception in the mind of Michael Angelo. As we trace, from the height to which we have attained, the marks of the scaf-

folding which the old philosophers employed, and the crumbling towers and porticoes which they, in ignorance of the main design, have failed in the attempt to rear, we notice errors and puerilities, and absurdities, which are as humiliating to the pride of human reason, as they are promotive of its present progress by warning of the errors of the past.

Let us reverence, then, these pioneers of thought; these diggers in the mines of truth; these cultivators of the various fields of science. And while, as we sweep over these fields with our steam-plough, and with the keen plough-share of modern logic turn over furrow after furrow of the rich soil, and pick up the scattered fragments of the clumsy instruments with which they thought to cultivate their fields, let us laugh at these as much as we will, but let us hold in reverence the memories of those who, in using them, did the best they could for the promotion of the cause of truth and the interests of the race, and be willing ourselves to learn the lesson which their failures teach us, "Humanum est errare."

RATIONAL DOUBT.

Skepticism, often dangerous, when it doubts even the manifestation of consciousness, becomes suicidal. But that doubt which takes nothing upon trust, which arouses a spirit of inquiry, which suspends the judgment until the truth is fairly tested, which "proves all things and holds fast only that which is good," is ever rational and highly necessary.

The mind, placed in a world created and upheld by Omnipotence, endowed with the desire and the power of discovering the hidden causes of that phenomenal diversity which the universe every where presents, was designed to act, to grow, and to strengthen, through such investigations. From the morning of existence—from the very childhood of the race, when the wonders of creation first dawned upon the awakened intellect, this spirit of inquiry has evinced itself. Not to mention those systems of thought, deep rooted and complex, which for thousands of years have ruled the dreamy East, nor that enthusiastic curiosity and almost agonizing

anxiety to unveil surrounding mystery which Grecian philosophy exhibits, the effect of such inquisitive doubt and speculation is evidently enlightening and expanding.

Search after truth raises men from the sphere of unconditional faith to the sphere of doubt, of investigation, and of knowledge. Modern philosophy began with doubt—a doubt which led the thought through and above what was given—a doubt springing from reflection upon "those conceptions of experience which are the material of philosophy." Bacon doubted the logic and system of the ancients as a means for advancing knowledge, and introduced a new method of investigation. Des Cartes and succeeding philosophers, distrusting all that reasoning had previously made known, step by step promulged their systems, and, whether true or false these may have been, the method used has widened far the realms of the known, and has aroused to the full the dormant powers of the human mind.

Discovery and invention have been its result. This earth, so long believed to be a vast plain, resting upon a serpent—the serpent upon a turtle, and that upon nothing, it was reserved for Copernicus and Galileo to show, is really a vast, whirling orb, revolving in space amid a complexity of systems, obedient to the sublime order of Omniscience. The abhorrence of Nature for a vacuum, so long the explanation of material phenomena, it was reserved for Torricelli to explode, when he ascertained the weight of the atmosphere, and, tracing farther back the chain of physical causation, it was the lofty discovery of Newton, that "the simple law which determines the fall of an apple, prevails everywhere throughout the universe."

Indeed, to every department of knowledge, thought, investigation, was then awake. The dead sea of the dark ages, that involved in blind credulity and uniformity the stagnant mass of humanity was stirred to its lowest depths, nor have its agitations since ceased. Nought either sacred or profane escaped the searching eye of doubt. An opposite extreme prevailed: skepticism became rampant, and the human mind, swinging from its long stable moorings drifted into a wide ocean of uncertainty. But rational doubt fathoms the deep, and fixes her anchors in the solid grounds of truth. Though in this awakened search of thought, infidelity became wide-spread, yet, where argument makes men infidels, argument will re-establish them, upon a firmer basis, believers. The Bible challenges investigation. It rests upon evidence, and evidence which is overwhelming. It requires not a blind, passive belief, but an active, positive

faith, which the weight and the conscious conviction of its truth forces upon the mind. Faith, inherited, and unconscious of the grounds upon which it rests, is but a feeble, tottering thing, which the veriest breath may undermine and destroy. Such a faith, too, imparts no life or strength strength to its possessor—it nerves him to no deeds of noble daring—to no self-sacrificing moral hardihood and heroism.

But those in whom honest doubt has wrought, whom the mysteries of revelation have staggered, and who have examined the deepest its firm foundations have come forth fired with interest, full armed for the battle of life. Theirs has been an ardor which no discouragement could abate, a courage which no opposition could quell, and the success which a zealous, enlightened faith ensures. Such men christianity has made her vanguard, and such men, too, have become towers of strength, bulwarks of defense, against which the waves of opposition have surged and dashed in vain. This inquisitive spirit the present age evinces—a spirit which has unlocked Nature's storehouse, explored her hidden recesses, and wearied the ponderous globe with its limitless energy. That faith, too, which honest, struggling doubt has inwrought into the mental texture, has become a life, an active, aggressive spirit, which has already planted the standard of truth and love upon the strongholds of error, and which will advance with resistless might until the whole earth shall yield to truth's enlightening sway.

Some doubted in the full light of evidence, while men believed and praised the risen Savior upon the glorious Mount of Ascension, but this was a weak, skeptical doubt, akin in spirit to the blindest credulity; that doubt alone we regard as safe and rational, which, while it suspends the judgment until investigation has done its work, and paved the way for subsequent demonstration, then bases upon evidence a superstructure, impregnable and immortal.

THE EMIGRE.

A SKETCH FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

WHILE our ship was warping out of the dock at Liverpool, I amused myself with watching the movements of my fellow-passengers and their friends on shore. It was curious to observe the manifestation of different characters in the busy crowd, and to speculate on the circumstances of the various emigrants. Some had evidently gone through the parting scene somewhere in the interior of the country, and were more intent on the movements of the sailors, and the structure of the vessel, and the ships, and wharves, and warehouses, and other paraphernalia of foreign commerce, than on the tide of human feeling which ebbed and flowed around them. Others were tearing themselves away from the throng of friends and relatives that had accompanied them to the ship, and whose tearful blessings mingled with the rough curses of the sailors as they hauled the ropes, and strove to reduce into some kind of order, the hopeless chaos of Irish emigrants' luggage. There was the comfortable Yorkshireman, attracted westward by the rumor of the fertile plains of Ohio. There was the energetic artisan, indulging in golden visions of high wages in the rapidly-growing cities of the New World. There was a German Jew, with his hand upon the strong box which contained his stock-in-trade, consisting, it was currently reported, of jewelry to the amount of fifteen thousand dollars. During the voyage he rarely left the steerage berth which only the direst necessity induced others to endure, and when he did creep forth into the sunlight, he sat upon his precious box—precious indeed it was to him, for his heart was in it—the least valuable portion, probably, of its contents. Poor soul! the majesty of the tempest could not swell it beyond the narrow dimensions of his iron-bound box, the soft beauty of the evening, when the moonbeam on the waters marked a silvery path from earth to heaven, could not lure him from his sordid musings. If we had been ship-wrecked, he would have clung to his weighty box and gone with it to the bottom.

But the figure which most powerfully attracted my attention, was that of a young and handsome man, evidently a Frenchman, who, standing on a pile of boxes, seemed to exult in the progress of the vessel towards the estuary of the Mersey. On the quarter-deck sat a lady, evidently his companion in the voyage, who watched him with an anxious glance. She also was French, and a care-worn look which the smooth features of the young Frenchman did not wear, imparted an additional interest to her appearance. She was very much his senior, old enough, indeed, to be his mother; but she was not,—I soon found that she was his wife.

The first week of the voyage was stormy, and for reasons which will readily suggest themselves, very little progress was made in forming acquaintances among any but the more robust of the passengers. The young Frenchman was intent upon his wife, to whom he appeared to be entirely devoted; though neither youth nor beauty were among her attractions. The connexion was evidently a peculiar one, and the more mysterious as they had borne a false name, and were only now beginning to assume their real one. Their trunks were marked, and they were entered in the books as Mr. and Mrs. Smith; their true name was Le——. Imagination went to work, and strove to form a theory adequate to account for the circumstances, but in vain; and it seemed as if we were doomed to doubt and wonder what might be their romantic history. It was even surmised that they might be some of the unfortunate family of Orleans, following the Prince de Joinville to America. Stranger things than that had happened.

Of all the suggestions by which a company of persons, who had little to do save to speculate on other men's matters, sought to account for the appearance of this mysterious couple among them, the latter appeared, ultimately, to be most akin to the truth. Not indeed that our vessel was to be honored by being an ark of safety to any of that illustrious but unfortunate house, but only to some of the numerous victims, of a lower rank, of Louis Napoleon's usurpation in 1851; a tyranny which sat, without a shadow of right, upon the chaotic ruins of the legitimacy of the House of Bourbon, the constitutional monarchy of Louis Philippe, and the uncertain and ephemeral freedom of the Republic,—whose little finger was thicker than its fathers' loins, and which exchanged the chastisement of whips for that of scorpions.

Danger had rendered Le ——— and his wife reserved and cautious, and it was some time, therefore, before our acquaintance was sufficiently ripe for me to obtain from them any account of themselves. But who

can resist the calm twilight of a summer evening at sea? The noisy throng had gone below, and the moon was shining over the still waters, the helmsman was silent at the wheel, and it seemed profanity to do anything which could break the holy stillness. It was a time for indulging recollections of the past,—we were alone on the deck,—and had formed quite a considerable degree of intimacy. Caution slept, and Le ——— and his wife told me their romantic history.

In the latter part of the year 1851, three and a half years from the establishment of the French Republic, great and wide-spread dissatisfaction existed with the administration of Monseigneur le Prince President Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, for so—very inconsistently with the republican style in which only, as the citizen President, he first ventured to assume the government of France,—he insisted on being addressed. Faithless, like so many others, to the promises made at his election, he betrayed the cause of which he professed to be the exponent. A series of oppressive ordinances, which far surpassed, in unblushing absolutism, anything that France had ever witnessed since the days of Louis 14th, soon made it manifest that, whatever the French nation might have had in view in his election, he considered the Republic simply as a stepping stone to the Empire. The perfection of his police system, however, was such, that every incipient manifestation of discontent was promptly repressed,—the press was gagged,—and, save some occasional flashes of true patriotism elicited by the collision of rival factions in the House of Deputies, nothing appeared to indicate that France was a smouldering volcano.

But there were some points which the jealous vigilance of the usurper was insufficient to guard. The secret societies, which had excited the revolution that drove Louis Phillippe from the throne in February 1848, still cherished the same republican principles in 1851. Bound to secresy and fidelity by the most solemn oaths, sanctioned by the penalty, for treachery, of inevitable and speedy death, they wore no badge, and gave no clue to their members, or numbers, or place or time of meeting. Their existence was indicated to the government solely by means of incendiary placards posted during the night, and torn down the moment the dawning light enabled the police to see them. Harassed by perpetual alarms, the government issued proclamations denouncing the severest punishments against its unseen foe.

Le ——— was a member of one of these societies, one which had its branches in several of the principal cities in France. At a time of spe-

cial watchfulness on the part of the government, in consequence of some recent outbreaks with which the clubs were supposed to be connected, and which, it was rumored, were nothing more than premonitions of the great catastrophe which was impending, the police were successful in surprising a party of the conspirators, and taking them prisoners. Their papers and books were also seized, but, being chiefly written in cypher, were of little value, comparatively, to the captors. They were sufficient, however, to implicate a very large number of persons, and to scatter dismay and panic among the clubs. Proscription immediately became the order of the day, and nine of the more prominent members of the metropolitan society, including Le ———, found it conducive to their interests to attempt an immediate escape from Paris. What became of them all Le ——— never ascertained. One he knew escaped to Strasbourg, another succeeded the tyrant himself, as occupant of the dungeon at Havre; one was apprehended and never more heard of. Le ——— himself was, in all probability, among the most fortunate of the number, or I should not have heard his story. Without the delay of a moment, an English friend in the city procured, in his own name, a passport for England, and, having disguised himself into as close a correspondence as possible with the description contained in this document, Le——— left the city before the government had completed its arrangements for extraordinary surveillance. His design was to traverse the country with as much celerity as was consistent with avoiding the suspicion of being a fugitive, and thus keep in advance of the government despatches, until he reached some one of the small seaports opposite to England; or in case, as was probable, the alarm should have been taken there, to try the frontier of Belgium; or, turning south, find some means of crossing the Rhone. But let the émigre tell his own story:

"To my dismay, however, I soon found that I had been outstripped, and from the particularity with which my passport was examined, and my appearance compared with it, I was satisfied not only that the police were especially on their guard, so that to attempt to proceed rapidly was certain detection, but also that they had descriptions of myself, and were especially on the watch for me. My heart sank within me as I contemplated the peril in which I stood. I could not go on—the chances were infinitely against my passing more than a very few barriers without detection—I should be more secure in Paris than anywhere else in France. Besides, I thought, the police would have searched for me in vain throughout the city, and having concluded that I had found means to pass

the barriers, would make extraordinary efforts to intercept me on all the great roads and at the seaports. My retreat being thus cut off, the desperate alternative remained, of endeavoring to conceal myself amid the crowds of the metropolis. Certainly, if I was to be taken, it were better and safer to be taken among friends, so that my fate might be known to them, and made public by them if need be, than to risk detection, and a speedy and secret doom, while they should be left to mourn and doubt whether I was living or dead. Besides, I trembled for my generous English friend, who had risked his own safety to procure mine, and was determined to yield myself up rather than allow him to suffer. His plan had been to keep his room for a few days, on the plea of sickness, so as not to be noticed by the argus eye of the police. The deception he had practised was, happily, never discovered.

"I returned on foot to the environs of Paris, arriving there in the evening, and there found means to convey a message,—not to my parents, for I dared not trust to their self-control,—but to Mlle. ——, my present wife, who lived near them, and was then staying with them to comfort and care for them in my absence. I asked her to meet me after dusk on the following evening, at a specified place, or, if that were impracticable, to send a trustworthy agent, with whom I might concert the means of entering the city. Hungry, and thirsty, and tired, I did not venture to seek either food or lodging; for I knew the government spies were everywhere, but made my way to an old stone-quarry which had been long disused. There I passed the night on the ground, and as soon as the light enabled me to see my way, I descended into the delph, and found, to my dismay, that the bottom was nearly covered with water. If I remained on the sloping bank, I should be in full view from the road,—if I waded across, I should be concealed, by the perpendicular side of the quarry, and the projecting bushes, from every one who did not go round the pit. I had therefore no resource but to wade across, and pass the wearisome day alternately standing in the water, nearly up to my neck, and crouching down, in a still more uncomfortable position, in a crevice of the rocks. How did I watch the slow-creeping shadow which my prison wall threw along the water,—and with what joy did I hail the night, beneath whose dusky covering I might emerge from my concealment. Near the edge of the quarry was the meeting-place I had appointed for Mlle. —— or her deputy. There I watched, when the night had fallen, grown almost careless whether she, or a police agent who might have intercepted my message, should appear. It was not long, how-

over, before she came, having, with a woman's quick tact, devised a scheme for the accomplishment of our purpose. She had disguised herself as an orange-woman, and patched her face, and modified her gait, so that it was next to impossible to recognize her. Beneath the oranges in her basket she had concealed a bountiful supply of provisions and wine, with which I appeased my now ravenous appetite.

"I learned that my surmises had been correct,—my father's house had been visited, and my parents closely interrogated in respect to my whereabouts. To add, moreover, to the difficulties of the case, the porteress of the building, without whose knowledge no one went in or out, was engaged by the police as a special spy. I had now been out of Paris four days, the police had begun to relax in their vigilance about the premises, and their visits were less frequent. From something they had let fall at their last search, she inferred that they had reason to suppose I had endeavored to reach Strasbourg. She immediately conceived the happy idea of confirming them in this impression,—and to this end had provided herself now with writing materials. Beneath the shadow of a ledge of rock,—by the light of a small lantern, I sat down and wrote a letter to my parents. I dated it from Strasbourg, two days in advance, and in it announced my safe arrival there, after particularizing my adventures on the route, and expressed my determination to remain there for several weeks, and then to return to Paris, if it should seem best to them. This letter Mlle. —— was to enclose to a friend in Strasbourg, with a request to mail it to my father's address. We knew that letters arriving at the Post Office addressed to the relatives and friends of suspected persons and refugees, were opened by the Police Department,—and we trusted that my pursuers, being thus thrown on a wrong scent, would relax their vigilance nearer home, and content themselves with guarding the barriers for my return. The scheme worked well. For several days I remained in the environs of Paris, having found less uncomfortable quarters, and being supplied with food by my pseudo orange-woman every evening. She left with me, at each visit, some oranges and wearing apparel, and when on the expected day the Strasbourg letter arrived, bearing to her scrutinizing eye the marks of having been opened at the Post Office, I had everything needful to complete my disguise as an orange-woman. She had procured for me a basket, and with this upon my head, I presented myself at the barrier at which her frequent passage had made her known, and was admitted without a word. She had gone round to another barrier, through which she had taken the precaution to make occasional ingress and egress,—and so we found ourselves in Paris.

"Further than this, the plan had not been definitely arranged. The most desirable course seemed to be, as my parents' residence had ceased to be watched by the police, to secrete me there for the present, as in no other place could I be so secure of the fidelity of those who were aware of my presence. The great problem was, how to elude the vigilance of the porteress,—the ingenuity of Mlle. ——, however, devised a scheme by which we succeeded in effecting my entrance unobserved by her. For an hour my aged parents, who had only been made aware of my proximity a short time previous, when the risk of disappointment was very small, embraced and wept over me. I occupied my own room, and for a week recruited my strength, and rested after the excitement I had undergone. Nothing occurred to alarm us for several days, but one morning we were startled to find that an agent of the police was in the building. My father was sick and in bed, and no search was instituted; if it had been, so well arranged were our plans, and so promptly were they now carried out, by my escaping through a roof window, which was fastened on the inside by Mlle. —— after my exit, that I should not have been discovered.

"The alarm, however, reconciled my parents to what my own spirit, chafed by such ignominious idleness, had already begun to desire, namely, to make another effort at escape. I prepared to disguise myself, this time, as an artist, and having filled my portfolio with the sketches I had formerly taken, and provided myself with sufficient money, I again passed the barriers in the same manner as I had on entering the city, and set out for Lyons or Marseilles, as the way might seem to open. I traveled on foot, taking sketches by the way. My assumed profession served admirably to account for any deviations from the high-road which caution suggested, and which might otherwise have excited the suspicion of the curious; while the poverty of the profession was a sufficient excuse for my preference of a bowl of milk and bread at a peasant's door, and a couch of straw in a peasant's barn, to the more expensive accommodations of the village inn. My eye, sharpened by dangers, often detected the government spy, and could he have seen the beating of my heart, he would have had no difficulty in detecting me. The passport, however, which had been taken out for me in my assumed character, by another devoted friend, who had given it up to me at a town beyond the barriers of Paris, served to carry me past the lax inspection of the officials, less vigilant on a route whose length made it rarely taken by refugees from Paris, than they were on the route to the English coast or the Belgian borders.

"For six weeks I traveled in this manner, sketching by day, and sometimes traveling, sometimes resting in barns and peasant's cottages by night. Many a heartfelt expression of compassion did I hear from the good peasant-women; and,—more grateful than all,—many a glance of mingled admiration and pity from the dark-eyed peasant girls of Southern France, for the fair young stranger who traveled so far and so toilsomely;—and many a sketch of scenery, and portrait of a favorite child or venerable grand-parent, adorns the walls that hospitably sheltered me in my long and perilous journey.

"Finding that the road to Marseilles was more vigilantly guarded, I turned my course towards Lyons, in the hope that, although fewer vessels left that port, I might perhaps more easily find means to embark there. Arrived at Lyons, I found that my difficulties were by no means at an end. To seek a passport to a foreign country, I knew, would expose me to the most exact inspection, with the view of testing my correspondence with the description of my passport from Paris, an inspection which the subordinate officials on the route had never happened to make. But what I dreaded more than this was the comparison of my person with the descriptions of the proscribed, which had been sent from the bureau in Paris to the police of the sea-ports.

"While thus at a loss what course to pursue, I was unexpectedly relieved from my perplexity, in consequence of a most singular mistake. It happened that one of the employes of the English Consul boarded at the same humble table with myself. There came in one morning to the Consulate, the captain of an English brig in the harbor, which had taken in her cargo, and left the wharf, but had been prevented by contrary winds from standing out to sea. While thus waiting, the captain conceived the idea of improving the delay by having his ship painted, and the object of his visit to the Consul was to ascertain how he could get it done. Hearing the inquiry for a painter, my friend told him that he knew a young man who was a painter, and had no employment, and would probably do the work for him. Being desired to see if his friend would undertake to paint the vessel, he came to me and proposed to me to do it What was I to do? I saw, and was amused at the man's ignorant mistake, and yet it seemed to suggest the possibility of escape. I had never handled a brush in such guise, in my life, but I determined at once to run the risk, especially as I was to remain on board the vessel until the work was done, or the wind became favorable for her departure on her voyage. I therefore proceeded, with my involuntary deliverer, to the Consul's office,

and with just so much bargaining as was necessary to keep up appearances, undertook the novel employment. The captain procured the necessary materials, and I was carried with him in his boat, passing the officials on the wharf without any difficulty, as the man he had procured to paint his vessel. For several days I worked, and formed the acquaintance of the captain and crew, though I soon perceived that there was little prospect of inducing them to aid in or connive at my escape, if they knew me to be a refugee. It was necessary therefore, to devise some excuse for not wishing to return. I had painted the outside of the vessel, and was at work on the inside, when the captain notified me that the wind had changed and I must go ashore.

"'That is not necessary,' I replied, 'I will go along with you, and see England.'

"'Ah! but your passport?' he enquired. My heart sank at the word 'passport,' but I made as light of it as I could.

"'What need of a passport?' I said, 'M. le Consul has sent me with you, and that is as good as a passport. And I am alone in the world, and may as well, therefore, stay and earn my passage and living, by painting for you, as live in Lyons unemployed.'

"The captain hesitated, and I know not what the result might have been, had not every moment been precious, for the wind was fair, and a gale was threatening which he would be better prepared to meet in the open sea. He bade me therefore go on with my employment, which I did with a bounding heart, as I saw the anchor raised, and heard the shouting of the sailors and the flapping of the sails, and felt the motion of the vessel, as we stood out to sea.

"The shores of my native land soon faded from my view, and one of the victims of Napoleon the Third had escaped his grasp."

Immediately on his arrival in England, Le ——— hastened to terminate the anxious suspense of his parents, by informing them of his safety. Nearly three months had elapsed since his departure from Paris, and not a word had they heard from him.

But he was now in England, friendless, homeless, and almost penniless, and what was he to do? Now occurs one of those curious incidents which constitute the romance of real life. He proposed to Mlle. ——— to come over to England and marry him, that they might emigrate together to the United States, and there await, beneath the protection of the only government he could be satisfied to endure, the progress of events which

he fondly hoped was inevitable, which should issue in the downfall of the usurper. The request was seconded by his parents, who warmly urged that she should become the companion and guide of their son, whom she had already saved from imprisonment and probable death. Thus entreated she gave her consent. Bringing with her a supply of money which Le ——'s father sent to him, she crossed over to England and was met by Le ——. They were united in marriage by an English bishop, in whose family she had formerly lived as governess. She also turned into available shape some property, which she had invested in the English funds, and they made their arrangements for a trans-atlantic voyage.

Such was the history of this most interesting couple, whose companionship relieved the tediousness of the voyage, whose misfortunes excited sympathy, while their talents and accomplishments and genuine superiority of character inspired respect.

A KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE.

The foundation of all speculative as well as practical knowledge lies in the uniformities. Were it not that the forces of Nature act according to certain fixed laws, there would be no such thing as science. If there were not uniformities to be depended upon, all the certainties of mercantile life would be annihilated, society would be a blank, and progress would be unknown. The science of Mind, perhaps the least determinate of all the sciences, could not exist, were it not that there are laws to human thought, that the mind has certain fundamental operations, and that the mental operations are, in the main, subjected to similar and stated modes.

But while there are fixed conditions under which the mind acts, its power of independent volition, which, indeed, gives to man the supremacy over the other and inferior orders of creation, renders his actions less

capable of being foreseen, and less reducible to certain primary and elemental laws. Now the study of these laws constitutes, according to some, and it is true, in one sense, the study of human nature. The manifesting modes of the phenomena of mind certainly demand serious and attentive study. They are worthy of the highest, and, assuredly, if Human Nature is comprehended in these, it falls below none in point of interest. To know and understand the constitution of the divine gift of God to man, to trace the operations of the intellect as truth and error are presented to it, as it prepares itself for investigation and invention, as it marshals its forces in defence of the right, as it indulges in creating images of the beautiful, as it stores up the accumulated knowledge of investigation and experience, is indeed a study worthy of all effort, and will fully repay the utmost patience. And, indeed, under a perfect constitution, where the divine economy was fully carried out, where truth alone was regarded, where error exerted no influence, not swerving the mind from the true and the good, then this would be all, as it is now claimed by some to be, of the knowledge of human nature. But, situated as we are, in a world into which sin has entered, and in which it has deformed and changed and modified the face of Nature for thousands of years, where error, from the imperfection of our faculties, has insinuated itself into all the processes of life and action, where man is led by the force of adventitious circumstances into conditions of trial and danger, with nothing to depend upon but the teachings of a diseased intellect, an entirely new view is presented of all those modifications of action, that would not be shown under a constitution of things not wholly right, and which would be governed by a perfect morality, protected by a full and perfect intellect. Even in case the performance of every duty be regarded as the main object of an individual life, yet the conflicting passions of a fallen nature influence from within, and the caprices and iniquity of a fallen humanity influence from without.

Utility is the acknowledged end of man's action. He does what seems to be best. What is best is looked to, first as an end, and then as a means. These ends and means are suggested mainly by passion. There is no uniformity in passion, because there is no uniformity in that which excites passion, and hence there is risk in action. The chances of life may be favorable or they may not. What seems, at the moment, to be best, may result in a failure. What seems least likely to succeed may, perchance, be most successful. Uniformity may be traceable in a great number of instances, but in the individual cases there is no certainty.

That a given number of persons may attain such an average age may be set down as certain, but there is no doctrine of chances that will calculate the life of any particular man. A certain number of infants will be born into a country within a certain time, but it will be impossible to fix a number for any individual town. So that while we can trace the outlines of the uniformity in the variety, it is by making allowance for the variety that we can be successful in practical life, in our dealings with the world.

This diversity of result, which is set down to the account of the fickleness of fortune, arises of necessity from the perverted constitution of man. The finite nature comprehends but little. It sees not the chain of cause and effect; It acts upon uncertainty, and is obliged from its very weakness, to place reliance upon that which it is conscious may fail. Man is influenced by circumstances, by the peculiar constitution of his own individual nature—by society around—by government and laws—by local positions—by everything, in short, which goes to make up the existing state of things in the midst of which he is placed, so that a knowledge of human nature, which would embrace simply a knowledge of the human mind, and its laws, with its general mode of operation in consequence of those laws, independent of the influence of external circumstances, would be wholly inefficient and puerile, so far as any effect it might be expected to have in the general elevation of society, in enforcing the claims of truth, in lifting man from under the influence of passion and prejudice, to the light and guidance of pure intellect. And with good reason, for this sort of knowledge pre-supposes that the general principles of human conduct are modified no more when brought into action, than are the forces of Nature in their continued operations, and wise men inveigh heavily against a knowledge of human nature that takes cognizance of the frailties of the human kind, and would make allowance for them in the system of general education, and of life; because, perchance, this knowledge may be used for the gratification of evil passion, and may, in some cases, tend to render more intricate the web of hypocrisy, and deepen the confusion that now reigns in the political and social life of the race. But whatever may be the facts in the case, and it is not to be doubted that the best means are often devoted to the worst ends, it is equally true that it is by this knowledge of human nature, by this knowledge of the frailties, passions, and follies of men, if it so please to term it, that the great revolutionary and civilizing ends of society are brought about. Sinner was never yet converted from the error of his ways by general principles. Two oppo-

site courses of action may be referable to the same general principle, and referable in the one case, as satisfactorily as in the other. The advocates of one course may be equally satisfied with the advocates of another, and yet both be wholly at variance. Something comes in that warps the judgment of one party, the other may be right. How, indeed, is the fallacy to be exposed? How far do truth and right plead their cause successfully with the majority, when interest appears to point in another direction? Truth and right, as such, might knock for admittance at the hearts of millions till doomsday, and no admittance be given; but show those millions that it was for their interest to obey the truth and pursue the right, and then the chances are that the truth and right will come to be loved for their own sake.

Now, although this may seem to some to be placing the position of mankind on a very low level, is it lower than that indicated by the present arrangement of things? No one can doubt the strong, and indeed the well nigh supreme control, passion and interest have over the individual. The problem is, to bring mankind, or the individual, out from under this control to reason, and into the light of a sensitive and discriminating conscience. What is needed as initiative? Shall he be told, in the dictum of mental philosophers, that a course of action prompted by passion and looking simply to interest is contrary to the laws of the human mind, that neither the individual nor society can progress under such a system? The human mind seems to be vigorous and flourishing in its abnormal condition, and the little danger that would be apprehended from a mental revolt, in consequence of the illegality of the proceedings, might endanger the success of this mode of attack. Shall he be requested to shut up his gambling saloons, to stop his sale of intoxicating drinks, to avoid all chicanery in trade, simply because they are contrary to the laws of the human mind?

The missionary in this astute effort at society's reclamation, would need to be placarded with "human mind" from head to foot, be enveloped in living fire and borne 'mid air, before he could count proselytes to his scheme of mental law. No! under this constitution of things the greatest and the best have acted, and must act with an eye to the circumstances and the prejudices of those with whom they have to do. The bare, unvarnished truth is not an acceptable article with the majority, and however much men may bewail the fact, still it stands out clear as a fact, as those who undertake the work of reform find to their sorrow. If the politician to secure office, the merchant to secure trade, the specu-

lator to advance stocks, play upon the evil passions of men, not less do the society reformer, the religionist, those who would impart truth in any form, first show their claims upon the interests of men, before they make sure of the higher end at which they aim.

This fact of the means often being perverted, does not make them any the less legitimate in their use towards attaining what are in truth right and laudable ends. If this were to be the ground of their rejection, truth would be deprived of many of its mightiest agencies. The knife may be as effectual in the hands of an assassin in the end for which it is used, as in cutting a slice of bread for the crippled beggar. That which is used to restore health, may in the same hands be effectual in destroying life. While civilization brings higher modes of improvement, prosperity and comfort, it also has in its train greater suffering and iniquity. The Police are more needed and more numerous in a higher civilization than in a lower, so that those who hold to the legitimacy, single and entire, of the fixed laws of mind and thought in effecting the amelioration of society, must not complain of those who effect great good, by taking into account, in their labors, all the influences that bear upon the individual to whom their efforts are directed. Men are not simply to be told that by the immutable laws of a definite system of mind, certain results will follow from certain courses of action, but in this as in all other things they are to be allowed the privilege of seeing and noting for themselves. The inductive process enters largely into the reformatory stages of humanity. If men see for themselves that certain lines of conduct are unfavorable for others, they conclude it will not be otherwise with them, and they avoid all such tendencies, in avoiding what causes them; and this position once attained, the way is opened for those higher and nobler perceptions of truth and duty, by the which men are animated to follow and study them for their own sakes.

But an appeal cannot be made from the individual in particular to the sentiment of society, for the whole practical working of society is on this plan. It is evident in all the modifications of literary labor, in the application of medical and legal science, and assuredly is it so in the reforming and initiative processes of religious labor. Interest must be shown before action will commence, and this proof of interest is but catering to the follies and frailties of men. The incessant harping on the fact of liberty's being the birthright of the race, would never move any section to abandon slave labor, or slave traffic, after these had become incorporated into the social economy. What is needed towards the overthrow

of the system is the elucidation of the fact that white labor is more profitable than slave labor, that the whole internal and political economy would be improved by the substitution, and then the substitution will be made. This and brute force are the alternatives for the eradication of the great moral evil of slavery, and if, indeed, this condition of things be lamentable, yet it is none the less a fixed condition, and account must be made for this, because of the prejudice of men, and because of the strong hold that interest has on their minds. Thus in general violent opposition is less effectual in the ends it aims at, than milder means, for it arms a corporate defense, and brings out the whole man to defend the position he is by custom or society bound to, regardless of the justice of his cause, and careful only to see that his rights are not trampled on, and his privileges not retrenched. If a false system is to be attacked, marked and violent opposition which falls short of annihilation, serves but to make proselytes to it, and strengthen its adherents in its support. Opposition creates bigots, for a cause is strengthened by the enthusiasm of its adherents, and nothing tends as does opposition, to call out and develop the whole man in defense of that for which he is opposed. To be sure this is not the ruling spirit of perfection, nor would the case stand thus in a perfect state of society; but yet such is the condition of things now, let it be attributable to what it will. An infuriated populace must be dealt with differently from a calm and quiet assembly. Brute force must subdue, or a skillful management of excited passion must lead gradually away from the scene of contest, and he who succeeds in the latter is entitled to more praise, and, in fact, receives more from reasonable and just men, than he who resorts to the former. And this is but a fair illustration of the general principle urged, that men are to be dealt with as having prejudices, and as being modified in intellectual and moral character by the conditions under which they are placed, so that any system of education or authority that does not take this into account, runs counter to an existing fact, and will not only meet with no success, but, indeed, with disgrace and utter failure.

Now, what has been urged is simply this; that in all our dealings with men, we must make allowance for the fact, that man is imperfect, that he is possessed of prejudices and passions, that he is in a great measure governed by circumstances; that the ends he seeks and the means he chooses, are modified greatly by those passions, prejudices and circumstances, and that in all successful presentation of truth, regard must be paid to these, and that the study of these in their relations to the indi-

vidual and society, is not only *a* study of human nature, but it is *the* study of human nature; because it regards man, not theoretically, but *as he is* in the world. It is the study of a great fact. He that would construct a system of astronomy without taking into account the precession of the equinoxes, the obliquity of the planetary courses, the eccentricity of the earth's orbit and the like, would fall into as grievous errors as the astronomers of old. The surgeon that would use his knife around the vital parts of the human frame, without an accurate knowledge of its anatomical construction, would be condemned for his ignorance, and be amenable to law; yet he would reason as logically, perhaps, as the ancient Egyptians whose religion rendered the human body sacred, and their knowledge of its construction was from the analogy of the inferior animals; so the philosopher and expert in human nature is such, not from mere general principles on the analogy of mental uniformity, but from a careful and adequate examination of all that go to make up the dissimilarities of position and circumstance. Genera are founded on resemblances—the individual species on differences. The mental constitution of the man is undoubtedly subject to certain very general laws, but its free agency and independent volition, give no ground for judging beforehand, how and in what way it will manifest itself amid the complexity of circumstances in which it is enveloped.

NECESSITY AND RELATIONS.

We are so constructed as irresistibly to believe in causation, and it is a matter of surprise, at first, that men so universally believe in and act upon that of which they know nothing, save that certain results follow when certain conditions precede. If we go back to the idea of an absolute God in any of our speculations, we are forced, at once, from the idea of an absolute, pervading necessity, entering into causation. The necessity, in all such cases, springs out of the relations imposed. A certain order of adaptations and relations is established, to bring out a certain result, and then what happens, in consequence of these adaptations and relations, happens of necessity. There is nothing in the nature of the case, lying back of the organization, which includes the idea of necessity. If it is admitted, that the efficient cause of things as they are, was God, the construction on his part, was wholly arbitrary; not arbitrary, in the sense in which that term is applied to men, because the perfections of God preclude the possibility of any of his actions being rash or purely passionate, or of such a character as would run counter to his own will or ends, but *arbitrary*, in that he used this system to accomplish the end he willed.

What constitutes the perfection of this order of things, is the perfection of the relations which each thing sustains to every other thing, and a construction is complete when there is a perfect symmetry of relation of all the parts to each other, to the whole, and of the whole to each of the parts. This constitution places us in a somewhat peculiar position in reference to creation and to God. The wisdom we ascribe to Deity, supposes that his intelligence acts with an end in view, and using the best and most effectual means to effect that end. Now, God had, undoubtedly, an end to accomplish in the creation; perhaps that end was the eternal salvation of a race of beings he purposed to create: if this was not it, he has not seen fit to inform us what the end was—there may be a design and consummation which the eternities will reveal. The infinite capacities of an omniscient mind were his, whence to derive means wherewith to accomplish the end he had in view. We cannot for a moment suppose that the means he instituted, in creating man such as he is, the world

with all its wondrous parts and relations, the immense universe with all its parts working in perfect obedience to the regulations of the Supreme Power, that these were the only means that could have been devised to bring about this result. Perhaps these were the best means to work out the one idea as it lay in the mind of God. He used them, therefore we say they were the best. But was there only a single end? What was the design in creating this order of things? A single thought of God. What is this order? A single mode of how to realize that thought. Are the thoughts of omniscience elaborated? Can the perception of the relation of means to ends in God, be otherwise than intuitive? Is it conceivable that this single thought of God should stand forth, solitary and alone, upon the blank vista of eternity? To some, perhaps, it may be, to others not. Where is Omniscience? Is it idle? Has it spent itself upon this single thought? It is, assuredly, a far higher thought, and one not inconsistent with our conceptions of the activity of Deity, that this whole system of relations under which we live, is but a subordinate part in that great series of manifestations, which through the plenitude of God's omnipotence shall show forth His glory for ever and for ever.

If, however, we confine our attention to this system to which our fates and interests are allied, the immensity and perfection of which man cannot, in this his probation state, expect to comprehend, save in the lesser degrees, in this view of the case, one thing must be certain, that in a fixed system of relations, the preservation of the uniformity requires, that to produce similar results, similar agencies must be employed, working in similar modes. It is necessary to observe that the organization, apart from God, is arbitrary, entirely relative, not necessary, but as they are, because God so formed and instituted them. Thus may be perceived the relation between the constitution of our minds and our constant belief in the uniformity of Nature and the doctrine of causation. The institution of the order was an arbitrary act, but a uniformity of procedure is imperatively demanded for the preservation of that order, when once it is established.

In regard to our mode of being, we know very little—perhaps nothing. Matter may have been causeless, and may have existed from eternity, an idea equally appreciable and credible, revelation apart, with the idea of a causeless, independent and infinite God: or there may be no such thing as matter, and we, to realize some plan of the Creator, be enabled, from the condition of our being, to stand in certain relations to that which

in reality, has no independent existence, but which, in consequence of these relations, appears to exist independently. And this may be true, inasmuch as everything in the constitution of Nature is dependent on the relations under which that constitution is established.

We do not understand the mode of spiritual existence, or of spiritual intercourse, as we do not understand the tri-unity of Deity. And why? Because these wonderful modes of existence are wholly without the sphere of our present being, and do not enter at all into what we have to do with the present organization of things. So with the constitution of our minds. There is nothing in the nature of the case, why, to accomplish certain ends—there might not be a rational without an emotional nature; an emotional without a rational; either of these, or in combination, destitute of independent volition. But such as we find ourselves, God created us, with certain ends in view, and our reasoning can extend no further than the existing relations, and in no other direction than that indicated by the present organization, and the foundation and warp of all our reasoning must be a belief in a uniform mode of operation, pointed out by, and necessary to the permanence of certain organized relations, so that we may be *a priori* certain, that when similar results are to be obtained, similarly constituted agencies will be found to bring about those results.

PLATO.*

PHILOSOPHY owes to Greece its origin and development. Her sages, attracted by the wonders of the natural world, were the first who attempted to explain their origin. But the highest result of their theories was only the faint conception of an intelligent being, whose chief office was the production of motion. Dissatisfied with these speculations, the sophist turned from nature, to find in man a solution for the great problem of existence. He called man the measure of all things, and giving him sovereignty in the natural, as well as in the mental world, he broke down all moral distinctions and involved everything in a labyrinth of words. To dispel this confusion, to place man in his true position, to lay down a method of investigation, to establish a foundation for moral science, and to bequeath to philosophy a spotless life, terminated by a godlike death, was the high mission of Socrates.

The work of the Philosopher was thus fully commenced. The demand then arose for some master-mind, who should discover a firm basis for knowledge, and rear upon it the graceful proportions of a complete system. This demand found a respondent in Plato. To his great task, this philosopher brought a high speculative genius, disciplined by the instruction of Socrates, enriched with the wisdom of the old sages, and enlightened by the experience derived from extensive travel.

Thus prepared, Plato proceeds, in a series of dialogues, to unfold his system. As the great central truth of his philosophy, he lays down the *ideal theory*. This theory refers all things to three original principles, namely, matter, Deity, and ideas. These ideas are thoughts existing in the Divine mind; which have a nature separate from the mind itself, and an existence which is eternal. United with matter, they constitute the species in the natural world, and shine out as the common form through all individuals of which these species are composed. The ideas still remaining in the mind of Deity, and imperfectly appearing in its emanation, the human mind, are the only true conceptions, and hence the only

* Adelphic Union Oration, 1856, by the late JOHN LAMBERTON.

objects of science. As opposed to the knowledge gained by the senses, these ideas are obtained through the reason, by an act of recollection. As opposed to opinions, they are the criteria by which opinions are tested, and the ground of certain knowledge.

Having set forth this theory, Plato then develops it in three great departments, the dialectic, the physical, and the ethical. Considering God the measure of all things, the object of his dialectics is, to trace back every thing to its original idea, as it exists in the Divine mind. Each of these separate ideas he conceives to be a part of a higher class, and all the separate classes to be united in one great idea which is the limit of knowledge, and which, for want of a clear conception of its nature, Plato vaguely styles "*the good.*" After these original ideas are reached, their combination according to the principle of difference, is the last office of dialectics.

The physical is the second department into which Plato introduces his theory. He conceives the three first principles, matter, ideas, and the Deity, to be eternal. In the creation, the Deity combined ideas, the archetypes of all things, with chaotic matter, whose only property is existence, and bodies were produced. The soul which had emanated from the Deity, and possessed His attributes in a finite degree, was then mingled with body after the mystic law of numbers, and the sensitive as well as the material universe was complete. The object of the creation was to manifest ideas as the Good, the Beautiful, the True, but owing to the constant resistance of matter, the representation must ever be imperfect, evil is introduced, and physics never attain the perfection of science.

The last department, the ethical, Plato treats under three topics, namely, good in the abstract, individual virtue, and the state. That which in dialectics was the highest idea, becomes in ethics the highest good; and since all ideas are but parts of this, they each exhibit separate forms of the good, and their perception affords the only true pleasure. Individual virtue he considers synonymous with knowing. The separate virtues are related, and that which is the sum of all, he styles justice. The causes of evil are, the influence of the body, and false education; these are both counteracted by philosophic study, which separates the mind from the body, and leads it up towards the highest good. With Plato the supremacy of the state is the great aim of all polity; personal freedom and individual interest being wholly subordinate, so that his politics are merely the philosophic outline of the Grecian government. But since philosophers are in his view the only true rulers, and since he places the

foundation of all law in the eternal principles of right, he seems at times to break away from the influence of the age, and rise to the lofty standpoint of modern theorists.

Such, in brief, are the outlines of Platonic philosophy. It is true that modern analysis has overthrown his great theory; that dialectics are but the investigation of ideas, and reach not to the under-lying principles, that his physical speculations discourage the study of Nature, and that the tendency of his ethics is to rest with speculative morality; yet his system, as the product of a single mind, is without parallel in the history of thought. But the mere philosophic system, is not the only thing that gives weight to Plato's dialogues. As works of art they are unequaled. In them a dramatic history of the age, filled with profound thoughts, and lofty moral sayings, and united in a complete philosophic system, finds expression in the language of the Gods. And as we, enlightened by a full revelation from the high ground of modern speculation, look out on the philosophy of Plato, when we at times see him groping in the low lands of error, let us not forget that he has often traveled upon the high mountains of thought.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE fourth volume of the Williams Quarterly is completed. The enterprise, which was undertaken amidst the dark forebodings of the well-wishing but doubting, has been conducted, through four years, with more or less of success, and has realized the Cassandrian prophecies of its more zealous friends. We, the Editors of the present volume, consign its fortune now to the guardianship of our successors, who, as will be perceived, have been appointed, and bid its friends a final farewell with no word of extenuation and no petition for indulgence. Content to have done well in that respect, in which "angels could do no more," we simply say wherein we have done well commend us; wherein we have done ill, we are not anxious to escape the criticism which is merited. We accomplished our unpromising introduction to the public while the low hanging clouds, the sultry heat, the pouring rain and all the gloomy paraphernalia of a long-continued August storm, were driving to shelter the somewhat crest fallen devotees of our Mission Park,—the promised beauties of which, by the way, the eye of moderate zeal still sees as through a reversed glass, darkly. Since then the mysteries of all the seasons have been propounded and we are again amidst singing birds, fresh summer woods, and flowers, and suns.

The revolutions of the years with their experience and the changes they occasion will hardly pass unheeded. The life we live is not that which we think we live. When we look back upon our way through time, we presently discern material changes in the relations of the details of experience in respect of their importance and prominence in the landscape. The gap in the fence and the fallen tree, which were promotive of reflection; the flower we paused to analyze, and the mineral we attempted to classify; the beggar, to whom we gave a pittance, and in whose circumstances we clothed ourselves for the time by sympathy, have usurped, in the pictures of memory, the places we intended should be occupied by the dark frown of the mountain, some valley where fine lights were falling, or some beautiful combination of clouds over distant hills. What we admired with ecstacy has been superseded by that, which we deemed trivial, in the passing. The soul knows no comparison of external relations. It has a life that is its own, looking to the past and to the future; but in neither prospect is it guided in its estimate of objects by their relations to each other. Objects are compared, not by what they are in themselves, but by what they yield to it, and this can be determined only when their experience is passed. Those have become most prominent in the vistas of the memory, in which it realized most of its own nature; those are most conspicuous in the future, which most excite its hopes. It goes out into the world, gathering that, which is kindred to itself. When one finds it, he appropriates it, and that which yields it presently becomes illustrious. It is clothed with a new importance, and acquires a prominence, for his thoughts abide there now. If, like a traveler, we assume a position and look forward, the prospect is enticing. There seems more grace and harmony, and we say of this object, or of that, it will be de-

lightful when we reach it, and the way is more agreeable than this. But progress dissipates the charm of distance; the road continues equally rude and common-place; the hills, that seemed to slope gently, rise rugged and steep, and when we reach the point we struggle for, it is not what we thought, and we pass on and pause elsewhere. Then we look back, and the view is beautiful again, but it is changed. The objects, that seemed rudest once, have acquired a comeliness as they arrange themselves in the picture. There are some shop-signs, that present one advertisement as we approach them, as we come nearer they are all mingled and confused, and when we are passed they read distinctly something else. So the present is always perplexing; we can only know that relations are changing, and cannot discern what will emerge. We shall have accomplished much, when we apprehend the relations of our own experience. In every detail it has relation to character, for we are what it makes us, and it will finally be manifest in its effects. So every plant, if our analysis be searching enough, will tell of the shelter it has found, of every hour of genial sunshine, of every drop of moisture that has reached its roots, and the direction, force, and temperature of every wind that has found it out in its retreat. If events are forgotten they are not lost. Their operation is the more unimpeded. Much of our life is like this summer, which will soon be gone, like Joseph into Egypt, and will leave its coat of many colors on our fields and forests; but we shall go down like the patriarch, and meet it in the Autumn of its maturity. What wonder that the old man, who sat musing by the fire when the evening winds were loud without, started and exclaimed, "I have passed my threescore years and ten, and am not what I thought to be. Had I my life again, it should be different." But it would not; we live the best we can.

Thus there is nothing that is indifferent. All things, could we know them, contain something for each. There is in nature no intrinsic meanness. We call only that vulgar, of which we are ignorant. That, which you call so, is very beautiful to another. Attention will discover excellence in the most unpretending, and language will immediately embody and preserve it. Thus, where agriculture lies neglected, its pursuit becomes contemptible. In the chivalric ages, which succeeded, the pastorals of Virgil and Theocritus were equally impossible and unappreciated. The world is not "very empty." The beauty that clothes the earth and sky is not all "our own gilding." Some things we know from the beginning. All things, however, are not equally rich. Not every vale is a Tempe; but if anywhere we fail to discover beauty, it is because we do not search. He only finds who seeks. If thou seekest not, the skies are always clear; there is no color in the flowers; no melody in Nature's voices. The Genie introduced two princes into the interior of the Caucasus. The one was discontented and morose, and he saw only cold shadows and dripping rocks; the other was happy, and he beheld the magnificence of palaces, and all the treasures of Solomon. Each finds for himself.

We shall never distinctly enough conceive, that our life is passed in solitude. In all we gather in experience, in all we see, and feel, and are, and tend to, we are alone. Like one, that wanders solitary in a wild, no other hears the voices thou hearest, or detects at all the beauty thou beholdest. There is no other on thy path, either following thee, or gone before. In a world of shifting shades, of ruin and resurrection, of vague responsibilities, and uncertain tendencies, each is alone. All things are his; the limits of knowledge are the only limits of possession. The spirit, like the old Tuscan King, has the keys of all gates. The gates of the morning, and the evening,

and of dreams, and of death, and of all life open to it. The universe has no barriers which can debar it access. It is a monarch in its own realms; it can appropriate all, for it will only discern its own. The weed, by the river bank; the wind, that hisses in the spikey grass of the grave-yard, may unfold regions where it shall never tire of wandering, and which it shall never thoroughly explore. But thou can'st not use my keys. The portal through which I pass to realms of pleasing visions, may be to thee, like that gate of Palmyra, which led from the splendors of the city to the bleak wastes that lay around, and which was called the "Gate of the Desert."

A thing done assumes the form of a proposition. It has a subject and a predicate. It matters not whether the act be yours or mine, it becomes a universal possession. When we have caught the truth it affirms, the act ceases to be. The experience of our past life is no more reality; its teachings are like those we have received from books. We can no more regret its misfortunes, or enjoy its pleasures, now they are passed, than those of which we read in history and biography. If we distinctly apprehend them, the incidents of another's life are as really ours, as are those of our own. I ruled Rome with Cæsar; I made a home with the humblest fisherman in the Piræus; I sat with Marius upon the ruins of Carthage, and cast away my shield, when Horace did so. I can dwell anywhere; among the lotus capitals of Egypt, or by the fountains of Sonora. Who shall restrain me? "This world was made for Cæsar?" Well! thou art Cæsar, and so am I. This world was made for thee, and for me. We shall never encroach upon each other. There is no Rubicon which thou can'st pass to me, and thou art equally well protected from my transgression.

In a mountain brook we found a stone, on which at a distance there seemed wrought in relief, as on a medallion, the image of a sphinx. When it was obtained the resemblance to the sphinx was gone. It was but a common clay-stone, and the wearing waters had wrought a shapeless relievo. As with the stone, so is it with all life. We live in two worlds; into the midst of one we are thrown passively, and the other we ourselves construct. The one is the stern, unyielding Actual; the other is the Ideal. Imagination takes from the one but a starting point, and immediately constructs a form of its own. The struggle of art is to conform the actual to the ideal; to elevate the one to the expression of the other; experience fits the plastic forms of imagination to what we clothe in them. Thus no one is really what he appears to us. When one approaches us for the first time, we seize upon whatever attribute is manifested first, and imagination presently completes a person from this starting point, and surrounds him with its dim outlines. Such estimates are always false, and more intimate experience constrains us constantly to enlarge or to contract them, in order to enclose some salient vice or virtue, or to fit the ideal forms, in which we drape men to the dwarfed proportions of their character. Intimate acquaintance, therefore, is continually disappointing us, in our friendships, and in our antipathies. Our friend is not so noble as he seems, nor is he towards whom we feel aversion nearly so bad as we think him. This one we meet first when circumstances are, for him, unfortunate, and kindle at once a fierce dislike, but we presently find him very noble; we think him a Vandal, and we find he has both learning and refinement. We become enthusiastic in our admiration of another for his intelligence, but we soon discover that intellect has frozen sympathy, and a fondness for sarcasm presents too often the unpleasing vision of bright wit, dabbling in the mire of impudence.

The ideals we form will be symmetrical; we never find a character so. Accordingly we are condemned to behold the symmetry of that world, with which we surround ourselves, perpetually distorted, but if one loves the forms he constructs, he will if possible preserve them. There is danger lest we know one another too well. Oftentimes, if we would observe closely, when we are tempted to linger and form friendships, some omen—some shade of Polydorus, or some emblem of war, warns us away; fools, if we fly not, and preserve the vision in memory, fair, and tempting with its allurements, before it becomes repulsive as the scene of mortification and defeat. We may go on creating worlds of beauty before us, and shapes of beauty shall come and arrange themselves in worlds behind us. There are those, who dwell thus, sitting apart in cool libraries; but even here a Nemesis guards against excess. Byron, perhaps, is the most shining of its victims. These visions are too chaste and fugitive to be rudely treated. We may not grasp them, nor rush profanely before them, else, like Actæon, we may be ourselves transformed and pursued by the instruments of our own pleasures. To such the mandate, love one another, comes strangely. Apart from the injunction, while respect for rights provides for consequences, it is as difficult to infer the obligation on the ground of what man may become, as to argue the duty of the sculptor to love the shapeless block, because a beautiful form may be wrought therefrom. We can respect, we can reverence that great soul that lies behind all alike, that throbs in all, and beams sometimes through each,—but as for the man himself, who comes to us the iconoclast of all our forms of beauty, we can have no sympathy for him.

So we might reason, and delude ourselves into an agreeable misery; but such things were fit for Comus. Were not men's instincts truer than such reasonings, it were no wonder if again the caves of Engedi were filled with skin-clad enthusiasts; if ascetic hermits darkened the forests of Sarmatia and Germany; if Stoic sects should thrive in the midst of our brightest civilization, and the Nile, once more as in a former century, swarm equally with crocodiles and monks. That a thing exists is the best evidence of its right to be. If the forms with which we surround ourselves perish, it is the provision Nature makes lest we construct for ourselves a few fair images, and sit down to perpetual, and exclusive admiration and worship. When we attempt this, they presently vanish, and we are left, like statues, gazing at nothing. But the beauty that is vanishing and variable in its forms, is in itself constant. Such forms find an end in being produced and destroyed. The perpetual struggling of the race for the realization of perfect forms of beauty, liberty and their like, things, in their nature, hopelessly beyond their reach, is but the restlessness,—the tidal force in the ocean of life, that let's not its waters stagnate. Works of art, and systems of philosophy, and institutions of government fall to ruin, that we may construct again and more magnificently if possible. Their end is answered, in the activity they occasion; happiness is the result of the activity. If when the Parthenon and the Coliseum had crumbled, and Greece and Rome had fallen, the world had stood like Niobe amidst their desolation, the world were draped in a pall forever. That is but a morbid sympathy, that sends men wandering amidst the desolation of ancient days, not to breathe the life that is generated by the prevailing death, but to indulge a poor sympathy over the wrecks of former splendor. It is no duty of ours to delve among the pyramids of Egypt and the catacombs of Rome, and to search the deserts for the ruins of old cities. What dealing have we with the dead? That brain must be itself dilapidated, that can love

to mope like an owl among ruins, and find expression for its meagre emotions in phrases of lamentation as common-place as slabs in a village church-yard.

College Intelligence.

THE return of the Expedition, which occupies so many of our pages, was the occasion of much excitement in our microcosm. The memory of four years fails to suggest a time when our composure has been so seriously ruffled. The perturbation which is observed to pervade all classes on the eve of remarkable events, and when marvelous disclosures in scientific discovery are anticipated, was thoroughly experienced. It is probable this very natural emotion was considerably intensified by the secresy with which all the movements and designs of the Expedition were veiled, and by the appearance and demeanor of some of the venturesome explorers. The trophies of the party were placed in the Natural History rooms, and the key was securely turned upon all intrusion, and as day after day we surveyed the heavy, bolted doors, and the closed shutters, and recalled what we had seen in the Quarterly a year ago of the "richly tinted flowers," the "birds of gorgeous plumage, frolicsome parrots," &c.; "beautiful insects;" "gorgeously colored shells, and a great variety of quadrupeds and reptiles," that abounded on the coasts of Florida, we envied silently the few, who were allowed to look upon them; but when the "alcoholic specimens" were opened, and the perfumes, that would not be confined, found their way out and pervaded the College grounds, and filled the halls, and oozed in at our key-holes and the cracks of our windows, the prevailing eagerness to enter the mystic precincts, whence they came, knew no bounds. Then, too, our naturalists looked so grave, and so responsible, and talked so learnedly of conchs and sea-eggs, donaks and gophers; that daily

"—— the wonder grew
How such small heads could carry all they seemed to know."

Pardon us if we are guilty of a misquotation. It may be imagined, then, with what sensation the announcement was received, that on the evening of the 22d of May, the doors would be thrown open, and, with the assistance of the ladies of the village, a Fair be held, from which, it was hoped, somewhat would be realized that should assist a little "the advancement of science." Our reporter was early on the ground.

The evening gathered under a cool, clear sky, as beautifully as could be desired, and at an early hour passage was almost impossible through the galleries and the tower, so numerous was the assembly. The specimens obtained were arranged for exhibition, and their number and their character were the occasions of no slight encomiums upon the industry and skill that had acquired them. But the allurements of the evening were, by no means, limited to this display of scientific treasure. Art, that always follows close upon the foot-steps of science, had not failed to lend her aid, nor been ashamed to "expend her mighty energies, even at the point of a needle." The top of a nodding fir, that some young Titan had lopped off, and transported from the mountains, stood opposite the entrance, and its branches drooped with the unaccustomed weight of shells of every size and kind, manufactured into emeries and pin-cushions. Refreshments of various kinds, ice-creams, candies and all cakes, were for sale in the different apartments of the tower, and as one observed the strong tide that

set thither, the excessive labors of their dispensers, and the rapid disappearance of the shells from the tree-tops, he must have felt that science *was* advancing by enormous strides, and his breast have glowed with all the enthusiasm of the immortal Pickwick.

Remarks were made by Prof. CHADBOURNE, and Messrs. BEECHER and DAY, members of the Expedition. During the remarks of the latter gentleman, the gopher, of which so much has been said, was deposited upon the floor, where he perambulated for the benefit of the company. The claim of this individual to be himself, a thesis more easily sustained, perhaps, than some others therewith connected, was distinctly stated and maintained by Mr. DAY. He is neither ground-squirrel, nor humming-bird, as has been stated, but is constructed very much after the mud-turtle style of architecture. The elephantine structure of his limbs, however, enable him to surpass this animal in celerity and grace of movement. On the strength of Mr. DAY's remarks, we can inform our friend in Eastern Massachusetts, who perpetrated the vile query, that they *were* obliged to "*go far*" to get him,—some thirty feet in a spiral under ground. The whole affair passed off most pleasantly, and we are happy to state was exceedingly remunerative to the Society.

—If rumor speaks correctly we are before long to behold that Chapel, of which for the past few years we have heard so much. It is said that the necessary means have been obtained, and that the question remains at issue, whether another of these long rectangular objects is to find its way among our shades, to blur the eyes of coming generations, or whether a structure of Gothic proportions is to ornament our College grounds. Where utility is not the only object in view, it would seem that some variation might be projected upon our present architecture.

Since our last issue Prof. GRIFFIN has resigned the professorship of Greek. There are many who will long remember with the utmost pleasure his efficient zeal in instruction, and the infallibly gentlemanly bearing towards all, which distinguished him. It was announced in several papers, that Mr. HOYT, principal of the Philips Exeter Academy, had been appointed to a professorship in Williams College, but the report was without foundation.

We understand that SARTAIN is preparing a handsome steel engraving of Professor ALBERT HOPKINS, in the same style as that of President HOPKINS, recently issued, and which will be for sale at Commencement, at the same price, 50 cents. We are sure that many of the students and alumni will be glad of this opportunity of obtaining a memento of one who has been so long and intimately associated with the College, and who have enjoyed so large a share of respect and attachment.

COMMENCEMENT will occur on Wednesday, August 5th. The honors of the graduating class are as follows, viz:

Classical Oration—RUFUS APTHORP.
Ethical Oration—GEO. D. GOODRICH.
Valedictory Oration—ALEXANDER HUTCHINS.
Geological Oration—F. LE BARON MONROE.
Historical Oration—ANDREW PARSONS.
Mathematical Oration—CHARLES M. PIERCE.
Salutatory Oration—HOMER B. STEVENS.

Philosophical Oration—WILLIAM TATLOCK.
Metaphysical Oration—HORACE H. WELLS.
Esthetical Oration—SAMUEL WOOD.

THE following elections have taken place since the date of our last issue, viz:

Philotechnian Society.

President—J. ETHERINGTON TRIMBLE. *Secretary*—JAMES M. HAWLEY.
Vice-President—H. R. HOISINGTON, JR. *Senior Editor*—CHARLES A. STORK.
Junior Editor—J. H. DOUGHTY.

Philologian Society.

President—ALEXANDER HUTCHINS. *Secretary*—ROBERT MURRAY, JR.
Vice-President—CHARLES M. PIERCE. *Reader*—IRVING MAGEE.
Treasurer—E. P. HUMPHREY.

Lyceum of Natural History.

President—S. H. SCUDDER. *Secretary*—STEPHEN H. TYNG, JR.
Vice-President—R. E. MCMATH. *Treasurer*—JOHN DARBY.

V. B. CHAMBERLAIN in the Philologian, and E. QUACKENBUSH in the Philotechnian, have been elected orators for Adelphic Union Exhibition, *vice* E. C. HOOKER, and W. LANSING, resigned.

EXCHANGES.—The usual exchanges have been received and made.

LIKE our brother of the Yale Literary, we take occasion to return our thanks to those friends who so kindly presented one of us with a hat. It was decidedly peculiar and original, in its style and in its decorations. The ribbons were "not only gay but also gorgeous." Long may they wave, fair and gracefully as the fingers that ———

BACK NUMBERS WANTED—No. 1, Vol. 2, and two copies of No. 1, Vol. 3. Persons having these to dispose of may find purchasers by applying to the Editors.

OBITUARY.

Class of 1798.—Hon. Amos Douglas, died March 19th.

" " " Benjamin Skinner, Esq.

" " 1799.—Rev. Samuel Fisher, D. D., died at Orange, N. J., January 1857, aged 80.

" " 1811.—Rev. Eber L. Clark, died February 23d, aged 70.

" " 1813.—Andrew Scott Sloan, died in 1843, aged 55.

" " 1814.—Phineas Chapin, died at Clarksburg, Va., June 18th, aged 65.

" " 1847.—Rev. Charles H. Norton, pastor of the Congregational Church at North Becket, died January 6th, aged 34.

" " 1856.—John Lamberton, died at Springfield, on Sunday, June 28th, and was buried at Ware, on Tuesday, 30th.

He was born 22d February, 1835, entered the Freshman Class in 1852, and graduated last Commencement, with the Salutatory Oration. An intellect of a high order, cultivated with the most indomitable energy and perseverance, made him known and respected, in College, as a diligent and successful student. He was kind and obliging in his disposition, and had as many and as warm friends as his retiring nature would allow. Few persons acquire so early as he did, so perfect a mastery of himself,—everything he did seemed done from reason rather than inclination. He joined the College Church, on profession, at the beginning of his Sophomore year, and his Christian character, always above reproach, developed much during the latter part of his College course, and during the past year.

He opened a private school in Philadelphia immediately after his graduation,—the labors connected with which, acting upon a system that had known no intermission of study for several years, so enfeebled him, that his hereditary tendencies to consumption were developed, and he was compelled to return to Springfield on the 14th of April last. There he remained, while the disease did its work, and terminated a life which had given unusual promise of usefulness. He was sustained in sickness by an unclouded Christian hope, and his end was peace.

THE

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Editors.

HENRY M. LYMAN, WILLIAM WHITE. THOMAS POST
HORACE E. SCUDDER, R. HALSTED WARD,

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1868.
HENRY M. LYMAN, | THOMAS POST,
JOHN F. PLATT, | HORACE E. SCUDDER,
WILLIAM WHITE.

THE HISTORY OF FICTITIOUS LITERATURE.

MAN is naturally a religious being; his instinct, so to speak, compels him to believe in an unseen and all-powerful agency which controls the universe without the interference of any minor powers. Akin to this, is the feeling of superstitious interest excited in the mind by anything claiming a supernatural character. Hence, all narrations of a marvelous nature, whether real or fictitious, have invariably found favor with the mass of mankind. The stories of giants and demons, of genii and fairies, of knights and heroes, which delighted the world, ages ago, still please the readers and hearers of the present day; and, though we believe not in the existence of the creatures thus described, the imagination delights as much in the contemplation of their airy forms as if, at the present moment, they were really hovering around us, or striding on their errands over the earth.

From the earliest times, this department of thought has had a literature of its own; and the compositions to which it has given birth have been classed together as "works of poetry and fiction." I propose to take a historical view of this kind of literature; and to note some of the more important changes which the world's progress has wrought in the style of thought and composition employed by the authors of fiction. These points may be considered under three general periods:—the Mythic Age,

extending from earliest time to the reign of Augustus Cæsar—the Romantic Age, continuing through the times of the Crusades till the revival of letters in the fifteenth century—and the Novel Age, embracing all the products of modern fancy and imagination. I shall now confine myself to a consideration of the two first mentioned periods.

When time was young, and mankind had been only lately introduced to the world, skepticism was unknown. Nothing was too monstrous or extravagant for the popular belief. Accordingly, the universe was peopled, by the genius of poets, with a sovereign race of deities; and the rustics who listened to these tales doubted not their veracity. The entire literature of the ancients was, primitively, of this character. It was an unwritten literature, handed down from father to son by the priests and poets—individuals who not unfrequently united these two characters in the same person. Seated around their camp-fires, a rude soldiery listened to the wild strains of the cyclic poet, as he chanted the legend of the fall of Troy, or recited the victories of Mars and the bright-eyed Athene. Within the gates of royal palaces, and beside the altars of sacrifice, the hoary minstrel sang the power of the "all-ruling, cloud-compelling Jupiter, king of gods and men;" or whispered, in accents soft and low, the loves of Venus, and the charms of the golden-haired Apollo. Narratives of this character formed the history of those times: the actors of earth were represented as heroes and demi-gods who performed wonderous exploits among men, for a season, and then ascended to the celestial abodes of the Olympian Jove, with whom they passed their time, imbibing delicious draughts of nectar through their rosy lips.

It was only after the introduction, and general use, of the art of writing that these tales began to lose their prestige. The cultivation of historical composition then commenced; and, as the mind of man became refined by thought, these poetic legends were no longer sufficient to satisfy the tastes of the people. Skepticism reared its head, and men were found who even doubted the existence of the various characters described in the ancient mythology. The tales of antiquity were embalmed in the literature of the nations; but no farther additions were made to the original stock of traditions. The tragedians, indeed, and several of the Augustan poets, seized upon some of the worn-out fables of the past, and wrought them over with all the graces of a polished versification; but they created nothing new. The world had outgrown the cradle of its childhood, and a new order of things was henceforth to prevail.

All works of fiction, concerning which we have information, were composed in verse until after the Augustan age. Prose works of an imaginative character were either unknown, or were held in slight esteem; and it was only in the second century of the Christian era that the Age of Romance began. Apuleius was, probably, the first who attempted a new style of composition, in his "Metamorphoses, or Golden Ass." An African by birth, he was a cosmopolitan by education and travel. Tutored during the time of his youth by the school-masters of Carthage, he perfected his attainments by a course of philosophy at Athens. He afterwards traveled through Asia, and visited Rome, which was then in all the fullness of its glory. After loitering, for a time, among the palaces and temples of the queen city of the earth, he returned to his African home, where he soon married, and, settling near Carthage, devoted himself to literature. He became one of the most voluminous writers of his age; but, with the exception of the romance entitled "The Golden Ass," few of his extant writings are capable of interesting the modern scholar. This production is, however, one of the most remarkable works of that period. Purporting to be an autobiography, it relates all the adventures through which a certain scapegrace, named Lucius, passed while transformed by magic into an ass. Woven in with the thread of the story are numberless romantic little incidents and tales, which many succeeding authors have used as embellishments for the productions of their own imagination. Several of the novels in the Decameron are taken, almost without change, from the text of Apuleius; and not a few of the incidents and episodes in "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas," are more than imitations of passages in the "Metamorphoses."

After the fall of the Roman empire, civilization retrograded toward its primitive state. The rude, northern nations which overran the fair fields of Europe, infused strength and martial vigor into the veins of the effete southrons; but the infusion had, for a time, a debasing effect upon their literary tastes and mental culture. Hence, we observe that the ancient mode of oral tradition was revived. Minstrels and harpers performed before the illiterate princes and nobles of the German and Francovian courts, reciting, not the legends of classic mythology (for that was worn out and dead), but romantic tales of knightly prowess and womanly love. These were themes almost unknown to the bards of the Mythic Age. Their heroes were demi-gods, and their women were slaves—fit only for the employments of the harem, and unworthy of notice as beings of a similar race. But far otherwise was it with the bold knights and gentle

ladies of the Dark Ages. Though rude and unpolished in manners; though ignorant of the accomplishments and refinements of the past; there glowed, in the bosoms of those grim warriors, a spark of purer fire than ever was felt by the polished Greek, or the elegant Roman of the Augustan age. This recognition of woman as an object of respect gave new life to the poets and romancers of the times succeeding the fall of the Roman Empire. The Crusades, too, increased the imaginative powers of the Europeans—affording material, as they did, for romantic narrative and martial verse. The East was then an unknown region; and the Saracen chief was pictured with all the terrors of Sir Gray Steel himself. The name of Richard the Lion Heart was a terror to the Arabian infant; but no less terrible to the Christian youth were the names of Saladin and Solyman. Then, the heart-breaking separations, the sorrowful bereavements, the romantic surprises, and the joyful reunions, which those heroic expeditions caused, were amply sufficient to awaken the spirit of romance and poetry, even in the most phlegmatic soul. What could more thoroughly arouse the spirit of martial enthusiasm and national pride, than the sight of a band of red-cross knights setting out for the unknown East! Even at this remote period of time—in these latter days—our souls are stirred as we read of glittering armor and gilded trappings; of foaming steeds, champing their bits, and pawing the dust; while gaily dressed poursuivants and heralds are blowing their trumpets, at the gateway, to assemble the sturdy yeomen around the baronial standard; and rosy-cheeked pages are hurrying to and fro; and fair ladies are looking tearfully from their balconies, sighing for their lovers who must suffer from burning, southern suns, and merciless, eastern foes. Then, as the long line of mail-clad knights and belted squires files out, with waving plumes and flaunting banners, before the castle walls, it is only what we should naturally expect when we see the venerable minstrel, with harp in hand, rehearsing in exultant strains the chivalrous deeds of Arthur and Launcelot, or of Roland and Oliver. And when, after years of suffering and sorrow, the poor, weary, wounded soldier comes limping home in palmer's guise, to die in the arms of his true and tender wife, no sound could we hope to hear, other than the low, moaning tones of the cathedral choir chanting the requiem of departed youth and manly glory.

The same period, of which I have just spoken, saw the introduction to Europe of the literature of the Arabians. These remarkable people were gifted with a most lively imagination, heightened, no doubt, by the

wonderful beauty and varied scenery of their native land; and their tales of fairies and genii, and their stories of enchanted maidens and spell-bound princes, were eagerly treasured up by the wandering troubadours and minnie-singers who accompanied the crusaders in the Holy Land. Not a few of these stories were wrought over, and reproduced in a European dress,—even by the authors of the early English romances,—but they were mostly preserved in that form under which we now possess them, the "Tales of the Arabian Nights." These wonderful stories produced a great effect upon the literature of Europe; nor could it be otherwise, for they, of all things, are the best suited to arouse the poetic fancies of youth. Nowhere else are described such blissful gardens, such sparkling fountains, such cool shades and balmy breezes, such lovely and beautiful women. No other writers have ever rivaled the authors of those tales in their descriptions of the fabulous and supernatural. When one reads those marvelous stories, he seems to be looking in upon another world—upon a state of existence, and a race of beings, entirely different from our own, yet agitated and influenced by the same passions and feelings as those by which we ourselves are governed.

I shall now pass on to the closing years of the Romantic Period,—to those years when the darkness of the Middle Ages was drawing to an end, and the germs of our modern literature and science were rooting themselves in the hearts of men. It was in Italy that the seed was first sown, by Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio, which, shortly, yielded a thousand fold, and has now covered the earth with its fruit. The Englishman, Chaucer, was, also, cotemporary with these noble Italians; and penned his quaint "Canterbury Tales" while Petrarch was sighing for his beloved Laura, and the amorous Boccaccio was toying, in the royal gardens of Naples, with the raven ringlets of his beautiful Fiametta:—Boccaccio, the author of the Decameron, a work whose influence upon literature is still felt throughout the world. The Decameron is a collection of novellettes; and, though containing many a passage shocking to ears polite in the present fastidious age, is characterized by wit, humor, and satire,—by elegance of style and beauty of description. It excited, on its appearance, the utmost enthusiasm among the literary circles of Europe; and it has afforded a model for a host of later writers. Several of its stories are taken from the writings of Apuleius; and modern authors, both English and French, have, in their turn, used the narratives of the Decameron as a ground-work for their own compositions.

Thus have we traced the progress of literature from the earliest times

to the dawn of that morning which shone over Europe in the fifteenth century. We have seen the simple savage, as he listened to the wild tales of his priests; we have tasted the ambrosial banquets of the Augustan Age;—have sat in the courts of Love with gentle knights and fair ladies of a later time; and now we are come to the gilded portals of our own temple of imagination. It remains for us, each one at his pleasure, to enter in and admire its fair proportions;—view its monuments of the illustrious dead;—and listen to the words of those high-priests who still serve at the altar of the Airy Muse.

SCHOLARS AND GRUBS.

THE author of a poem nearly as remarkable for false doctrine, as for the splendor of great and original imagery, makes one of his characters say:

> "I know what study is: it is to toil
> Hard through the hours of the sad midnight watch,
> At tasks which seem a systematic curse,
> And course of bootless penance. Night by night
> To trace one's thoughts, as if on iron leaves."

The same author says of himself:

> * * * "The course of study I
> Went through was of the soul-rack. The degree
> I took was high: it was wise wretchedness."

In these passages he undoubtedly meant to give us his idea of a scholar; but he has rather given a graphic description of the individual denominated, in college parlance, a *grub;* a character that, instead of eliciting admiration, is repulsive, and justly so. The poem itself shows that it is the fruit of such "soul-rack"—such "wise-wretchedness." We do not know of a work in the English language which comprises at once such beauties of thought and expression, and such glaring defects. It is the legitimate production of the fevered, unnatural action of the poet's mind, an action which must necessarily result from such a training.

Now, while the path of the scholar is a toilsome one, there is a broad distinction between him and the grub. Science has placed her temple on an eminence, up which her devotee must toil; but there are no instruments of torture to quicken his step in the ascent. On the other hand, as he nears the glorious structure that invites him with open portals, his eye is fixed upon it with such increasing wonder and admiration, that he almost forgets the weariness of the way. "All discipline," says an American scholar of whom we may be justly proud, "all discipline of the human mind ought to minister to its enjoyment and its strength. That is a false method of discipline, by which it is made to work by an ungenial effort, much more by spasms and convulsively. It was made to work, like Nature itself, calmly, continuously, strongly, happily. When, therefore, we find a system of training resulting in a labored, anxious, intermittent, and irksome activity, we may be sure something is wrong. In this connection, weakness and tedium are faults; sickness is sin."

That this is the truth the experience of every scholar testifies. Like the grub, he may *anticipate* effort with shrinking, and enter upon it reluctantly; but once girded for the work, all shrinking and reluctance are gone, and the very effort itself stimulates him to strong, yet genial, action. From this stimulus, as from a spark, are the kindlings of enthusiasm, which will soon wax to a noble passion, nerving him to an increasingly ardent pursuit of his object. A chastened enthusiasm distinguishes a true, natural character, from a pretender in any pursuit. In the former it is sure to manifest itself, though, perhaps, differently in different individuals. It may appear in some bold, striking attitude, as in the artist, Vernet, who, when on board a ship in the midst of a raging tempest when all hope was given up, was discovered by the astonished captain, his pencil in hand, in calm enthusiasm sketching the terrible world of waters, studying the wave that was rising to devour him. Or it may appear as in Professor Edwards, whose life was one of uncommon serenity, yet "his entire frame would sometimes tremble with emotion, as he detected the idea which had lain hidden under a vexed paragraph of the classics."

It is only such an enthusiasm that can account for the numerous instances on record of severe and long continued application, attended, yet, with the highest delight. Caius Sulpitius Gallus, the object of Cato's admiration, when he sat down to write in the morning, was surprised by the evening; and when he took up his pen in the evening, was surprised by the morning. Buffon, in speaking of himself, says: "Invention de-

pends on patience; contemplate your subject long; it will gradually unfold till a sort of electric spark convulses for a moment the brain, and spreads down to the very heart. Then come the luxuries of genius, the true hours for composition; hours so delightful that I have spent twelve or fourteen successively at my writing-desk, and still been in a state of pleasure."

Not only do instances of single efforts like these illustrate our point, but also the results of the entire lives of great scholars. The magnitude of those monuments of industry which Cicero, Erasmus, Lord Bacon, and Edwards, have left to the world, astonish us; and, as we reflect on the labors which raised them, our emotions are like those of the traveler who beholds the grandeur of the temple of Athor, or threads his way among the immense obelisks and lotus-crowned columns of Karnak. But the labors of those men did not consist in the "soul-rack," the "wise wretedness," described by the author of Festus, for, then, we must not only count them great scholars, but their works must remain, like Pithom and Raamses to the children of Israel, monuments assuring us that they were also great slaves.

THE ABSOLUTISM OF GOOD.

The paradox of political economy, as stated by Professor Bowen, is this:—"Value depends on difficulty of attainment; the only method of creating value is to lessen, or overcome, this difficulty; but so soon as you remove *all* difficulty; when there is no longer any obstacle in the way between man and the gratification of his desires; then value also disappears, and the boundless wealth which seemed just within our grasp is suddenly changed, as by a magical incantation, into dross and nothingness.

This paradox, which is; and can be, true, only when value is understood in its politico-economical sense, as "the power to purchase other things," or as exchangeable value, has been applied by moralists and writers of a certain school to value in its ordinary acceptation as "Power to confer

benefit;" and they have given us a paradox in moral philosophy something like this, though not so formally stated:—"Good is the object for which man seeks. Evil stands betwixt him and his object. This evil must be removed before he can secure the good; but so soon as you remove all evil, you destroy all good." And we find men who make this the foundation of their philosophy, and who see great utility in evil;—in fact, an absolute necessity for its existence. Shakspeare tells us that

> "The strawberry grows underneath the nettle;
> And wholesome berries thrive, and ripen best
> Neighboured by fruit of baser quality."

We meet the same idea in a great many writers—men with whom Elysium is only the antipode of Hades; with whom the end and aim of all progress is simply progress. To them, the idea of excluding evil from the universe of God by an infinite extension of God seems heterodox and contradictory, as the proposal of Columbus to reach the East Indies by sailing west did to the ecclesiastical convocation at Salamanca. The declaration of the Apostle Paul, that he had not known sin but for a knowledge of the law, is reversed; and we now hear that we had not known good, but for the introduction of evil. Doubtless, the Divine Architect should have delayed His declaration, that "it was all very good," until Eve had plucked the fruit of the tree, which act consummated the great work, and gave value to the whole. Most certainly we do not deny that good and evil are opposites, and that contrast exhibits beauty and deformity in a stronger light; but, that one is dependent for its existence upon the other, or that one enhances the other, we do deny. Undoubtedly, a man who had been blind, and was now restored to sight, would mark a strong contrast betwixt the gloom and sorrow of the one state, and the light and joy of the other; but how, or why, he should positively enjoy, except so far as the element of novelty enters in, a beautiful landscape, or a star-bestudded sky, more than myself, I cannot understand. I have been accustomed to think of God as existing, and completely happy in the perfection of his being, long before the existence or defection of Satan; nor do I suppose that his happiness was in the least augmented by the contrast which was then instituted between good and evil. I think this false view of the nature of good is calculated to do harm. Good is absolute; evil is its perversion. The student need not fear to remove all error, lest he should pluck down the pillars of truth. Nor should the Christian fear that the correction and removal of all evil involves the annihilation of good: the incense of Heaven is not the sul-

phurous flame of Hades; nor do the groans of despair give zest to the songs of praise. There is, in the mind and soul of man, a capacity for happiness which is not simply comparative, but actual and absolute, and which finds its origin, not in the overthrow of evil, but in the correlation of the soul to the circumstances in which it exists: and, this correspondence being perfect, and the capacity of the soul being infinite, this good will be an infinite good; and progress will be the expansion of the *perfect in kind* toward the *perfect in degree*,—the unfolding of the powers of receptivity which are infinite. When the æolian harp of the soul has been rightly attuned, there will be no discord in its gushing song of joy which shall swell forever, and gladden as it swells, into the symphony of an eternal song.

THE OLD ROMANCE.

The student as he treads the walks of early English literature is constantly inquiring what earlier forms that literature has taken, and what was its first step in development. The strongly marked difference between the literature of the nineteenth, and that of the seventeenth century, leads him to consider what difference existed between the productions of the seventeenth and fourteenth centuries, and thus to trace back the development of literature, step by step, until he arrives at the earliest form which it assumed. In this study he cannot fail to observe that the farther back he goes the literature becomes less elaborate and but little dependent upon expression. The earliest literature of England is not a thoughtful literature. It is simply a story telling literature growing out of the character of the age. It was not an age of thinkers; or, if there were any great thinkers, they were hermits shutting themselves up to their own thoughts, priests, half Christians, half Druids, communing apart in the wild forests—men who could not, and who would not, influence the character of a whole people.

And yet such a literature is not devoid of interest. It contains so much

that is the simple and natural utterance of the human heart, even though it be not indicative of any great mental exertion. Tennyson has not despised its pleasant tales, but has enriched his own poems with many treasures drawn from its bountiful storehouse.

Let us consider then the origin and nature of the early Romance.

The origin of Romance has been the subject of much controversy. It will not be possible to consider, within these brief limits, the arguments and conjectures which have been brought forward to substantiate the claims of the several hypotheses advanced by Ritson, Percy, Warton, and others; and so I will simply state the leading theories, reserving a little space for the consideration of the one which appears to stand upon the best ground. These theories may be reduced to four heads. 1, That what are termed the "arbitrary" fictions of romance have been exclusively derived from the northern Scalds. This was first proposed by M. Mallet, and has since been strongly urged by Dr. Percy and others. 2, That the origin of Romantic fiction was among the Saracens. This view was held by Thomas Warton in his "History of English Poetry." 3, That Romance sprang up in the province of Bretagne in France. 4, That the origin of Romance in every country must be sought for within the limits of that country.

It is this last view which, to my mind, carries with it the most authority. Every nation which lays claim to antiquity has within its old manuscripts or traditions many strange fictions, which tell of monsters, terrible fights, and deeds of valor, indicating, apparently, great prowess in the founders of the nation, and, by contrast, sad degeneracy in the might of their children. Indeed, the very fact that there are so many conjectures in regard to the origin of romantic fiction, giving to almost every civilized nation the honor of being its originators, would go far to prove that Romance is indigenous to every soil and clime; and that we must not strive to fix its birth-place among any one people, and then mark its migrations to other nations. In fact, the tales of every country are characteristic of the nature of the inhabiting people. The splendor and luxury of the Arabian Nights points to their eastern origin, as plainly as the adventures of the Ice-King would denote the paternity of the Scandinavian Eddas.

Each of the theories that have been mentioned is thus in a measure the right one. Those scholars who have been determined that the northern Scalds should be the originators of fiction, and have labored hard in defense of this theory, have merely proved that Romance had an origin

among the Scalds, not that this was *the* origin, *par excellence*. The same is true of those who have successively referred this origin to the Armoricans and Saracens; we thank them for their labors, for they have greatly assisted us in arriving at the truth, although they have not substantiated their own theory.

The origin of the Romantic fiction, then, of any country must be sought within the limits of that country. In its crude and unfinished state, the old Romance existed only in the minds of the people. It sprang up there. One of its most important constituents may be referred, for its origin, to the feeling of superstition, which is so prominent an element of the human mind. This superstitious feeling, through the agency of a vivid imagination, gives birth to uncouth shapes, hobgoblins, and monsters of every description; and the same feeling, subdued by the more delicate promptings of fancy, produces graceful images of fairies and spirits. Now this was a common ingredient of the old Romance. It was the machinery of the story, and was introduced for effect, like the stage scenes of the modern drama. It was this that gave the Romance such a relish in the minds of a superstitious people. I fear that all the deeds of the doughty knights who figure so largely in the ponderous tomes of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, would have found but few admirers, and attracted very few wonder-struck listeners, if they had not been flavored with a strong tincture of the marvelous. The bold warrior who rode about the country, challenging to a duel every man who would not acknowledge the superior beauty of his lady, gained much of his popularity from his encounters with horrid dragons, and from the ease with which he extricated himself from perilous positions, by assuming the shape of the most convenient animal, or even, in very extreme cases, of vanishing altogether; and I suspect, that even in this practical age, the best known passages in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," are Christian's fight with Apollyon, and his walk through the Valley of Humiliation.

But these stories of the marvelous are but the machinery, as I have said, of the old Romance. The ground work consists chiefly of wars, chivalric games, exploits and tournaments. We can find the origin of this, too, in the constitution of the mind. It arises from that feeling of pride, which prompts one, next to his own deeds of valor, to love best to hear of the renown of his ancestors. It is a strongly marked characteristic of the national mind, and exhibits itself emphatically in the histories of a nation, which, however impartial they may be in relating to its civil difficulties, are yet uniformly persistent in claiming the right and glory to

their country, in regard to international affairs; and the earlier the period of which history treats, and the more uncertain the real truth, with the greater assurance does the historian assert his country's honor and precedence.

We have seen, then, that the origin of Romantic fiction in its crude and traditional form may be referred to two characteristics of the human mind—superstition and pride. This form of Romance is observable among those people, who have no written literature, as in the legends of the North American Indians. Let us now trace the development of Romantic fiction to its written and more stable form. Our knowledge of the literature of different people has taught us, that its earliest form is the metrical Romance. In this character it has appeared, prior to the production of prose works, and is the first style, after the meagre chronology, in which history has been handed down. We find this evinced in the Iliad of Homer, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, and the metrical Romances of France and England. Such a development is a natural one. In the state of society which succeeded the first separation of classes of people—when families were brought together into clans, there sprang up that rivalry between different orders which broke out into open and fierce hostilities; but this course of war and bloodshed spent itself after a while, and there followed a period in which the rivalry, though just as strong as before, was yet modified by the ascendancy of man's better nature, and displayed itself rather in a valorous measuring of lances, and finally, after being subjected to various influences, took the form of chivalry, with all its attendant forms and obligations. Now the knight of chivalry was not a gentlemanly scholar with strong literary propensities. We all know his characteristics, and can hardly read the words Knight, Squire, Tournament, Helmet, Lance, Banquet, without seeming to see the high-mettled charger, with his rider armed *cap à pie*, and to hear the clanging of the horns and ringing of the golden goblets. All the summer long the assembled knights vied with each other in deeds of chivalry; but when the winter came, and each knight was shut up in his castle by icy barriers—when the day wore heavily by, and the festive board had lost much of its attraction, because he brought to it no appetite whetted by some sharp encounter or gallant resistance*—it was then that necessity called forth for his entertainment, the vocal and instrumental powers of some one of

*It is related of King Arthur that he made a vow that while he wore a crown, he never would seat himself at table till some adventure had occurred; the same vow was taken by all the Knights of the Round Table. No wonder they exhibited such eagerness to fight!

his retainers, who brought with him his harp, and beguiled the knight of some of his weary hours. But what was the theme of the song which was accompanied by the harp? Naturally these songs turned upon subjects most interesting to the listeners. It is evident that the harpist would have had but sorry attention, if he had rehearsed some of the mathematics in poetry which forms part of the literature of India; neither did he discourse metaphysics in the guise of verse, for he would have surely been sent to Bedlam, if there were any such institution at that time. He let such subjects alone, but as the knight and his boon companions filled up the wassail bowl, and sat around the blazing yule log, he sang to his harp the weird romances which were floating in the minds of everybody, taking for their heroes, the ancestors of the knight and making them the embodiment of all the known virtues. And as he thus recounted their marvelous deeds, flattering the pride of the knight, and relieving the tediousness of the long hours, it is not surprising that the harpist should become a necessary institution in the king's household; and as these songs were sung over and over, (like other stories, losing nothing by repetition,) they became fixed in the minds of men, and were finally written down as they were sung by some thoughtful persons, and thus became the earliest form of literature.

Such, then, was the origin and development of romantic fiction—a literature characterized by the most grotesque and fantastic scenes—the most frank and open representations of human life, and some of the most simple and beautiful exhibitions of the nobler elements of human nature. It was not free from the faults of the age; it partook necessarily of its grossness; but men had not then learnt to conceal hideous vices under show of a spurious modesty, nor was there in it any of that sly hinting at immorality, which makes you throw aside the works of Sterne in disgust. The darkest, and the brightest, sides of human character were depicted with equal truth. And, in addition to this, it gave a lively and graphic picture of the state of society at that time. It is not surprising, then, that this old romance should be a favorite resort for the poet. It is to him like one of those cherished spots in nature where the old trees have been left standing, under whose shade he can carry his mind back to the time when those trees first sprang up. He has tried to transplant some of the beautiful wild flowers that grow there, to his own garden, that his friends may also enjoy their sweetness. But not every poet is a good gardener. Some, like Bulwer, have indeed brought with them the beautiful plants, but have set them out, side by side, with the weeds and thistles

of their own cultivation. There are, at least, two poets, however, who have not transplanted these flowers in vain; and, as by cultivation the plant gains in beauty of form and richness of color, while it loses in fragrance, so has it been with these flowers culled from the field of romance, for it is to these old tales that we owe some of the choicest of Tennyson's poems, and by far the most exquisite of James Russell Lowell's productions—"The Vision of Sir Launfal."

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

It is yet early morning, but the stillness is broken by the shrill notes of a horn, swelling on the breeze from yon chatelet that overhangs the Rhine. The drawbridge is dropped, and a gallant cavalier, riding a beautiful Flemish charger, and followed by a small mounted retinue, shoots across it towards the Black Forest. Ere he is lost in the distance, he looks back frequently, waving and kissing his hand to a lady who is standing tearfully at a lofty oriel. Is it the quarry that he is going to follow? No—for it was but yester-evening that he returned to the castle laden with the spoils of a successful hunt. Is it on an expedition against a neighboring baron? No, thank God!—for he is at peace with all men but the Infidel. Is it a wedding that he would attend? No—for he rideth not a Spanish jennet, which befits the high-born when they go to a joust or a merry-making. Whither, then, flies he with such speed? It is Conradin, the young lord of that Rhenish castle; he has lately wedded the gentle Wilhemine, but his martial spirit and religious zeal being aroused by the din of war, he bids farewell to his lovely bride, and hastens to join the chivalric host of the Crusaders, which is preparing to march through Hungary to the Holy Land.

* * * * * * *

Long did sweet Wilhemine pine for her spouse. She heard of his joining the host, and that was all. At first, she sought to solace her drooping mind and relieve her loneliness with household duties, such as

working embroidery and overseeing her damsels perform their appointed tasks in the dairy or at the loom. On gala days, the simple peasant women of the domain, with their rosy-faced children, came to the chateau to receive the gifts of her bounty. She visited the sick, and comforted the sorrowing, from whom (poor heart!) she herself had need of comfort. Beloved, very much beloved, was she by her husband's vassals, and, for her sake, they longed for his return; for day by day her face became more thin, her eye more wildly lustrous, and her step more feeble. She loved to mount to the battlements of a tower, from whence she could view the spot where her Conradin was last seen before he vanished in the mazes of the forest; or, still more often, she might be seen gazing from a loop-hole that looked up the winding course of the peaceful Rhine, if perchance she might discover him lying in one of the barges floating down its glittering current, returning, wounded, to die in her arms.

Thus months and years went drearily by; and then an aged palmer, who stopped at the warder's lodge for a little refreshment, reported that he had been by Conradin's side in many a terrible conflict, and that, at length, he had seen him fall on the field of battle, and give up the ghost. Carefully and tenderly did they convey these mournful, but long anticipated, tidings to the sorrowing baroness. Like the rest, she had looked forward to such a melancholy termination of his noble life, and yet, when the intelligence came, she was totally unprepared for its reception. When made known to her, she received it calmly, but from that hour her attendants perceived in her actions the mournful signs of incipient insanity. She now wandered listlessly over the castle, regarding no one, and rarely speaking but in incoherent strains, in which the name of Conradin was continually repeated.

Honest Rudiger, the seneschal, was now getting old. His limbs grew weak, his eyes lost their wonted fires, his voice dwindled to a low, tremulous tone. But with all the changes which time wrought upon him, old Rudiger continued faithful to his poor mistress. He had known her from her infancy, and he grieved for her in her present forlorn condition. He strove to preserve the castle in repair, and to keep her affairs in order till such period as God should see fit to restore her reason, or take her to Himself. But, in spite of all his care, the old castle fell rapidly to ruin. Rank sedge choked up the sluggish waters of the moat, ivy spread its tendrils over the mouldering parapet of the round tower nearest the Rhine, and the grass sprung up between the flagstones of the court, where resounded no longer the clatter of the steed and the shout of his rider.

The owl now made herself a refuge in the crannies of the dilapidated wall, and the faded banner had long been torn from its shaking staff. All without showed neglect and decay. Within, there was the same lamentable state of things. Many of the family domestics had died, and the remainder wandered decrepit and disconsolate along the lonely and silent passages of the castle. Attachment to the spot, and pity for the crazed and widowed baroness, alone kept them there.

Wilhemine continued for many a weary year in her sad aberration of mind, which only appeared the more sorrowful, since it took such a mild, inoffensive turn. While all her other faculties were obscured, her memory seemed to grow brighter towards the end. She would totter through the echoing building, from chamber to chamber, conversing with Conradin as if he were by her side, as when he brought her there on his bridal day, and led her, for the first time through the spacious halls, and told her she was mistress of them all. Or she would look towards the east, and say, "Dear Conradin! why do you forsake me? why will you not stay, and be the solace of your Wilhemine? You will die far away from me, and who will soothe your dying hour? Oh! Conradin, forsake, me not!"

At length, Heaven seemed to answer the prayers which Gudile, her old nurse, continually offered up at the shrines of the blessed saints, and the light of intelligence again dawned in the blue eye of sweet Wilhemine. But it was granted only that she might prepare for a world where the weary are at rest. She contemplated the past with an affecting serenity, and spoke with composure of her departed lord. Many hours did she now spend in her orisons, and in giving alms to the poor, whom she almost reproached herself for having so long neglected. She no longer gazed with that long, unsatisfied look, as in former times, on the sunny Rhine, but, with an angelic expression on her countenance, she walked the earth like a beatified spirit. The aged seneschal looked up to her with his sightless balls, as he heard her messages of peace, and blessed the hour which had restored him his sweet little daughter, Wilhemine—for so he loved to call her.

But this happy change did not continue long; it was only the prelude to the final catastrophe. Rapidly, very rapidly, she approached the grave. It was now late in the autumn, that season which typifies the dissolution of man. The bleak winds had been whistling around the dismantled towers of the castle, but had subsided, and a few rays of cheering sun again lit up the battlements. But the warder, an ancient whose days had been spent in ruminating on the inconstancy of life, and watching the changes

of the elements for three score years and ten, shook his head ominously, and predicted a storm. A black, one-eyed grimalkin, always stealing companionless about the solitary halls, was seen licking himself in the sunlight, which sign also prognosticated evil to come. The sun went down, throwing a lurid glare on the Rhine, which appeared in the crimson light quivering on its surface to run with blood; and black, stormy clouds rolled in massive waves in the west, their crisped edges tinged with fiery gold. As the oppressive darkness came on, a moon-eyed screech-owl stationed itself on a bartizan's parapet, and welcomed with lugubrious note, the rising tempest.

The Lady Wilhemine now retired to a remote apartment, and reclined on a couch in a corner of the dark hall. She felt that her end was approaching. Her faithful retainers, some impelled by superstitious fears, others to relieve her solitude, had all gathered here, nor was old Rudiger wanting from among them. They sat sadly around the hall, whispering in low tones, and gazing vacantly on the darting flames in the huge fire-place, whose fitful light played on their faces and threw the back part of the room into impenetrable gloom. They were suddenly and fearfully startled by the piercing blast of a clarion, which rang long and loud directly under the castle walls—a sound that, almost time out of mind, had not disturbed the desolation of the fortress. Again the sharp sounds vollied on the night air, and this time they all averred that it was Ulrich's trumpet which blew that blast—Ulrich, the valvasor's* merry and valiant squire. The warder hastened to the gate with all the speed his feeble steps could muster, and gave the long unuttered challenge. It was Ulrich, indeed, but he answered in a hollow voice which seemed not of earth, and his courser vanished in the murky darkness with the noiselessness of a spectral horse. Ulrich only tarried to give the intelligence that by midnight Conradin would be there!

Wilhemine received the intelligence as if it were expected, and said she knew that she should see him once more before she died. When the servants had in some measure recovered from their astonishment and rejoicing, they applied themselves to prepare for the reception of their liege. The dark, oak-panneled festive halls, where the sound of wassail had long been hushed, were lighted again with numerous torches, whose

* It will readily be seen that the meaning applied to this word, in this place, is that given to it by Du Cange, who contends that the *valvasors* were those who held their office from the king, such as *barons*, *counts*, etc.; while the *valvasini* held their office from these noblemen.

smoky flare gave a more dismal aspect to the decaying furniture and walls. Choice Rhenish, which had been mellowing untouched for years in the unfrequented vaults of the castle, sparkled again, side by side with the massive family plate, on the board. Fires were lighted in the kitchen's extensive ranges, and all things were in readiness for the arrival of Conradin. In the meantime the sky was veiled in almost painful obscurity, and the portentous stillness of the night was only broken by the faint, surge-like roar of the distant forests, the moan of the rushing river, and the incessant, but measured, hoot of the owl—that cabalistic fowl whose brooding prophesies no good.

At midnight the warder, who was waiting patiently in his lodge for his master, heard a voice at the drawbridge craving admittance. The voice strangely resembled Conradin's, but yet it was sepulchral—like Ulrich's, unearthly. "Who art thou that wanderest abroad at such an hour?" demanded the warder. "A poor minnie singer, who fears the gathering storm, and begs a shelter for the night. Perchance my lady would be soothed by a poor man's song." The watchman, hospitably inclined, sent up to his mistress to learn her bidding. "Haply he may sing to me of my beloved," she said; "give him food and shelter." Strange, thought her attendants, was such an idea, when Conradin himself was momentarily expected. They feared that the joyful tidings so lately heard had again affected her reason. The singer was introduced into her presence, and, drawn by an event so uncommon, of late, in the castle, the household reassembled, to listen to his strains. He was tall, but his robe hung loosely around his almost skeleton form; his countenance, hidden by the folds of his sackcloth cowl, was invisible, and his footfall was inaudible as he trod the rushes of the hall. Those who watched Wilhemine saw, or thought they saw, the hectic flush in her sunken cheek change to a deathly pallor when her eye fell on the stranger, but she continued silent, merely motioning with her long, thin finger to the palmer for him to seat himself in a massive arm-chair. The awful stillness of the room was such that the bystanders could each one hear the flurried palpitation of his neighbor's heart.

The solemn visitant touched the strings of his harp; its vibration thrilled to the roots of the hair, and there was not one present who shuddered not with nervous fear and excitement. He sang, but his voice was not of the living but the dead; it made no sound; it broke on the ear as if from the earth beneath; it seemed the echo of a yet unproduced sound, like the shadow of a thing unseen. While the faintest noise was repeated

in the dusky, stone vault overhead, his voice, the echo of a sound, was itself echoless. As the tattered tapestry waved in the air that crept through the crevices, and the gusty wind was heard without, the weird Unknown sang as follows:

SONG.

I.

Say, who weepeth in the tower,
  Who lamenteth in the hall?
Let her breathe her sighs no more,
  Let her tears no longer fall.
While she weepeth, weep the dead
  In sepulchral regions dwelling,
  With a wild, unearthly wailing;
May she now be comforted.

II.

For behold her lord is come,
  Riding on the rushing storm,
From the cloisters of the tomb,
  From the kingdom of the worm.
Shall not he, her chosen soul,
  O'er whose memory years are rolling,
  Dark oblivion ever knolling,
Guide her spirit to its goal?

III.

Howl, ye winds, these turrets round,
  With a dread, tumultuous boom!
Shake, ye blast, the very ground!
  Seal the castle's final doom!
Bid the dead, who down below
  In ancestral vaults are crumbling,
  Rise, and welcome, with your rumbling,
Conradin of long ago!

IV.

Hail, my castle home of yore!
  I have borne the lance and helm,
I have heard the deep tambour,
  I have walked the shadowy realm,
Since thou sawest thy Conradin.
  Time, the stern and all-consuming,
  Hath not touched the beauty blooming
Of the weeping Wilhemine.

V.

Seen are all her dewy tears—
  Let the bell of midnight toll,
As her spirit disappears,
  For the passing of a soul.
Spectres of baronial line!
  Weep, with doleful lamentation,
  For the castle's desolation,
For the gentle Wilhemine.

VI.

Sweep the sadly-solemn dirge
  With the rising of the gale—
Swell it like an ocean surge—
  Shriek it, with a piercing wail,
For the noble Conradin!
  Rhineland! let thy sons and daughters
  Mourn, with sound like many waters,
For the last one of his line!

The grave-like music was frequently interrupted by the roar of the tempest, which had now reached its height. The storm whirled and thundered around the ramparts, the hail battered against the time-beaten walls like showers of quarrels from the vibalists of an assaulting foe, the ancient towers rocked to their foundations, and the river that rolleth by forever dashed madly at the foot of the castle. The iron-bound gates grumbled on their rusty hinges, the rude casements shook to the blast, the defaced armor rattled as it hung on the walls, and a sconce, pendent by a silver chain from the keystone of the hollow ceiling overhead, swung to and fro, as if moved by a witched spell. Above all arose the wild scream of a bugle-horn, the terrible neigh of phantom steeds, and the tumultuous bark of infernal hounds, that no man had yet seen. The Wild Huntsman of the Oldenwalde was passing by. The owl flapped his mighty pinions to the storm, and gave a last prolonged cry.

Overcome with terror, the attendants of Wilhemine remained immovably in their places. The stranger arose, and took the lady's hand; when the servants sprang forward in alarm, to resent the supposed insult, the two vanished from their grasp, and were seen no more.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

Of all the tales narrated in the old romantic fiction of England, none are so full of beauty and wildness as the tale, or rather collection of tales relating to King Arthur. The peculiar manner in which these stories were composed, being recited like the early Grecian poetry, necessarily rendered them very inharmonious. Each rhapsodist, taking some of the main facts in the generally received traditions, so interwove them with the products of his own imagination, that there were as many distinct stories as there were rhapsodists. There was no attempt to produce harmony, and consequently it is very difficult so to collate the different manuscripts and books as to arrive at one connected account of the adventures of Arthur. The numerous metrical romances, which existed both in English and French, were, however, compiled and modified by Sir Thomas Malory, and brought together in the prose work, called *La Mort d' Arthur*. It is mainly from this that I have derived the facts to be stated. The prose history of Geoffry of Monmouth, in which is related the life of Arthur, contains accounts of only a few matter of fact battles, speeches and exploits, quite different from those narrated by the old romancers.

The manner of Arthur's enthronement was thus:—After the death of his father—Uther Pendragon, King of Britain—the nobles assembled, to elect a successor. This occasioned great strife, and the contest was still unsettled when one of them accidentally discovered, near by, a stone containing a sword, on which it was declared in letters of gold that the one who should draw it forth was to be the rightful heir to the throne. Each of the rival knights essayed to do this, but they all failed; when Arthur, a mere stripling, came forward, and, easily drawing out the sword, was unanimously proclaimed king.

Among his attendants was Merlin, who figures largely among the heroes of the time as an enchanter and prophet. He was Arthur's constant companion, and assisted him, by his supernatural powers, to escape readily from all difficulties. Once, afterwards, Arthur was deprived of his sword in an engagement, and Merlin promised him a new and more

powerful one. As they were riding together one day, they came to a lake, in the middle of which Arthur saw an arm clothed in white samite holding a sword in its hand. "Lo," said Merlin, "yonder is that sword that I spake of." With that they saw a damsel going upon the lake. "What damsel is that?" said Arthur. "That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin. Anon came the damsel unto Arthur and saluted him, and he her again. "Damsel," said Arthur, "what sword is that, that yonder the arm holdeth above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword." "Sir Arthur, King," said the damsel, "that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it you, ye shall have it." "By my faith," said Arthur, "I will give you what gift ye will ask." "Well," said the damsel, "go ye into yonder barge, and row yourself to the sword, and take it and scabbard with you, and I will ask my gift when I see my time."* Arthur did thus, and bore away the sword. This was the famous sword *Excalibur* which he carried with him all his life, and with which he performed all the astounding deeds related of him. In his death, too, it occupies a prominent place, as we shall hereafter see.

When Arthur had fairly taken possession of his throne, he began to look about him for a queen; and, after visiting several of the neighboring kings, he, at length, with Merlin's advice, resolved to wed Guinevere, a lady of noble blood and beauteous person; who, however, did not manifest an undivided affection for her liege lord.

But Arthur brought home from her father's house a greater and more renowned gift; for he there received the ROUND TABLE. Around this assembled the king and his companion knights, and as each returned from his journeyings, he related there his adventures. The origin of the Round Table, as found in the old romance, is one of those extravagances which we hardly know whether to call superstitious or blasphemous. That tendency which exists in every heathen country, only partially christianized, to seek a compromise between the fables of heathenism and the teachings of the gospel, leads men to refer things marvelous to a Christian origin. Thus it was with these old romances. With a very vague idea of the spirituality of Christianity, they applied its doctrines and facts to the materiality of their original belief. This is plainly to be seen in the account given of the Round Table. Merlin, in conversation with Uther Pendragon, Arthur's father, tells him that Joseph of Arimathea being persecuted by the Jews, after the resurrection, for his attach-

*B. 1:25.

ment to our Savior, withdrew with a great part of his lineage and many of his followers into the wilderness. There, being distressed for food, our Lord bade him make a table like that which had been used at the last supper of the apostles; and in the middle of the table was a void seat, in memory of that which Judas Iscariot had left vacant till it was filled by Matthias. "Thus," said Merlin to Uther, "there were two tables established; and, if you will listen to me, you will establish the third in the name of the Trinity; for the Trinity is always signified by three, and if you do this, great profit will it be to you both in body and soul." So Merlin made the Round Table at Cardnel in Wales, but it was much larger than the apostles' table, since various accounts place the number of knights who sat at it, from fifty to two hundred and fifty. So marvelous were the effects of the table, that after these knights had sat at it once, they became as loving as brothers to each other, even though they had never seen each other before.

At the death of Uther, the table passed into the hands of Ladugan, the father of Guinevere. When Arthur received Guinevere as his queen, her father gave to him this table as a dowry, and forthwith it was established at Camelot, where Arthur's court was gathered. There was at this table, as at Joseph's, an empty seat called *The Sege Perilous.** This seat, long vacant, for no one dared to take it, was to be occupied only by him who should accomplish the quest of the Sancgreal, or Holy Grail.

The story of the Grail is the most remarkable of all the superstitions connected with the Round Table, and indeed the "Alcoran," as it has been called, of Arthurian Romance. It gave a strange coloring to the adventures of the knights, and was, in fact, the great object of those adventures. It is far more extravagant and daring than the story of the Round Table itself. According to the romancers, it was the cup from which Christ partook of his last supper, and which Joseph of Arimathea afterward used, to collect the blood that flowed from the wounds of the Redeemer. Upon coming to Great Britain, he brought with him this cup. At his death, it passed into the hands of his lineal descendants; but one of its keepers having failed to keep the requirements of its service, it disappeared, no one knew whither. To obtain this many a knight had roamed over the whole world, and now the order of the Round Table had vowed to seek it. But who was to achieve the quest? Did it de-

*Sege. Seat. A. S.

upon the prowess of the warrior? or upon the chivalrous heart? The Holy Grail was to be obtained only by a maiden knight, one luted and chaste. Forth went those knights to seek it, each resolv- at he would be its attainer. No danger deterred them, and when as faint and sick, worn out by his laborious search, the invisible n clad in white, who bore about the precious cup, would appear be- im, and the goblet, touched to his lips, instantly revived him. Sir elot, with all his courage and chivalric attainments, had no power ieve the quest by reason of his guilty commerce with Queen Guin-

He is permitted to see its miraculous power in curing a compan- ight, and once, indeed, does it come near to him. He is visiting Pelles. "They went into the castle to take their repast, and anon in a damsel, passing fair and young; and she bare a vessel of gold t her hands, and thereto the king kneeled devoutly and said his s, and so did all that were there." "O Jesu," said Sir Launcelot, may this mean?" "This is," said the king, "the richest thing y man hath living; and when this thing goeth about, the Round shall be dissolved; and know thou well, this is the holy Sancgreal e have here seen."*

by one the knights of the Round Table died without obtaining it, one of them was pure of heart. And now came forward Sir Gala- on of Launcelot, and he gave up his life to the quest.

"Sometimes on lonely mountain meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board; no helmsman steers;
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail;
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah! blessed vision! blood of God!
Thy spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides, the glory slides,
And, star-like, mingles with the stars.

* * * * *

Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear;
O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is ever near!

1: 2.

So pass I hostel, hall and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail."

Thus sang the maiden knight, who was the only one of the order that was permitted to hold the cup in his hand. The story of Sir Galahad is the most beautiful of all the romances of the Round Table. He sets out in life in search of the Grail, without a stain upon his heart, passes through temptations which have no power to turn him aside, and, under the influence of the Grail which so often appears to him, grows more spiritual and holy, and so ethereal, that he seems almost to lose his corporeal existence, and to become a spirit of holiness. This exquisite character, thus rendered more and more unearthly, is maintained even to the close of his life. For after he had, at length, held the blessed cup in his hand, "he kneeled down and made his prayers, and then suddenly his soul departed unto Jesus Christ, and a great multitude of angels bare his soul up to heaven, that his two fellows might behold it; also his two fellows saw come down from heaven a hand, but they saw not the body, and then it came right to the vessel, and took it, and so bare it up to heaven. Sithence was there never no man so hardy for to say that he had seen the Sancgreal."*

With him ended for ever the Quest of the Holy Grail, though Lowell in his "Vision of Sir Launful" has made the hero to seek for it long after the time of Sir Galahad. In this poem is beautifully expressed the mystic meaning which we, in modern times, might attribute to the Grail —that it is the cup which we fill for the thirsty poor, the crust which we break with them,

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,—
Not that which we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and we."

Of all the knights of the Round Table there was none so bold and chivalrous as the gallant Sir Launcelot du Lac. Even Arthur himself was inferior to him in prowess. The history of that king receives a strong coloring from the love which existed between his queen and Sir Launcelot. While that knight was the most valiant of all the king's vassals, he

*Part II., ch. 103.

was influenced, in all his deeds of valor, solely by the love of Guinevere. For her he laid heaps of tributary crowns at the feet of her husband. All his expeditions were undertaken at her instigation, and his single combats were engaged in mostly to defend her innocence, in which his success was not very well proportioned to his cause. Arthur suspected nothing, until the whole extent of their guilt was revealed to him. He engaged in war with Launcelot, who had withdrawn with Guinevere to his castle of Joyous Gard, and carried on the contest for several years, and ceased only when a papal bull was issued "commanding him, upon pain of interdicting of all England, that he take his queen, dame Guinevere, to him again, and accord with Sir Launcelot." On Arthur's death, Guinevere retired into a convent, and Launcelot to a hermitage. The lament over the death of Launcelot, by his brother Hector, is beautiful in itself, and interesting as a summary of the knightly virtues of the time. "Ah, Sir Launcelot, thou wert head of all Christian knights, and now I dare say," said Sir Hector, "thou Sir Launcelot that liest there, thou wert never matched of none earthly knight's hands. And thou wert the most courteous knight that ever bare shield. And thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse, and thou wert the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman. And thou wert the kindest man that ever stroke with sword. And thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights. And thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies. And thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest."* Upon the love of Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere, Tennyson has constructed the beautiful poem bearing that name.

The love of this knight for the queen was so loyal that no maiden, however fair, had power to charm him from her, and many were the hearts wounded by his coldness toward them. Of these the most beautiful instance was that of the fair Lady of Ascalot, or, as Tennyson has called it, Shalott. In the "Lady of Shalott," the poet has used great liberty with the old story; the curse that hangs over her

> If she stay
> To look down to Camelot,

the web she "weaves by night and day," and the mirror, with its shadows of the year, cracking from side to side as the spell is broken—are all drawn from the poet's own imagination, suggested, indeed, by the story,

*B. 21: 12.

but not embodied in the old romance. The original story is a simple one: Launcelot, on his way to the tournament at Winchester, is entertained by the Lord of Shalott and his beautiful daughter. The knight, who appears to have had the power of gaining the heart of every fair maiden, made this Lady of Shalott burn with love toward him. But, true to the one ruling passion of his life, he offered no return, and when he left she was unconsolable. Slowly she wasted away, the fire of love in her breast growing stronger every day. And when at last she found herself at the point of death, she implored her father to place her in a shallop, that she might be borne down to "many towered Camelot." As Arthur and one of his knights were sitting, at early dawn, in one of the castle rooms, they saw, from a window overlooking the river, a boat, richly ornamented and covered with an awning of cloth of gold, slowly drifting with the current. As it drew toward the castle, they descended, and entered it. Beneath the awning was a bed, decked with princely splendor, and upon it lay the lifeless body of a lovely woman; looking still closer they discovered a purse, richly embroidered with gold and jewels, and in it a letter to King Arthur and all the Knights of the Round Table, with these words:—"Most noble Knight, Sir Launcelot, now hath death made us two at debate for your love. I was your lover that men called the fair maiden of Ascalot, therefore unto all ladies I make my moan, yet pray for my soul, and bury me, at least, and offer ye my mass penny. This is my last request; pray for my soul, Sir Launcelot, as thou art peerless." "This was all the substance of the letter. And when it was read the king and queen and all the knights wept for pity of the doleful complaint." Then Sir Launcelot told to the assembled knights and ladies the story of the beautiful Lady of Shalott, and offered her mass as she desired.

Last of all the chapters in the romance of King Arthur, is the death of the king. A life so full of supernatural incident could not close, without some crowning wonder, and so the romancers, taking advantage of the popular belief in a second coming and reign of Arthur, have represented him, not as dying, but as being miraculously borne away. There is in the romance a long and vivid account of the fearful battle between the king and his nephew and rival, Mordrec. At the close of the battle, Arthur, wounded and faint, was left supported by the only surviving knights of the Round Table, Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere: Sir Lucan died as he attempted to carry his master from the field, and thus Sir Bedivere was the only one to attend him. The story of Arthur's

command to him to throw his good sword Excalibur into the lake, how the knight hid the sword and came back to the king telling him that he had "seen nothing but waters deep and waves wan," how the king angrily sent him back, and how on the third time Sir Bedivere courageously threw the sword into the lake, and told the king the wonder he had seen —all this is finely related in Tennyson's "Morte D' Arthur." The same piece tells also how Arthur was borne from the sight of Sir Bedivere; but I will give it in the words of the romance:—"Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water-side, and when they were at the water-side, even fast by the bank, hoved a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. 'Now put me in the barge,' said the king, and so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and so they set him down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head, and then that queen said, 'Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me.' And so they rowed him from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all the ladies go from him."

"And now the whole Round Table is dissolved."

That great table, typical of the world, is not for us to see and sit at; but the grand principle inculcated in it, of one great fellowship of heart, is a living principle, and in that spirit which seeks one universal kingdom of love, we can cry with the old romancers as they stand over his imaginary tomb in Wales:—

"Hic jacet Arthurus, rex quondam rexque futurus."

How dear to the heart is a smile!
  How cheering the brightness it shows!
'Twill the heaviest moments beguile;
  It will lighten a burden of woes;
'Tis like the sunshine which scatters the dew-drops away
From the promising form of a midsummer day.

A PARTICULAR TALENT.

No one is surprised that indolence and vice cover a man with rags, and provide only a hovel for shelter, and that industry, if not virtue, raise him to the opposite extreme. The ground of difference here is obvious. But why is it that one man becomes eminent in an art or profession, another attains only mediocrity, and a third signally fails, while the two latter are, as is often the case, the most laborious? Tupper has expressed the answer well in these lines:

> "There are thousands among men who heed not the leadings of their talents,
> But, cutting against the grain, toil to no good end."

Now we will not foolishly assert that all, if in the exact sphere for which Nature designed them, can rise to an equal eminence, and that the highest; or that some would not fall below mediocrity, notwithstanding all their efforts. Circumstances and *degrees* of talent, doubtless, have much to do with success. Yet it cannot be denied that failures in life, are very greatly the result of misapplied talent. Nature forms every man with a special adaptation of talent, from the boot-black to the king, from the man that fingers the type, to him who

> * * * "Sheds great thoughts
> As easily as an oak looseneth its golden leaves
> In kindly largess to the soil it grew on."

As the biographer of Keats has forcibly said: "Every man has his block given him, and the figure he cuts will depend very much upon the shape of that,—upon the knots and twists that existed in it from the beginning. We were designed in the cradle, perhaps earlier, and it is in finding out this design and in shaping ourselves to it, that our years are spent wisely. It is the vain desire to make ourselves what we are not, that has strewn history with so many broken purposes and lives left in the rough."

It is true there have been instances in which a man, by dint of severe effort, has made himself skillful in an occupation for which Nature did not design him; and there is a kind of satisfaction in witnessing such instances. But there is no economy, either to the individual or the world,

in such misappropriation. If a man out of his sphere does not utterly fail, yet he does not accomplish all which Nature has given him the power to accomplish. It is very plain that the smith at the loom, and the weaver at the forge, can be but sorry craftsmen. To a nature designed for the free air of rural life,—to watch the flocks on the hill-sides, to plow and sow and reap,—confinement to books is a torture under which it grows feeble and lifeless. On the other hand, a youth born to study, if directed to "hang" the scythe to suit himself, will invariably hang it in a tree. The fine-strung sensibilities of a poetic nature unfit it entirely to work, either happily or with success, amid the din of machinery.

The famous author of the Cid began life at the bar, where he met with little success; but a trifling incident discovered to him talents hitherto latent, and he became the great Corneille, the pride of France. Shakspeare was at first a poor tradesman, then a good actor, and finally the best of all dramatists. How good a smith Burritt was, we cannot say; but had he continued over his forge, Corneille at the bar, and Shakspeare among his bales of goods, their names would have decayed with their bodies; and, what is more, they would not have left the rich legacies they did to the world.

To determine what is the peculiar bent of one's nature is sometimes an easy, and sometimes a difficult, thing. Talent may indicate itself early and strikingly. The artist, Greenough, when very young, had a decided sense of form, and a love of imitating it, which kept his knife, pencil, and scissors, continually active, carving, drawing, and moulding toys, faces, and weapons, to amuse himself and comrades. The fear of detection and severe punishment could not keep Eli Whitney from staying at home on the Sabbath, while the family were at church, to take his father's watch in pieces; and, when he had satisfied his curiosity, he put it together so neatly, that his father never knew, till he told him, what he had done.

On the other hand, there are many instances in which the native talent is slow and late in discovering itself. Fabius, called by his playmates because of his stupidity, the "little sheep," became Fabius Maximus. Dryden and Swift gave no early promise. The author of the Vicar of Wakefield, till he was thirty, was noted only for idleness and extravagance. Isaac Barrows' father used to say, that "if it pleased God to take from him any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac," he was so stupid. But five years before this same Isaac died, the King gave him the head-mastership of Trinity College, saying he had given the place to the best scholar in England.

But while there are many extreme cases like those above mentioned, in most cases careful self-study must be relied on to acquaint a man with his peculiar aptitudes. But indolence and the too common distaste for such introspection are great hindrances to this self-acquaintance. In addition to these, there are the hindrances offered by avarice, a misguided conscience, and a predisposition falsely denominated *taste*. Avarice silences all other inquiries by its clamors for the most lucrative position. A misguided conscience declares that piety and an education are *prima facie* evidence that the individual must be a minister. While taste is urged as an excuse for consulting ease, pride, or ambition.

This age of extremely minute and rigid division of labor is very unfavorable either for the discovery or development of native talent. The man who first contrived and made so ingenious an instrument as the piano, must have possessed, not only genius, but a great amount of mechanical skill. But under the present system, the construction of the instrument is so simplified by minute division into its parts, and distribution among numerous workmen, that little more skill or genius is required, than is necessary to polish a key or stretch a chord. A more perfect instrument is the result; but almost no room for the play of natural talent is also the result.

IMAGINATIVE ELEMENT OF ANTIQUITY.

Poverty of language and the meagre discipline of mind incident to a rude age favor most directly the culture of the imagination. The knowledge of men, at the first, must necessarily have been quite limited, and, as a consequence, the want of a proper intellectual and social culture tended to make the people rude and uncultivated in their habits and manners. With these views of man's condition in the early period of his existence, the question, as to the influence of a rude age upon the imagination, can be best answered, perhaps, by inquiring what style of language such an age naturally originates.

If we recur to the history of nations, and trace their progress as they have gradually come out from their rude and uncivilized state to one of

politeness and refinement, we shall find that imagination, which in the rude and uncivilized state had a controlling power over the mind, has very little,—indeed, comparatively none at all,—in the polite and refined one. The culture of the mind necessarily lessens the occasion and weakens the efforts of the powers of the imagination. Hence we find that, in proportion as refinement has advanced, the powers of the understanding have improved.

The Indian, as he yields to the kindly associations of a civilized life, becomes less and less influenced by those powers which give warmth and vitality to imagination. He lives amid its beautiful creations, till the white man, coming to him with a mind ennobled by thought and culture, breaks the reign of fancy. The Savage is controlled by the power of the imagination, and he finds his most easy and appropriate form of expression in bold, poetical, and highly figurative language. Look, also, to the Greek and Roman! Left to the mystic revelation of imagination, he speculates upon the origin and dignity and destiny of his own humanity. Unacquainted with God in His works of creation and providence, he makes every grove the abode of some fairy, every spring and meadow, and even the sea, abiding places of the nymphs and sibyls, and, at last, builds up the imposing superstructure of Grecian mythology. It is a fact, abundantly established by historical reference, that the imagination is most lively and active in a rude and uncultivated age. Even among a people who have attained a moderate degree of civilization and refinement, their language is apt to be full of bold and striking metaphor, of poetical and startling figures. We have, in the Old Testament, instances of highly figurative and metaphorical language. "Allusions are very frequently made to sensible objects." Prosperity is expressed by the candle of the Lord shining on our head. Misery, by drinking the cup of astonishment. A sinful life, by a crooked path. Guilt, by a spotted garment, and the like.

The style of many of the Indian tribes is figurative to excess. A celebrated instance we have in the Five Nations of Canada, who, when entering on a treaty of peace with us, expressed themselves in language full of imagery and beauty. This style, however Oriental, as we call it, is not confined to one race, or people. It pervades the language of every nation at certain periods of its growth and culture. Our own American style partakes of the same characteristics. Virgil, also, sings the arms and the hero of Troy. While Homer calls on all the gods and goddesses to listen, while he sings the things the spirit in his mind commands him.

The style in which they give form and expression to their thoughts, seems to be the most easy and natural one which language would at first assume. The manner, in which men first uttered their thoughts, being strong and passionate, enforcing, as they did, their imperfectly expressed ideas by cries and gestures, their language would necessarily be highly figurative and imaginative.

The circumstances contributing and leading to this would be many.

In the infancy of all societies, men generally live scattered and separated. They are constantly meeting with new objects which appeal to the eye of sense. The world is full of strange sights and scenes which call into almost constant exercise the passions and emotions. There are the wild and unbroken solitudes, the desert and wilderness, on which fancy, with her bright eye, can cast her vision, and yet nowhere in the dim distance descry an end, or limit. There, too, is the beautiful landscape, fresh from the hand of its Creator,—the romantic valley, the thundering waterfall, the deep, dark chasm, in whose depths chaos and old night slumber. The stars, too, may be seen, as night after night they are marshaled out:

> "The boundless store of charms which Nature
> Yields, is theirs to see and feel,
> The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
> The pomp of groves and garniture of fields,
> All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
> All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
> And all the dread magnificence of heaven."

But what do men, thus related to time, know of those heavens, or the stars, and the various phenomena that are taking place in the world about them? Comparatively nothing. Their ignorance, however, would lead them to create theories full of romance and fiction. Unacquainted with the laws which govern the universe, and those forces which are constantly acting and reacting upon each other in the material world, they would speculate, and philosophize, and always come to conclusions based upon most beautiful and magnificent theories. Thus science, as it must exist in a rude age, would lead men into bold and imprudent speculations. The true principles of Astronomy and Chemistry, as now understood by the aid of modern research and investigation, have done much to lessen the field of fancy and imagination. At the present day, in the prosecution of the study of the sciences, reason alone is called into exercise. Fiction is made to give place to truth, imagination to the understanding.

What has been said of science in the rude states of society, would also be true of religion and morality. The religious sentiment is innate in men, and almost their first thoughts are with respect to themselves. Their knowledge, however, being more or less circumscribed and limited, they would be left, with respect to many things, in doubt and conjecture. Their ignorance upon the great subject of religion, impressed with the grand and sublime idea of some mighty power filling the earth and the heavens, and yet unable to come to any definite or certain conclusion, would lead them to create for themselves splendid systems of theology and philosophy. The great subject would stand out before them full of mystery and grandeur, as it did to the Greek and Roman. Such a people are guided by the counsels of the gods. They seek some imagined glory and state of immortality. The voice of *the one* Great God they never hear, or hearing, imagine it to be the divine utterance of Jove, who sits supreme.

Free, also, from the conventionalities of a cultivated society, men act naturally and without restraint. They show what they really are, as men do now, sometimes, despite their efforts to conceal themselves in false colors; hence the passions are lively, and the actions to which these passions give rise are frequently of the most poetical nature. Splendid crimes and extended conquest fill the mind, and he who, by courage and daring, gains a combat, is proclaimed a hero, and at once elevated to the rank of a demi-god. Emotion and passion come to have a controlling power over the mind. Every attribute of the soul is deified, and, in its moral qualities, embodied in some heroic action, there is a sort of inspiration, poesy, prophesy.

I notice, here, the reason why he who desires to give much prominence to the powers of his imagination, must study the history of the races in their rude, and but partly civilized, condition. Those who have been, and who are, the most successful in this field of effort, do this. They look, for the most part, to the scenes and incidents of a life devoid of culture and refinement, where the *passions* of men are strongly marked, and the emotions gushing up from the heart are warm and glowing, where the tales of the Italian novelists and the romances of chivalry received their wild and splendid creation.

If what has been said be true, I apprehend that there is a necessary and natural reason why poetry should take the precedence of prose in order of time. Being the product of the imagination, solely, it would naturally be the style which language would at first assume. There is

something in the rude states of society which directly tends to give special prominence to the poetic element. The pæan, recitals of martial deeds, songs of glory, and songs of lamentation over the fallen and slain, are the peculiar features and characteristics of all the most ancient poetry. The bards, both among the more ferocious and the milder nations of antiquity, often sung to the lyre the valor and heroism of some chief, or conqueror. Thus Lucan sings:

> "You, too, ye bards whom sacred raptures fire,
> To chant your heroes to your country's lyre,
> Who consecrate in your immortal strain.
> Brave patriot souls in righteous battle slain,
> Securely now the useful task renew,
> And noblest themes in deathless songs pursue."

All the early poetry seems to have been, as it were, the inspiration of those intensely enthusiastic for the martial and heroic; and what themes more favorable for the culture of the imagination! A rude age has, indeed, a moulding power over the imagination. Under its influence, the scenes of pleasure are shifted with endless variety, "all the forms of beauty *sparkle*" before the mind, and the whole creation seems like a fairy land. A visionary luxury steals over the soul, and inspires it with heroic action and celestial song.

THOMAS ERSKINE.

THE most valuable portions of history are its memorials of great men. The aggregate of the people seldom attain to the dignity of independent actors; they are excited and directed by a few commanding natures. Around these the movements of every age arraign themselves; when we discover their principles, methods and purposes of action, operations which were previously confused and irregular, assume an appearance of order. Moreover, to the positive instruction which the examination of personal careers affords, must be added the energy and resolution which

it inspires. We are strengthened and ennobled by contemplating a character that towers above its contemporaries like the grand and beautiful proportions of a gothic cathedral; as we study its expression and appreciate its spirit, we are warmed with a hallowed fire; especially if we find that it has reached its mighty development and stature through unpropitious circumstances, through obscurity and poverty and persecution, and has preserved its sympathies and affections unweakened by its sufferings and its struggles, we increase our confidence in human nature and in our individual capacities. If, also, there be associated with this moral greatness and beauty, a corresponding intellectual faculty which has transmitted records of itself in

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"

we must deem them worthy of our attentive consideration. These suppositions, I think, are realized in the life and works of Thomas Erskine; and I propose to examine the latter somewhat minutely, but shall notice only so much of the former as is necessary to explain the conditions under which his productions were composed.

Erskine was born of a family aristocratic and once wealthy, but then impoverished. His connection secured him admission to the ranks of the nobility; and his intercourse with them improved his manners and developed his social powers. He was early noted for the boldness and hilarity of his disposition. These qualities, softened and recommended by his courteous demeanor to his elders and associates, by his generosity and tender sensibility, made him an universal favorite; and he devoted himself freely to the enjoyments of society, but he did not become dissolute and idle; for his poverty restrained him from injurious excesses and taught him the necessity of application.

Doubtless at this time he acquired much of his knowledge of the heart and its emotions which did him "yeoman's service" in his professional labors. His mind, like Shakspeare's, seems to have been so formed that it could extract nourishment from every object. His pecuniary embarrassments deprived him of a thorough scholastic education. He passed a few years at the various schools of Edinburgh, where, according to Lord Campbell, he learned considerable of Latin, but little more of Greek than the alphabet. At the age of fourteen the pressure of his wants drove him into active life; and he obtained the position of midshipman in the navy. Here, happily, he did not surrender himself to the follies and vices of naval dissipation. The leisure which his daily duties left him was consumed in reading; and, wherever he landed, he observed the

theories and operations of the governments, the habits of the people, the qualities of the soil and climate, their manufactures, their opportunities for commerce and everything that could supply him with materials for reflection and extend his acquaintance with civil life. Perhaps the training of experience and observation was better than that of a university for a nature so finely organized and nicely balanced. It did not disturb the harmonious adjustment of its powers, while it imparted a watchfulness and dexterity to catch the truth and detect error. There is no mental exercise so beneficial as that which is voluntary. Coercive discipline injures, not improves; because it is unattended by the enthusiasm and hearty volition which arouse every faculty and render healthful the workings of the mind.

After forty-eight months he exchanged his office as midshipman for the commission of an ensign in the first regiment of foot. Among his new companions he maintained the same practice of study, the same elasticity of spirits and passion for amusement as in the navy. He circulated in the highest society of the places where he was stationed; and after two years of exposure he was affected with a disease which attacks all men, namely, love. The result of this affair was the consummation of a marriage with a lady, honorably related, who brought him beauty, virtue

Probamque
Pauperiem sine dote.

By ordinary calculation this would have been pronounced an unfortunate event for a man in the situation of Erskine; but with him it was not so. His new responsibilities served to collect his thoughts, combine and invigorate his energies, dignify his character and fill his soul with noble aspirations. At the commencement of his connubial life, his regiment was ordered to the island of Minorca. Here and in the company of his wife, he enjoyed two years, free from all the vexations of business; and the use which he made of the time determined his future career. She was a lady of cultivated intellect as well as of an affectionate heart; and she co-operated with him in his literary labors. She stimulated his flagging attention and perceived beauties which escaped his notice. Probably a verse of Tennyson slightly modified, well describes his feelings:

And what delights can equal those
That stir the spirits inner deeps,
When one that loves, but knows not, reaps
A truth *with* one that loves and knows.

Together they perused with the most severe discrimination, the best works of the old English masters. He learned to repeat much of Milton and Shakspeare, endeavoring to compensate for his ignorance of Grecian eloquence by dwelling upon and infusing into his mind, the burning spirit, the artful reasoning, the proud defiance, the terrible denunciation, the remorseless sarcasm of speeches like those in the first part of Paradise Lost, and of Brutus and Anthony in Julius Cæsar. It is the opinion of Lord Brougham that they are the best substitutes for the Greek models. Milton and Shakspeare are not repositories of poetry and philosophy alone; they are armories in which the intellectual warrior can provide himself with weapons for all kinds of battles.

Thus Erskine employed his time at Minorca. When the regiment was transferred to England, he again entered the society of London. Here his convivial abilities won him attention; but there were yearnings in his heart yet unsatisfied; there were powers, of whose possession he was conscious, yet unexercised; there were dreams of fame which had floated in his fancy from childhood, yet unrealized. With these feelings he wandered into court, one day, where the Assizes were held, with Lord Mansfield presiding. He listened to the arguments of the counsel; and although they were well framed and delivered, he thought that in many points he could have excelled them. When his good genius suggested to him "Why may I not become a lawyer?" at that moment he hit the meaning of youthful visions. He had an interview with Mansfield and told to him his resolution to study law. His Lordship, who fully understood the disadvantages of Erskine's condition, but who also knew something of his talents, did not discourage the proposal. Incited by this, Erskine immediately became a member of Lincoln's Inn; and in three years he was admitted to the bar.

I have thus briefly and imperfectly sketched his life from his birth to the completion of his professional education. I cannot now follow him through his forensic triumphs and political successes and reverses, to the termination of his labors as Lord Chancellor. It will be sufficient to say that his conduct never conflicted with his principles; and that he carried to every position, abilities which met all its requirements. His accomplishments, indeed, hardly fitted him for the Chancellorship; but by his kindness, by his affability united with dignity, by his unquestioned honesty and love of justice, he so acquitted himself as to receive general approbation and respect. I now turn to view him in the character in which he will be known while any remembrance of English genius and glory

survives. Undoubtedly he was the most eloquent of British legal orators; but before I attempt to fix on those qualities of his speeches which entitle him to this high commendation, it may be well to inquire whether, like Chatham's, their beauty and effect was heightened, or, like Burke's was obscured and almost destroyed, by the delivery. I am glad to say the latter was not the fact. Erskine's stature was of usual size but finely formed; his face animated and winning; his eye keen and flashing; his voice rather shrill but exquisitely modulated and better adapted to pathos and persuasion than denunciation; and his gesture lively, graceful, chaste, varied, ever equal to the thought but never over-reaching. So impressive and captivating was his action; so inimitably did it mingle assurance and modesty, sportiveness and serenity, devotion to his client with regard for equity, that it charmed and chained the jury. No sentiment was mouthed, no glowing conception was frozen by his elocution. His manner and movements would have been no more appropriate if he had experienced the tuition and culture of a dozen Greek rhetoricians.

I shall now consider his orations in reference to their language and style, their thought and reasoning, and their general scope and spirit.

Erskine's style is peculiar: the exact reflection of his intellectual character. It is not marked by the infusion of Latin words which distinguishes the splendid diction of Burke, or impedes the vigorous flow of Brougham; nor by the transpositions which occasionally obscure the poetry, and render incomprehensible the prose, of Milton; nor does it bend round in spiral forms like the sentences of De Quincy, in which you are compelled to travel over a devious way, often interesting, always agreeable, since ever varied, but where, when you have reached the culminating point, you find, as a recompense for your journey, sometimes a gem, and sometimes nothing; nor has it the Saxon rigidity and pungency and strength of Fox, nor the impetuosity of Chatham, nor the brilliant pertness of Macaulay; but it is copious, elegant, flexible and versatile. When the thought is delicate, and requires an airy dress, the words fall aptly around it as did those of Ulysses:

ἐκ στήθεον ἕει
Καὶ ἕπετα νιθάδεσσιν ἐοικότα χειμερίῃσιν:

When a legal principle is to be enunciated, it is embodied in the most precise and definite terms; when a line of the closest logic is to be traced, the language easily contracts to it; the sharpest distinctions are clearly expressed; not only the body of the idea, but all its members and features, are caught and given accurately. His periods have a beautiful

melody; they are quick and lively, or slow and stately, as the subject demands. For example, in his defence of Stockdale, from the speech of the Indian chief to the conclusion of the discourse, is one of the finest specimens of amplification in English oratory; it elevates, warms, convinces; it blends argument and fancy, law and poetry. How characteristic are the thoughts, the language, and the rhythm of the speech which he ascribes to the Indian chief! It is not wonderful that the audience, as is stated, imagined they saw his swarthy figure throwing the hatchet, and heard him shouting the war-cry of his tribe. This appropriateness and affinity between the idea and the expression, is no ambiguous evidence of genius. The sluggish and the earth-born may reason well; but only the favored sons of Hermes can animate the cold and lifeless logic, and clothe it in the gorgeous decorations of an imperial imagination and a divine eloquence. His sentences incline to length; so much so, that some would pronounce them defective; but this opinion admits of a plausible, if not of a satisfactory answer. It is a thing to be seriously deliberated whether English composition has not been deteriorated by breaking up and shortening its periods. An idea loses its unity and force when spread through a dozen separate sentences. If we were to view a picture or a statue, we would not wish it to be cut into as many pieces as the Egyptians divided Osiris, and each removed from the others, so that we should be compelled to retain in mind the appearance of every fragment, and, when we had seen the whole, to put them together by the exertion of our own fancy. A style like Addison's is proper and pleasing in an essay; but in politics, in law, or in any argumentative conflict, where dry, inflexible and distasteful topics must be discussed, where objections must be refuted and prejudices dissipated, where the fortress of the enemy must be taken, not by the tardy process of a siege, nor by an irritating and guerrilla warfare, but by storm, we need a style more emphatic and nervous, and one capable of receiving and conveying a greater intensity of passion. The mind, when required to be so regular and easy in its movements, and to pause so frequently, gains no momentum. A man, who felt that he had an important and difficult work to do, a wronged and crushed truth to resuscitate and defend, or an insolent and aggressive falsehood to expose and humble, would never write as the Spectator is written. I would not show my own folly so much as to intimate that the style of Addison has not high merit; but what I say is, that it should not be made a test, as some do make it, by which all composition is to be tried and approved, or condemned, as it does, or does not, resemble that standard.

I now advance to the second head of my division. It is obvious that the legal orator enjoys no such opportunities as does the parliamentary or senatorial speaker, to embellish his discourses with rich and interesting thoughts on the manifold concerns of society. The latter is the organ of the people; he discusses propositions which are designed directly to affect their interests; and, if he has collected anything from the ample field of history,—if he has analyzed the several kinds of government,—if he understands the political institutions of his country, with their excellencies and defects,—if, by any means, he has obtained the golden treasures of a solid and philosophic wisdom,—he can display them with every facility. He is circumscribed by no limitations. Whatever truths human ingenuity has discovered, he can use. But the lawyer merely administers what the statesman has enacted. His ambition is to master the complex systems of civil and natural law, so that he can apply the fit provision to a specific case. He works by rules. He may sometimes investigate first principles; but if so, he oversteps the customary boundaries of his department. Nevertheless, chances must often occur, of which vigilant and fruitful minds will avail themselves, to pour forth many new and beautiful reflections. So it is with Erskine. He delights to stop in the argument, and recall a touching association, or commemorate a gallant action, or praise a noble trait in man. Such passages are scattered thickly through all his works; and thus interspersed in protracted and intricate discussions, they must have enlivened the court, as a cottage, faced by its green lawn and smiling flowers, cheers the traveler over a lonely and weary road. But, besides their soothing and conciliatory influence, he always contrived so to connect them with the topic in hand that they should assist and enforce his cause. Apart from this, however, the logic of his speeches is of a superior order; it is clear and strong. It is not worked into the iron compactness of Junius; nor is that admissible in the oration. The links in the chain of spoken argument to be readily traced, must be longer and more plainly defined; and they are none the weaker, though of greater length, provided they are constructed of the same material, and with equal skill. His method is synthetical. He begins with the enunciation of a truth which no one will doubt. This gives him an air of candor, which is ever favorable to persuasion. Then succeeds a statement of the true points at issue. These he always retains in view; but he does not introduce the consideration of them until, by an admirable preparation, he has disposed of every quibble and prejudice. Nothing is more remarkable than the art which he exhibits in this preparatory work, and the tact with

which he makes even this ostensibly useless labor contribute to the accomplishment of his main design. The argument is commenced, unfolded, and finished, in a fair and natural way. Sometimes he enlists the passions; but he does it for legitimate reasons, and for honest ends. He never uses mere tricks of rhetoric. Indeed, the repeated occurrence of them in the one, and the almost entire absence of them in the other, is one of the most prominent distinctions between ancient and modern eloquence; and, instead of believing, as some do, that it results from a deficiency of genius, I think it is the unconscious but necessary result of the difference between their civilization and ours. The relations of the citizen to the State then and now, are very dissimilar. Popular opinions, modes of thought, standards of judgment, ideas of fitness and duty, are greatly changed. Then, laws were few, indefinite, and capable of wide construction. There was no political science, no press, or other agency to sound the motives of public men, and supply the people with information. They were obliged to rely mainly, or wholly, on the statements of the orators. Now, intelligence is so thoroughly diffused, that the audience is usually acquainted with the essential facts of the question. Their moral perceptions and feelings will not allow such arguments as are frequent in classical orations. The superstition which Cicero appealed to so effectively in his Cataline philippics, has expired. Laws and constitutions hem in the speaker on every side. Often his subject, as that of Burke's speech on Economical Reform, or of Webster's on the Currency, or Bank, or The Protest, addresses itself to the reason solely, and involves the fundamental doctrines of government. The same change has transpired in the province of the lawyer. At Athens and Rome, the judges were numerous; and so much depended upon extenuation, and the adroit management of their *loci* and other topics unconnected with law, that Cicero himself says one might be a successful pleader who had never been a jurisconsult. And if any one, recollecting this difference, shall compare the best pleas in the language of Greece or Rome, with that of Eskine for Hardy or Stackdale, or of Webster for Dartmouth College, or against Knapp, or for Goodyear, and still see inferiority in the latter, he must be a stupid worshiper of the *manes* of antiquity.

The scope and temper of Erskine's speeches cannot be overpraised. They contain the elements of permanent interest and power. This the productions of the mere intellect, however brilliant and beautiful they may be, can never do. We soon regard them with indifference, with coldness or with positive displeasure. Especially will this result ensue

if that intellect be divorced from moral sensibility. When the reader closes the volume of Byron's writings, and reflects on the poem which he has read, he feels it to be the creation of a subtle and powerful genius; he admires its wit and eloquence and poetry; but he sighs over the spirit which often breathes through its external, artistic beauty, over the insolence and misanthropy which

"Profane the God-given strength, and mar the lofty line."

He feels as one who enters a garden, and views its flowers and statues and fountains, while he is conscious that an assassin is concealed beneath its foliage, or that there is floating over it a tainted and poisonous air. The works of Voltaire are replete with nice observation and accurate criticism; those of Bolingbroke move in melodious and inimitable measures, bearing the fruits of learning gathered from every nation and every age; but both lack the divine inspiration, the winning elegance, the substantial power of a manly and amplifying eloquence. Only as literature sympathizes with our purest and best emotions, only as it is transfused and animated by a living and vigorous natural faith, only as it harmonises with the principles, and shares the spirit, of God's revelation, can it preserve an immortal vitality and freshness. Then it is adapted to, and will promote, the advancing movement of the race. Then it will elevate us into the light and truth and freedom of a more expansive and rational existence. Then it will impart to us feelings and energies which manifest themselves not more in the enlarged conceptions, the gorgeous visions, and the eloquent utterances, of an inspired hour, than in the mild beneficence, the sustained beauty, the exalted and continuous dignity, of a nobly active life.

These requisitions are entirely satisfied in the speeches of Erskine. They are filled with appeals to the worthiest sentiments of our nature. They evince a confidence in the benevolent wisdom of God and in the character of man, an affectionate sympathy with the present and a hopeful trust in the future, a reverence for government and law, and a cherished attachment to liberty guarded by constitutional provisions and sanctified by the genius of Christianity. They recognize the great truths which underlie all healthy civilization and all real progress. One of his most successful orations was spoken, to defend religion, and point out its relations to human society and happiness. When the excitement caused by the French revolution was overspreading and maddening England, and the ministry were endeavoring to shackle the freedom of speech and

of the press, Erskine stood an undaunted and terrible champion of those transcendant interests; and the doctrines which he proclaimed and established will continue to bless the people of Britain while the kingdom lasts. In a word, whatever is true or beautiful or good, whatever will promote the love and worship of God and the peace, enjoyment and welfare of men, is supported and recommended in the works of Thomas Erskine.

As I close this notice of him, and of what he has said, two wishes earnestly present themselves: one of them is that Erskine were now a member of the American bar. Such men are the surest protection of the rights and safety of the community. Laws are inefficient without a guardian and executive power. The strongest castle may be taken if the sentinels are treacherous or sleeping. Public officers may tread the confines of a discreet iniquity; they may poison the fountains of justice; they may introduce the seeds of death and dissolution into the constitution of their country; they may stain her honor, and trade away her interests; and yet they may so cover their actions with the fair garments of a devilish cunning and a specious hypocrisy as to escape detection and punishment. But a great mind, of eagle vision and fearless energy, pursues these villains with its determined inflictions, more sure and painful than those of the gad-fly which goaded Io. Unrestrained by any barriers, it drags them from their hiding places and exposes them to universal detestation and disgrace. The other wish is, that writings of the class to which Erskine's belong, might be better read and known. We are assured that they will endure forever; for their authors reared them on a solid and changeless foundation, on the moral philosophy of the Bible. In them we fear no deceit or corruption. Their only effect is purifying and ennobling. When the traveler stands in St. Peter's and gazes along its arches and into its mighty dome, he feels the genius of Michael Angelo breathing in its lines of strength and beauty; so when the reader moves through these magnificent intellectual temples, he inhales a purer atmosphere; he is elevated to a higher state; he is conscious of the presence of a superior spirit.

> Spiritus intus alit; totamque infusa per artus
> Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP! offspring of love divine,
That by thine influence benign
Sweetenest with bliss man's various lot;
But seldom gained, though often sought,
Coy spirit! passing strange is he
Whose churlish heart would fly from thee,
And o'er imagined evils brood,
Enwrapt in self-made solitude.
He lives and dies unknown to Hope,
A dreary, pitied misanthrope;
Too much alike some hermit owl,
On turret perched, an omen foul,
Which, hooded by its feathery cowl,
Forgets the present in the past,
And gives its wailings to the blast.
But Friendship, amaranthine fruit,
Yieldeth to those whom she may suit.
'Tis her's to light that genial flame,
Which in the soul burns e'er the same;
Her golden bonds form links unseen,
Though felt with mutual joy or pain;
Like Odin's armor famed of old,
That mortal eye could ne'er behold,
But whose celestial power was known
By every viking maid or crone.
A similarity of mind,
Hearts unto equal tastes inclined,
Not only form the requisite
For godlike man's affection meet.
Forbearance is th' essential rule
That Friendship teaches in her school.
Forbearance which the faults may gloss
Found in the characters of those
Esteemed by us and we by them.
In sooth he erreth who can deem
Perfection yet a denizen
Among the abodes of sinful men.
'Tis ours to seek the sterling worth,

There's yet enough of it on earth.
Dross will be mingled with the gold,
And Nature ne'er in common mould
Designed our weak mortality.—
She loves the spice o' variety.
What generous ardor fills the soul
When Heaven grants the sacred dole
Of Friendship to her recreant sons—
A sympathetic feeling runs
Through their familiar intercourse,
Which years but strengthen in its force.

Observe th' untutored islander,
Of liberty the native heir;
A stranger he to purposed crime,
Nor ever dreams of other clime
Besides his own sea-bounded world,
Round which Pacific's surf is hurled
Forever; and yet he has learned
The joy by social spirits earned.
He too has found a faithful friend—
Within the same thatched village trained,
Together they attain the art
Of pitching quoit or throwing dart;
The same pirouge bears them along,
Each singing his sweet, island song,
When fishing in the peaceful bay,
Or riding Ocean's billowy way.
If one perchance should journey on
The shadowy pilgrimage alone
Which leadeth to the grave, the other
Bewails him as he would a brother.
Then who may see those Indian youth
Pursue their life of simple worth,
Rejoicing in the bliss serene
That ever Friendship's boon hath been,
Who can behold and not declare
That nought is lovelier than her.

If thou wouldst seek the strength to find
Of feelings which in union bind
Diverse hearts, then turn back the pages,
The chroniclers of slumbering ages,
Until in Hellas' heroic time
Two souls confront thee, made sublime
For noble deeds that Friendship taught.

The friends, by adverse fortune brought
Where scowling Euxine's stormy seas
Break on the Tauric Chersonese,
By its inhospitable laws
Were dooned to slaughter in the cause
Of Dian, but her Priestess was
Fair Iphegenia, radiant maid,
Who 'scaped stern Chalchas glittering blade.
From Greece she came, for Greece were they;
She called to mind her life's sweet May
Spent by Eurotas' laughing stream,
Ere Dardan walls beheld the gleam,
Like golden harvests in the breeze,
Of Grecian spears; when Orestes
Claimed all a sister's tender care.
And now her heart in its despair
By one of these poor youths would send
A message to her native land.
Then Friendship! thou their breasts inspired,
Their bosoms' fierce ambition fired;
Each sought to yield his own dear life
Unto the sacrificial knife,
Oh! touching, melancholy strife,
Where Friendship stronger proved than death!
What is the victor's laurel wreath,
What is the applause which nations shower
Upon the hero of an hour,
Compared with that undying fame
That hovers round, like vestal flame,
Pylades' and Orestes' name.

When mounting at great Jove's command
To jewel heaven, a starry band,
The Pleiades forsook the woods
Which cover Atlas' solitudes,
One of their number feebly shone,
Then fading like the waning moon,
At length went out in fearful gloom.
Such was th' irrevocable doom
Which the Olympic powers assign
To those who stain their source divine
By union with a mortal's son,
As fated Merope had done.
From them a fit example take,
And let all such as friends would seek
Be guarded in the choice they make;

Nay more; let them beware of what
Might bring disgrace or throw a blot
Upon the bright, unsullied name
Of those whose friendship they would claim.

As some sad, solitary band
That wanders over Libya's sand
Toward the sea whose isles of spice
Produce the costliest merchandise,
Together keeps, for he but flies
To certain death who strays away,
Becoming soon the raven's prey;
Thus having friends to cheer thy road,
And show the track of rectitude
Along Life's weary lengthening waste,
Repulsive sorrow may be faced,
And making Hope thy cynosure,
At last thou mayest gain secure
The shore of that unebbing sea,
Obscured by dark futurity,
Which angels call eternity.

THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

ıs we stand upon the summit of the present, with the light of centuries ninating in one gorgeous blaze around us, and gaze backward and nward into the gloom of the past, we notice here and there the signal ts of liberty and truth shining steadily and bright amid the thickest kness of tyranny and error.

uch was the chivalry of the middle ages. Originating in oppression, merging into a military institution with the sole object of protecting gion and the right, it found strength in its own character, and aliment he good will of mankind. It engaged the sympathies and the strength he best and the mightiest, aroused the masses to a more just apprecia- of their rights, and elevated woman from her position as a despised

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And making Hope thy cynosure,
At last thou mayest gain secure
The shore of that unebbing sea,
Obscured by dark futurity,
Which angels call eternity.

THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

As we stand upon the summit of the present, with the light of centuries culminating in one gorgeous blaze around us, and gaze backward and downward into the gloom of the past, we notice here and there the signal lights of liberty and truth shining steadily and bright amid the thickest darkness of tyranny and error.

Such was the chivalry of the middle ages. Originating in oppression, and merging into a military institution with the sole object of protecting religion and the right, it found strength in its own character, and aliment in the good will of mankind. It engaged the sympathies and the strength of the best and the mightiest, aroused the masses to a more just appreciation of their rights, and elevated woman from her position as a despised

St. Elmo, commanding the entrances. Upon the eastern side of the eastern inlet, called the Great Port, were situated the town and the other fortifications, the castles of St. Angelo and St. Michael. On the morning of the 18th of May, 1565, the Turkish armada hove in sight, standing directly for Malta. The inhabitants of the island withdrew into the villages, and the Turks landed and immediately began the investment of St. Elmo. Eight hundred of the best knights and bravest soldiers, under the command of De Broglio and the bailiff of Negropont, had been stationed in it as a garrison, the narrow limits of the castle not affording accommodations for more than that number. The siege was pressed with persistent fury and the garrison soon began to despair as the crags of Malta reechoed the roar of the Turkish cannon, and the walls of the little castle trembled beneath the terrible storm of iron and stone that poured constantly upon them. An embassy was sent across the Great Port to Lavalette, in the castle of St. Angelo, requesting reinforcements. The grand master in reply avowed his dissatisfaction at their apprehensions of fear, his intention to maintain the fortress to the last extremity, and his willingness, if need be, to perish himself amid its ruins. The embassy returned with a reinforcement, and the siege continued.

Day after day the artillery kept pouring its volleys against the walls with fearful effect, breaches were made which kept increasing, till finally the noble little garrison, wearied by their superhuman labor, sent a second message to Lavalette requesting permission to withdraw to St. Angelo. The grand master laid the matter before the council, and it unanimously gave its voice for granting the request. But Lavalette opposed it. He saw that the maintaining of the castle was of the utmost consequence to the safety of all, since the Viceroy of Sicily, whom he was every day expecting, had declared if that were destroyed he would not come to their succor. Knights and soldiers at length seconded his bold determination, and hundreds volunteered to take the place of the besieged in St. Elmo. Lavalette wrote to the discontented ones in the castle informing them of what had transpired, and telling them they might relinquish the castle to braver successors. "Return, my brethren," wrote he, "to the convent. There you will be safe for the present, and I shall have less apprehension for the fate of the fortress on which the preservation of the island so much depends." The besieged could not bear to thus compromise their honor by giving up the castle to others, and they begged to remain. But the grand master answered that "veterans of insubordination were in his eyes of less worth than raw recruits who submitted to discipline."

Again the knights implored permission to stay and atone for their past error by their future devotion, and Lavalette foreseeing that nothing but bravery could come from a spirit like this, granted the request.

Finally, Mustapha determined to storm the castle. At early dawn on the 16th of June, the Turks in array moved towards the fortress. In the face of a murderous fire they marched steadily up to the breaches till they stood face to face with their enemies. Here, though repeatedly repulsed, they returned to the attack with the fury of tigers. In the rear the guns of St. Angelo from the distance were mowing down their ranks, and fiery hoops thrown from the walls of St. Elmo burned and blinded them and proved a valuable means of defence to the besiegers. At length, after noon, weary with fighting, the Turks withdrew, and left the Christians masters of St. Elmo. Within a short time after this the communication between St. Elmo and St. Angelo, which through the stupidity of the Turks had fortunately been unobstructed, was cut off; again the storming was attempted, and again it proved unsuccessful. But the fortification and the garrison had become so reduced, that another attack, which was expected next day, must end in destruction. All that night the besieged employed in solemn preparation for death. They prayed, received the sacrament, and with parting embraces repaired to their posts for the last time. Early in the morning again the Turks advanced to the attack. At first the little band with great strength repulsed them, but at length, rallying, they swept over the breach, and the flag of St. John lay drenched in the loyal blood of the heroic knights. Nine cavaliers posted outside the works, who surrendered to the corsairs of Africa, were all that survived to tell the story of St. Elmo.

Mustapha now directed his whole force against the two remaining castles. Every assault upon these was repulsed with great loss to the Turks, but as the siege continued the ammunition was getting low, and the defences were constantly suffering from the besiegers. Sallies were often made, in which the Christians were almost always victorious, and prodigies of valor were performed. The Turks were becoming dispirited, and just as the Christians began to hope that without the promised succor they might be able to withstand effectually their enemies, the fleet of the Viceroy of Sicily appeared, and was greeted by the knights with raptures of delight. Mustapha immediately raised the siege and sailed homeward, only one-fourth of his magnificent army surviving. Nearly four months had the siege lasted, and during this time two hundred knights, two thousand five hundred Christian soldiers, and more

than seven thousand of the inhabitants of Malta are said to have perished.

This defence, one of the noblest and fiercest struggles in the history of the world, was the greatest and the last distinguishing act of the Knights of Malta. Shortly after, Lavalette died, while engaged in rebuilding and fortifying Malta, and left a name that has come down to posterity clothed with renown. The building went on in accordance with the grand master's dying request. Magnificent structures were erected, prosperity attended the knights, and the proudest princes of Europe were from time to time placed in the chair of the grand master, but when the battles of the Crescent and the Cross were ended, their glory faded, till at length, when Napoleon gained possession of the island, the order was abolished. The edifices of the knights yet stand in Malta, and when the traveler walks through the grand old church where the heroes trod, the grand masters, helmeted and plumed, gaze sternly down upon him from the canvas on the walls, and arouse a thousand recollections of bravery and glory departed.

"They are gone, but a glory is left in our life,
Like the day-god's last kiss on the darkness of even,
Gone down on the desolate seas of their strife,
To climb, as star-beacons, up liberty's heaven."

Yet in the history of chivalry we find everywhere subjects of praise, and themes of admiration. Everywhere we find bright examples in the lives of the cavaliers, which we, in this nineteenth century, will do well to follow. Then let us temper with an enlightened Christianity, their zeal for the truth, their sympathy with the oppressed, their worship of the beautiful.

"Then let us worship beauty with the knightly faith of old,
O, chivalry of labor, toiling for the age of gold.
Come, let us worship beauty, she hath subtle power to start
Heroic word and deed out flashing from the humblest heart,
Great feelings will gush unawares, and freshly as the first
Rich rainbow, that upstartled heaven, in tearful splendor burst.
O, blessed are her lineaments, and wondrous are her ways
To repicture God's own likeness in the suffering human face.
Our bliss shall richly overbrim like sunset in the west,
And we shall dream immortal dreams and banquet with the blest."

MASSEY.

HORACE complained in his life time of the veneration which ancient authors received, however stupid they might be, and of the neglect with which superior modern authors were treated. If he were permitted to-day to survey the field of literature, with its laborers, and the consumers of its products, he would very likely turn the edge of his satire in the opposite direction. Not because Horace himself is not appreciated, in some localities, at least, nor because the number of our modern authors of worth and of their intelligent readers is not great; but because of the teeming school of third rate story writers and poetasters with their innumerable spawn of worshipers.

Perchance there may be in this superficial trash an element of good or an influence towards something better; since undoubtedly those who devote their time to this would not be reached by literature of a higher type; and to be gorged with this sickly nonsense may be better than to be entirely illiterate.

On the other hand, the mass of literature has become so great by these worthless additions, that it requires a practised eye to select that which is worthy of attention and study. We must seek long and carefully in our literary lumber yard to find much sound timber or valuable building material; and because our search must be thus long and uncertain, we become tired of searching, and are apt to pass over as worthless, some things really symmetrical and beautiful.

Such are the Poems and Ballads of Gerald Massey. The author was born in Herts, England, in the summer of 1828; consequently is now little more than a youth, though his poems were published in England five years ago.

In the midst of seasons of lull and inactivity, we find, almost invariably, that those who reach literary eminence spring from the ranks of the common people, and gain their strength in conflicts with adverse circumstances. So it was with Massey. His father was a peasant, himself a factory boy, toiling daily for a meagre pittance, and shut out from Nature

and Education. Though he tells us that "Poverty is a cold place to write poetry in," yet we cannot help seeing the impress of this life of his childhood upon many of his most beautiful poems. Finally, an errand-boy in London, at the age of fifteen, he found means of gratifying his passion for reading; and the glory of the new life thus opened upon him burst forth in impassioned poesy,—now warm and sparkling in the sunshine of love, and now dark and vengeful with all the miseries of childhood burnt upon his soul.

We wonder, as we glance over his fruitful pages, and find them teeming with rich imagery and classic illustrations, at the achievements and enterprise of the man. It seems incredible, not only that the gloom of poverty had not extinguished every spark of imagination, but that any one, in so brief a time, could have hoarded up such a fund of knowledge as his poems evince.

But it is not only in Massey as a man of enterprise that we find subjects for admiration; but as a man of genius,—as a poet. His poems may be divided into two comprehensive classes,—his "Songs of Progress," and his "Lyrics of Love." True, some of his productions can be placed in neither of these divisions:—for instance, the beautiful ballad of Babe Christabel; yet, in the main, these two passions,—love of the beautiful, and burning desire for the triumph of "liberty, equality, fraternity,"—seem to control him. He is withal an enthusiast. He writes boldly, earnestly, powerfully,—with the assurance of one who is aiming at an object he has no doubt of reaching. Whether it be in love or hatred, in hope or despair, his enthusiasm manifests itself and sits gracefully upon him. It is not the mad extravagance of Bailey, nor the gangrened misanthropy of Shelley; but the ardent zeal of the man whose soul is in his work.

Massey would be a bad courtier. He does not, like Horace, waste his breath in fulsome adulations of his sovereign;—quite likely he has not the same reason;—nor does he spare the sins of the rulers, or the iniquities of the people. Without any skirmishing, or ἐς ἀπεῖρον, he charges fearlessly upon what he deems the wrongs of his countrymen; and we hear the ring of his sabre against the chains of superstition, and the shackles of oppression. Witness the following extract:

> Vampyres have drained the human heart's best blood;
> Kings robbed, and priests have curst us in God's name;
> Out in the midnight of the past we've stood,
> While fiends of darkness plied their hellish game.

We have been worshiping a gilded crown,
Which drew heaven's lightning laughter on our head;
Chains fell on us as we were bowing down,—
We deemed our gods divine; but lo! instead
They are but painted clay; with morn the charm has fled."

Still his poems of reform are by no means his best. In the delineation of the tender passion, and in the expression of domestic affection, he excels, and it is here we see his greatest power as a poet. In a poem entitled "Long Expected" we find this:

"O, I have guessed thy presence out of sight,
And felt it in the beating of my heart.
When all was dark within, sweet thoughts would come,
As starry guests come golden through the gloom,
And through night's lattice smile a rare delight:
While, lifted for the dear and distant dawn,
The face of all things wore a happy light,"
Like those dream-smiles which are the speech of Sleep.

And this in "Deserted:"

"Love came to me in a rosy cloud
With a golden glory kist;
And caught me up, and in heaven we rode,
Till it melted in mournful mist.
Gone! gone! is the light that shone,
With the dream of my earlier day;
And the wild winds moan, and alone, alone
I wander my weary way."

How exquisite are these verses from the "Ballad of Babe Christabel," before alluded to:

"Ah! she was one of those who come
With pledged promise not to stay
Long, ere the angels let them stray
To nestle down in earthly home.

And through the windows of her eyes,
We often saw her saintly soul,
Serene, and sad, and beautiful,
Go sorrowing for lost Paradise."

There is a voluptuous, impetuous gushing forth of poetry in his Songs and Ballads, which is most captivating. We do not see in them that intellectual adjustment, that perfect, studied propriety, which are the glory and crown of Tennyson; but there is instead a heart-warmth and genial tenderness which dissolve the reader's doubts and enlist his sympathies.

"O, he sang, as he felt that to singing was given
The magic to build rainbow-stairways to heaven!"

His poems do not evince the high polish of those of Moore and Bryant, nor does he show that perfect knowledge of Nature which characterizes Longfellow and Dana; for, living all his life in the stifling din of an English factory, and the murky gloom of the city of London, Nature has literally been a "sealed book" to him; but the human heart, with its depth and mystery and sublimity, is his object and his theme; and he sweeps its quivering chords with a master's hand.

Massey will never be popular among Englishmen, for he is far from pampering their national pride; but in other nations, and in future years, his poetry will be prized, and his memory cherished. How truthfully does he say:

> "To those who walk beside them, great men seem
> Mere common earth; but distance makes them stars."

THE HOMES OF SCOTT AND TENNYSON.

It requires no very shrewd observation of human nature and its relations to the outer world to perceive that the same surrounding circumstances produce an entirely different effect upon the mind at different times. If the mind be preyed upon by grief, care or remorse, the sight of a sunlit landscape will but aggravate its pain by the force of contrast, while he whose heart is full of exuberant joy feels his pleasure heightened by comparison with even the cheerless aspect of a storm portending sky. Though the feelings may be thus heightened by contrast, the highest effect is only produced when nature and the mind are in unison—when either the sunbeams mingling with the radiance which emanates from the soul produce a higher luster, or the gloom of nature in her wildest aspects adds force to the dismal forebodings of the troubled soul.

Taking this view, we are not at a loss to see why man in his normal state loves to study nature in all her beautiful variety, for there, if nowhere else, he finds what is precisely suited to his feelings, whatever those feelings may be; he finds there the expression of higher concep-

tions than his own—those of divinity. For however lofty the conceptions of man may be, as set forth in works of art or literature, yet they are but human, serving indeed to please and instruct, but never fully satisfying. Those who are mere imitators reach not even the standard of their masters, while those who study nature imbibe a purer and a nobler spirit, which shines in all their works. Of the latter class are all true poets who, faithful to their instincts, flee from those noisy realms where only the creations of man's hand fill the horizon and hide the blue sky, and escape to a freer atmosphere where none but the music of nature and the clear light of heaven greet their delighted senses.

A poet's home is at all times a hallowed and interesting spot, and preeminently so where circumstances have allowed him to select one according to his taste.

Who does not think of Shenstone surrounding himself with a little paradise at "Leasowes," or of Lord Byron at his renowned "Newstead Abbey," or of Pope in his tasteful villa on the Thames, or of Washington Irving at his "Sunny Side."

Or if we seek for humbler dwellings we turn with pleasure towards the home of Burns, among the highlands of Scotland—of Spenser, who composed most of his "Fairie Queen" in a dilapidated tower in Ireland —or of Wordsworth, who dreamed away a delicious life on the shores of the romantic lake of Windermere.

It were pleasant to while away some leisure hours in following these eminent men into their several retreats, where sheltered in some degree from intrusion, they have enriched the literature of their country. We will, for the present, content ourselves with glancing at the homes of two eminent poets—the one a Scotchman, living in a baronial style of splendor, the other an Englishman, preferring an humbler abode. These are Sir Walter Scott and Alfred Tennyson.

The first two years of Scott's life were spent in Edinburgh; after which, on account of lameness, he was sent to live with his grandfather at Smallholm Grange, on a rocky knoll, known as "Sandy Knowe Crags," not far from the place which, after the lapse of years, beheld Abbotsford arise, like a phœnix, from the ruins of ancient abbeys and towers. Here, he imbibed that taste amounting to a passion for the "legendary tales, border traditions, and old songs and ballads" so characteristic of the Scotch as a nation. An eminent writer, who visited the place, says: "The situation of Sandy Knowe was favorable both for the story-teller (an old shepherd, who used to sit under the sunny wall, and recount his ballads and mar-

velous stories to young Scott,) and the listener. It commanded a wide view over all the border country, with its feudal towers, its haunted glens, and wizard streams; as the old shepherd told his tales, he could point out the very scene of action. From the height of Sandy Knowe he may be said to have had the first look-out upon the promised land of his future glory.

It is impossible to calculate the influence such circumstances may have upon the after character and life of men. Certain it is that Scott looked back, in after life, with grateful recollections to this "home of his childhood." He has celebrated Smallholm tower, which stood not far from his grandfather's farm, among a cluster of wild rocks, in his ballad, "The Eve of St. John." He also makes beautiful mention of it in the introduction to the 3d Canto of Marmion, when he says:

"Thus while I ape the measure wild
Of tales that charmed me yet a child,
Rude though they be, still with the chime
Return the thoughts of early time;
And feelings, roused in life's first day,
Glow in the line, and prompt the lay.
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour.
Though no broad river swept along,
To claim, perchance, heroic song;
Though sighed no groves in summer gale,
To prompt of love a softer tale;
Tho' scarce a puny streamlet's speed
Claimed homage from a shepherd's reed;
Yet was poetic impulse given,
By the green hill, and clear, blue heaven.
It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruined wall."

Passing over his city home in Edinburgh, where, in the midst of a delightful family circle, he spent the happy days of his boyhood and his years of study, as well as his residence at Kelso, where, rambling in a large garden of his sister's, he reveled in poetry and novels, we come to the time when he settled with his pretty little French wife at Lasswade, where his cottage is still pointed out. A writer, describing the neighbor-

hood, says; "The country there is rich, and the noble woods, the fine views down into the fertile valleys, and the Esk coming sounding along its channels from Rosslyn and Hawthornden, make it very charming."

Scott's appointment as sheriff of the county of Selkirk induced him to remove to Ashestiel, where he spent some of the happiest hours of his life. Surrounded by a lovely family, with a rising reputation, in the midst of the border ballad country, over which he delighted to roam and with leisure to devote to literary pursuits, it seemed as though nothing was lacking to make him happy. Here he finished the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and wrote his "Marmion," "Lady of the Lake," "Lord of the Isles," "Waverly," and many other works. Here he obtained his highest fame as a poet, Here too he entertained many distinguished guests. "Happy had it been for him," says Sir James Russell, "had he been contented to remain here, and have left unbuilt the castle of Abbottsford."

But the wealth which poured in upon him from his publishers, raised his thoughts higher, and he conceived the plan of erecting a baronial castle which should be a hereditary abode for his family. He chose the present site of Abbottsford and built first a snug little gentleman's cottage around and out of which grew in process of time that residence so intimately associated with Scott's name.

It stands in the neighborhood of Smallholm tower, to which reference has already been made, and in the vicinity rise the venerable ruins of Dryburgh and Melrose Abbeys, which latter was a special favorite of Scott. The surrounding scenery cannot be better described than by quoting the words of Washington Irving, who visited Abbottsford when the castle was but just commenced; and while "all was in embryo and perspective, and Scott pleased himself with picturing out his future residence, as he would one of the fanciful creations of his own romances." To quote further,—"Our ramble took us on the hills commanding an extensive prospect. I gazed about me for a time with mute surprise, I may almost say with disappointment. I beheld a mere succession of gray waving hills, line beyond line, as far as my eye could reach; monotonous in their aspect, and destitute of trees; * * * and the far-famed Tweed appeared a naked stream, flowing between bare hills, without a tree or thicket on its banks; and yet such had been the magic web of poetry and romance thrown over the whole, that it had a greater charm for me than the richest scenery I beheld in England. In the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," we find the following passage, which is but a counterpart of Irving's description:

"O Caledonia! stern and wild
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires, what mortal hand,
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!"

It were too long a task to undertake any minute examination of the castle itself, with its mixed style of architecture approaching the Elizabethian; its covered walks; its square and octagon towers; its old gateway taken from the tower of Tolbooth in Edinburgh; its porch beautifully groined and adorned with stag's horns; its entrance hall, a perfect museum of antiquities; its walls emblazoned with the shields of old Scottish border chieftains; its noble library with carved cedar ceiling; or its armory filled with interesting relics; suffice it to say that it was a fit residence for a man of such exalted genius and enlarged heart as Sir Walter Scott.

From these rugged but poetic mountains of Scotland we turn to the warmer and more genial shores of southern England.

Of Alfred Tennyson's domestic life but little is known, even by his own countrymen. He charms the world with his melody, but hides himself amid the foliage of his sequestered haunts. He understands well the true secret of his power, and seeks not popularity.

The orator must appear on the platform, influencing often as much by the music of his voice, the fire of his eye, and the expressiveness of his gestures, as by the subject matter of his discourse; the statesman must be on hand in every emergency—ready to place himself at the head of his ranks, and lead them on to victory; the merchant must crowd his way through the busy emporium of trade, if he would grow wealthy in the merchandise of the Indies. But the poet may live and sing in seclusion, drawing over his private life a veil, which often lends an additional charm to the productions of his genius.

So Tennyson—who appears studiously to avoid publicity, and to court rather the dryads and naiads in their native groves and fountains. Listening to the breezes which rustle merrily through the fresh foliage of Spring, or to the Autumn gales which sigh mournfully through the naked boughs of the gnarled oak and silver poplar, he gathers tales of love and chivalry; or, standing on the white sea-beach, perchance on the shore of the lovely Isle of Wight, he gazes on the blue main, and dreams of the fair Queen

of Egypt, wafted down the Nile by spicy breezes, or of the "Lotus-eaters," who

> "Propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
> With half-dropped eyelids still"

listen to

> "Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
> Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
> Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies."

His perfect knowledge of rural life and scenery in all its phases, cannot be better illustrated than by referring to such pieces as the "Miller's Daughter." What can be more natural than this:

> "I loved the brimming wave that swam
> Through quiet meadows round the mill,
> The sleepy pool above the dam,
> The pool beneath it never still,
> The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,
> The dark round of the dripping wheel,
> The very air about the door
> Made misty with the floating meal."

In the "Palace of Art," describing various pictures hung around, we find two gems:

> "And one—a full-fed river winding slow
> By herds upon an endless plain,
> The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
> With shadow-streaks of rain."

> "And one—the reapers at their sultry toil.
> In front they bound the sheaves. Behind
> Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,
> And hoary to the wind."

There can hardly be a doubt in any mind as to the fact that most men of genius reveal, in the productions of their maturer years, the indelible impressions received in childhood from the scenery with which they were surrounded. Thus Paris says, in his life of Sir Humphrey Davy: "In the magical coloring of Rembrandt's works the practised eye will recognize the *chiaro scuro* of his father's mill, in which the artist passed the hours of his childhood." Just so Tennyson, who pictures to us, not only the old mill near which his childhood was spent, but gives us also, here and there, sketches of the low-land and sea-coast scenery which lay in the vicinity of Somersby, the place of his birth.

One of these passages we find in the "Dying Swan:"

"And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow branches, hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the soughing reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery-marish flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song."

Another in "Mariana in the South:"

"With one black shadow at its feet,
The house through all the level shines,
Close latticed to the brooding heat,
And silent in its dusty vines:
A faint-blue ridge upon the right,
An empty river-bed before,
And shallows on a distant shore,
In glaring sand and inlet bright."

"Somersby is situated," says Howitt, "in a pretty pastoral district of softly sloping hills and large ash-trees. This home of his youth Tennyson has graphically described in his "Ode to Memory." The passage runs thus:

"Come forth, I charge thee; arise,
Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes!
Thou comest not with shows of flaunting vines,
Unto mine inner eye,
Divinest memory!
Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall,
Which ever sounds and shines,
A pillar of white light upon the wall
Of purple cliffs,—aloof descried:—
Come from the woods that belt the gray hill-side,
The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthern urn,
In every elbow and turn,
The filtered tribute of the rough woodland.
Oh! hither lead thy feet.
Pour round mine ears the live-long bleat
Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds,
Upon the ridged wolds,

When the first matin song hath wakened loud
Over the dark, dewy earth forlorn,
What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung cloud."

Would any one know Tennyson's present abode? Some distance above London, on the river Thames, in the retired village of Twickenham, there is a secluded cluster of neat dwellings. The poet occupies the cottage nearest the time-honored village church, which is surrounded by the tombs of many a generation. It faces a noble park belonging to a neighboring estate, through the branches of whose towering trees a glimpse of the winding Thames may be caught. Green meadows, bordered by hawthorn bushes and shady lanes, slope down to the river's bank. On all sides are fine walks through the parks and lawns, and by the river's side.

Here, then, it is that the great poet laureate of England delights to wander

"Where the muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill."

Here he

"Feeds on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note."

THE NIEBELUNGENLIED.

ALMOST every literature has its great national Epic. What the Iliad is to the Greek, the Æneid to the Roman, the Cid to the Spanish, the Paradise Lost to the English, that is the Niebelungenlied to the German literature. Numerous are the legends which are woven into this great national song. What Wolf, with indifferent success, endeavored to prove in respect to the poems of Homer, is undoubtedly true of the Niebelungenlied. It is a collection of heroic ballads of different date and authors, but all having reference, more or less direct, to a single circle of legends, and thrown perhaps into its present form and coloring by a single hand.

Of these legends, four may be easily distinguished: the first may be called the Lower Rhine legend; the hero is Sigfried, whose residence is

Santen in the Netherlands. The second is the Burgundian legend; the heroes are Gunther, Gernot, and Giselher, who are the kings of Burgundy; their mother Ute, their sister Kriemhild, and Gunther's wife Brunhild are the heroines; and among their vassals Hagen and Volker are the most valiant and celebrated. Their residence is Worms on the Rhine. The third legend is Ostrogothic; the hero is the historical Theodoric, but celebrated in the poem under the name of Dietrich of Bern—Bern being a mere corruption of Verona the capital city of Theodoric. His most famous vassal and fighting man is the old Hildebrand. The fourth legend celebrates Attila, king of the Huns, under the name of Etzel, and his men Rudiger, Havart, Iring and Imfried. Etzel's residence is Etzelsburg in Hungary, the modern Ofen.

The mention of Theodoric and Attila will serve to give the reader an idea of the great antiquity of the materials of the Niebelungenlied. Theodoric flourished about the year 500, Attila still earlier; and it is probable that these legends first took form not long after their death. At any rate it was while heathenism reigned supreme in the forests of Germany; for notwithstanding the pains of an after age to expurgate the natural references to the heathen deities, and to put these popular songs into a more Christian shape, we get many a glimpse into the old Teutonic mythology, as will be noticed as we proceed. It is not our present object at all to give a critique on the Niebelungenlied, or to compare it with other epics, but simply to put into an English dress the *story* of the poem as it is related to us by the German literary historians. We cannot help asking the reader, however, to note the resemblance to the Iliad, not only in the freshness and simplicity of the tale, but also in the fact that no one hero is predominant throughout, but that Sigfried, Hagen, Etzel, Dietrich, Hildebrand, and the others, all receive their meed of praise, and are model heroes in their way. No more does Homer disparage Hector to exalt Achilles. But to the story.

In Burgundy, within the old royal castle at Worms on the Rhine, the noble daughter of the king, after her father's early death, grew up to be a blooming maiden, full of loveliness and grace. Dim presaging dreams hover around the thoughtful head of the lovely Krimehild in the quiet solitude in which, in accordance with the excellent custom of the times, she passed her childhood and early youth. She dreamed one day that she had a falcon which she had nourished a long time, and tended as a pet—when suddenly two eagles swooped down and pressed the gentle bird to death with their terrible claws. Moved with pain the waking

girl relates the dream to her dear mother, who thus interprets the gentle anxious foreboding of her daughter: "The falcon is a noble man, for whom thy future is designed; but may God protect him that you do not lose him early." "What do you say to me, dear mother, about a man?" the daughter answers; "I shall pass through life without a hero's love, and keep my youthful beauty until death, lest at last my love be changed to sorrow." "Ah! do not promise it too strongly—do not throw your words away," her mother answers; "you will one day be joyful in a hero's love—you will become the beautiful wife of a noble hero."

Thus sounds forth from the deep heart of the tender maiden, like a lightly tolling bell in the distance, the first presentiment of future inexpressible woe; and the shadows of this dream expand over the clear sky of her life and of her love; darker and yet darker they hover over the spring days of her first and only affection; darker and yet darker over the joyous games and splendid feasts of her wedding; pale and dim shimmers the sun-light through the gathering gloom of the advancing day, till that orb, red as blood, hastens to his setting and with far beaming bloody splendor sinks in eternal night.

Serene in joyous youth, strong in fresh manly courage, and mighty in adventurous prowess, *Sigfried*, in the mean time, has grown up in the Netherlands, at Santen on the Rhine. He is the son of Sigmund and Sigelind; already when a boy was a hero, had traveled through many lands to test the wondrous strength of his giant frame, and when he heard intelligence of the beautiful virgin at Worms on the upper Rhine, the most joyous and glorious of the heroic youths of his time, departed with his vassals from his home, in order to woo at Worms the most beauteous, graceful and modest maiden who was to be found in the world.

A tone of warning presentiment is heard even here from the lips of his wise father, King Sigmund; a tear of pain for her dear son whom she is afraid of losing, falls from the eyes of Sigelind upon the true strong hand of her son—but he departs, dismissed with rich gifts from his father and mother. The strangers dash up before the royal castle at Worms, like giants in their manly strength, and in such splendor of steeds and their caparisons, as were never before seen. No one before the castle hall, knew the men now stretched along the Rhine shore, no one knew their leader, the youth of regal mien. Then is *Hagen of Tronei* sent for, who is familiar with all lands, but even he has never seen these heroes; princes, or the messengers of princes they must be, he declares; from wheresoever they come, they are heroes of high spirit. But he soon af-

ter adds: I have never seen Sigfried indeed, but I must believe that it can be he alone who is so gloriously approaching; it is Sigfried, who conquered the race of the Niebelungs, acquired uncounted treasure in precious gems and solid gold from the dark race of Schilbung and Niebelung, and took the land and the people of the conquered into possession; who, in hot battle, tore away from the dwarf Alberich his cowl, which made him invisible—the same Sigfried, who slew the Dragon, and bathed himself in the blood, so that his skin became invulnerable as horn. Such a hero we ought to receive in a friendly manner, so as not to invite upon ourselves the hate of such a warrior. Sigfried is hospitably welcomed and entertained in a most splendid manner.

Joyous warlike games are held in the court-yard of the royal palace; Kriemhild gazes clandestinely through the window, and in the sight of the noble youthful hero, forgets all her pastimes, all her games with her few girlish companions, all the thoughtful occupations of her maiden solitude. But Sigfried tarries a whole year at the court of the Burgundian kings, before he is allowed to see but once her whom he came to woo. He goes out as a battle companion, as it were in the service of the king, with the army and the heroes of the Burgundians, continues the distant journey from the Rhine through Hesse, deep into the province of the Saxons, whose King Siutger together with Siutgast, King of Denmark, had declared war against the Kings of Burgundy. In the murderous battle Sigfried is the most mighty and victorious of the heroes; he conquers and takes prisoner the Danish king, Siutgast, and Siutger himself with his Saxons, succumbs before his prowess.

Messengers come from the army to the Rhine to announce the joyful victory, and one of them gains admittance to Kriemhild, either knowing or suspecting that her heart was not at home at Worms, but away in the Saxon war. "Now tell me good news," says Kriemhild, "and I will give you all my money, and will be gracious to you all my life, if your intelligence be true." "No one rode more gloriously to the battle than our guest from the Netherlands; Sigfried's hand has fought the mighty conflict, first and last. The hostages which you will see coming from Saxony to the Rhine, his heroic hand has conquered and sent hither."

Ten marks of gold, and beautiful garments, the maiden orders to be given to the welcome messenger for his tidings,—tidings which were joyful to all, but to none more so than the maiden, whose heart was all aglow. She places herself silently at a narrow window of the palace, and gazes intently upon the road whence the victors will return to the Rhine. At

last, the host of knights appears; and the virgin sees the joyous tumult before the gates of the castle, along the meadow on the Rhine, and, among the many heroes, him, the one honored and admired above all.

But he is not yet allowed to gaze on his desired; modesty still keeps her in her quiet, narrow chamber. At last, a great knightly festival is appointed; and to the joyful feast of Whitsuntide assemble, from far and near, at the Burgundian court, the noblest and the best, and among them thirty-two princes. Then, at length, for the first time, is Kriemhild allowed to appear by the side of her mother, Ute, attended by a hundred chamberlains, and a hundred ladies and maidens in richest apparel. As the dawn rises from the dusky clouds, as the moon shines in mild splendor among the stars, so she appears in the mildness of her youth, her beauty, and her silent love. At a distance stands Sigfried: "How came it to pass," thought he, "that I dared to woo thee? It was a foolish dream. Yet I would rather die, than give thee up." Then, according to the courtly custom, Gunther, at the bidding of Gernot, invites Sigfried to approach, and greet their sister. Then the hero steps up, and bows lovingly before the maiden; the impulse of sweet love draws them each to the other, and looks of affection are stealthily exchanged.

But not a word is spoken, until after the mass with which the festival began, when the maiden thanked the hero for the valiant assistance which he had rendered to her brothers. "It was all for your sake, Lady Kriemhild," answered Sigfried; and now, since the month has trusted itself a little, Sigfried remains twelve days after the conclusion of the feast near the loving maiden. Then the foreign guests withdraw; and Sigfried himself prepares for departure, for he hardly dares to hope that he shall gain his great wish. Yet he is easily persuaded by the words of young Giselher to tarry still longer where, in the simple words of the song, he was very dear, and daily saw the beautiful Kriemhild.

But now there was a queen who lived far away beyond the sea; glorious in remarkable beauty, but also glorious in remarkable, almost superhuman; strength; with the men who desired her hand, she threw for this stake the lance, hurled the huge stone, and sprang after the thrown stone in a bold leap; only to him, who, without failure, conquered in each of these three games, would she surrender herself. He who failed lost his head. Already many a hero had voyaged in vain for the love of the strong, warlike virgin, Brunhild, never to return; then King Gunther determines to hazard his life for her hand, and summons Sigfried to assist him in the wooing. Sigfried consents, on condition that Gunther will give him his

sister Kreimhild to wife; Gunther promises to do this as soon as Brunhild shall have arrived in the land. This agreement is cemented by an oath, and a ship is made ready for their departure; shields ornamented with gold, and rich garments are carried to the shore, and out of the windows gaze the troubled eyes of loving children after the heroes who sit under the swelling sail at the rudder of the Rhine ship. For Sigfried, the skillful sailor, guides the helm himself, and Gunther, in like manner, seizes the oar. After a voyage of twelve days, they come to *Isenstein*, where Brunhild reigns. Eighty six towers loom up along the shore in strange, gloomy splendor, enclosing three wide palaces, and a great regal hall, all built of white marble. Sigfried alone is acquainted with this distant country, this wonderful castle, and its proud mistress. And she, too, knows the hero who approaches her well, only too well. "Be welcome," she exclaims, without asking who it is; "be welcome, Sigfried, here in my land. What means your journey? I should like to know that."

"There stands," answers Sigfried to his questioner, "Gunther, a king on the Rhine, who desires to gain thy hand; he is my lord; I, his vassal; for your sake we come." Then the contests begin; but Gunther, unable to defend himself against the monstrous powers of the strong virgin, has Sigfried for his proxy. The latter puts on his invisible cloak, in order to go through the contests invisibly in Gunther's place; Gunther is to be combatant only in appearance. For Queen Brunhild they bring forward the inflexible spear which she is accustomed to hurl, with its heavy pole, and broad iron that cuts terribly on its three rough edges; also they bring into the circle a huge round stone for hurling, which takes twelve men to carry it.

She turns up the sleeves on her white arms, poises her lance, and the strife begins. Gunther, to whom Sigfried is as invisible as to the rest, quakes before his terrible opponent, whom yet he is anxious to win; then Sigfried approaches him, and takes his shield, and bids him only make the motions of the conflict; and how Gunther rejoices when he knows the helping presence of Sigfried! Now the amazon hurls her spear, and the sparks fly like flames blown by the wind from the shield of her antagonist which receives it; Sigfried totters a moment, but soon holds his footing firm, and then hurls with still wilder strength his spear against Brunhild. Her shield receives it, but she falls. "Thanks for your hit," cries the mighty maiden, springing up quickly; "thanks, noble knight Gunther!" And, angry that she is beaten, she hastens after the stone, seizes it, swings it around with giant strength, and hurls it to a great distance, and then

leaps after it and away over it, with such spring that all her armor loud resounds.

But the bold, mighty Sigfried, with his long, lithe body, seizes instantly the stone, swings it, and throws it far over his opponent, and leaps, taking the king also under his arm, with superhuman strength the monstrous spring, even farther than Brunhild had leapt. She turns instantly to her retinue, "Kinsmen and vassals, you are all subject to King Gunther."

Preparations are made for the home voyage, and after Sigfried had first visited his Nibelungen kingdom, and had taken with him thence vassals and rich treasures, the two heroes voyage back over the sea, and up the Rhine, towards Worms, Sigfried in advance, as herald of the victory achieved, and of the approaching queen of the country. The goal is reached: as Brunhild is affianced to Gunther, so is Kriemhild to Sigfried; the loving girl is placed in the arms of the hero, and in the presence of the kings and numberless retainers, the bride gives and receives the first, the espousal kiss.

But opposite this happy pair, sits the other couple with sad countenances, Gunther and Brunhild; tears course over the clear cheeks of the beautiful majestic Brunhild. Astonished and anxious, for conscience accuses him, Gunther inquires after the cause of her tears; and Brunhild answers, "I weep for Kriemhild thy sister, because thou hast not given her to a king, but to one of thy vassals, and hast degraded her by a marriage with a subject man." "Never mind it my beautiful wife," responds Gunther, "I will tell you some other time why I have given my sister to Sigfried: she will lead a happy life with this hero."

Here we stop the course of the story for a moment to remark with Vilmar, whose account of the Niebelungenlied we have done little more than translate, that here commence the complications of that unhappy knot, whose secret windings lead us through the mazes of the poem. It has been related already that Sigfried and Brunhild knew each other at once when he and Gunther reached her realm; and now we find Brunhild weeping on the occasion of his marriage, alleging as a reason what is evidently only a pretext; for, that Sigfried is a king she might know in answer to a single question—indeed she must have known it already. Gunther gives an evasive answer obviously so as not to expose himself. We may at least be allowed to guess, that Brunhild had anterior claims upon Sigfried; and now the long extinguished love awakes in glowing flames of jealousy.

Here also presses into the heroic legend, the otherwise invisible hand

of the old heathen mythological legend, and writes as it were its curse on the wall, filling the heart of all present with anxious foreboding and horror. Brunhild, as we know from the northern legends, which have preserved the heathen form of this originally pure German myth, Brunhild is a Valkyra, one of those battle-maidens of Odin the supreme god of the German world, who are his messengers, and elect those who are destined to fall in battle, and wait on them after their arrival at Walhalla, presenting them the drink of the gods to quaff. Odin, for some fault which she has committed, has, with a prick of his magical sleep-inducing thorn, put her into a deep sleep and surrounded her with a high wall of burning flame, as a punishment. Then approaches, not the *hero*, but the serene victorious *god* Sigfried, the god of the Sun and of the Spring, the god of glorious Nature, with beaming, flashing eyes. He breaks through the wall of flame, awakes and rescues the beauteous prisoner, and marries her, the god of light marries the earthly maiden. But the bridal joy is short. Sigfried departs, departs forever from his young bride, as the year in never tarrying, pitiless progress departs from his first love the verdant Spring, to unite with a second love the glowing Summer.

This oldest form of the legend, this mythical back ground, has been either pre-supposed in the Niebelungenlied as it has come down to us, or has been designedly suppressed, or at the time when the poem received its present form had become so dimmed by age that the tale could not meddle with it. At any rate the myth has vanished—it is dumb—but yet, as it were, it opens its lips, and thus lets itself be noticed. And if we draw the curtain which time has thus gently pushed back, what depths, what an abyss of wonders opens up before our eyes! The Valkyra in their half divinity, and Sigfried the shining god in his superhuman splendor and strength, Odin lord of worlds and giver of victory, and near them, if we should follow the myth further, Donar and Ziu, Fro and Frowa and all the wonderful, half monster, half divine forms of the old heathen mythology! And behind these, behind Sigfried and Odin, the Valkyra and Ziu, we should get a glance of a people, thoughtful, proud, harsh, often wild, but a people formed by Nature, and who had in their deepest soul a sense of her mysteries.

Let us return now to the progress of our song, which is divested, indeed, of its supernatural elements for the most part, or shows them only from that deep, dark back-ground into which we have just glanced, and into which we shall have another opportunity to look, by-and-by; but which shows us the deepest elements of human life,—jealousy, hate, lust

of blood, revenge,—in their fullest action, and, indeed, so wonderfully, so inseparably, blended with the noblest impulses of the human breast, love, good faith, gratitude,—as, in truth, they *are* blended in the human heart; so that, even to-day, the same pulsation can beat love and hate, envy and gratitude. This transformation of the legend and the song from its rougher, mythical character into a milder and more human form, is due exclusively to the influence of Christianity.

Bodingly the song proceeds. The first step towards the fulfillment of the anxious dream of the lovely Kriemhild, with which the poem began, has been taken. The jealousy of Brunhild is aroused. Quickly follows the second step.

Brunhild, although vanquished, resumes her unbridled passion for contests, her wild lust of battle. On the evening of her wedding-day, she wrestles again with Gunther, her newly married spouse; and he, not having the strong aid of Sigfried, as before, is shamefully conquered, and ignominiously bound with the girdle of his wife, which she throws around him hand and foot, and on which she hangs him up upon a hook fastened in the wall; and only after the most piteous beseechings is he released. Sad and chagrined, the next day he appeals to Sigfried for his help; the latter slips into his invisible cloak, and wrestles again with the tameless woman, and conquers her again. But this time he takes from her unperceived her girdle and a ring. Sigfried gives them both to his own wife, Kriemhild, to his own destruction and hers, to the destruction of her nation, her brothers, their vassals, and many thousand noble heroes.

[To be Continued.]

CORSICA.

A lonely island in the South, it shows
  Its frosted brow, and waves its shaggy woods,
  And sullenly above the billow broods.
Here he that shook the frighted world arose.
'Twas here he gained the strength the wing to plume,
  To swoop upon the Arno's classic plains,
  And drink the noblest blood of Europe's veins—
  His eye but glanced and nations felt their doom!
Alas! "how art thou fall'n, oh Lucifer,
  Son of the morning!" thou that wast the scourge
  And glory of the earth—whose nod could urge
Proud armies deathward at the trump of war!
  And did'st thou die on lone Helena's isle?
  And art thou nought but dust and ashes vile?

CHARLES LAMB.

THERE are many persons whom at first we admire, but whose characters, as we look deeper and deeper into them, grow none the more attractive.

There are some persons whom we know only to love, whose talents shine brighter and brighter, whose hearts beat nearer and nearer in unison with our own, and the springs of whose actions are clearer and purer the deeper down we look.

A few of both these classes who have long since passed away, yet survive on the printed page. We may know them and commune with them. They talk with us, and we see the workings of their minds and hearts as really as if they were our bosom friends.

Charles Lamb belongs emphatically among those, who the better they are known, the better they loved. Both his peculiar temperament and the eccentricities of his character can be gathered from the writings which he himself published; and yet a perusal of his confidential letters, since given to the world, in which are revealed the joys and sorrows of his chequered life, and where the thoughts of his heart are made known, and his heart itself is laid open, so that not only its noble amplitude, but its innermost recesses can be seen, throws a new light over, and imparts a new life to, his productions. In speaking of Lamb we must first regard him in a literary point of view, for so only is he generally known. We cannot claim for him popularity, even in the sense in which we may call Milton a popular writer. All acknowledge Milton a giant, and look upon the beauteous symmetry of his towering dimensions with wondering admiration; while Lamb is regarded by many as insipid, and by others, of good intellect it may be, with indifference. But the very qualities which account for this, will always secure for him a select few of devoted admirers.

That he was a man of real genius and originality none can deny, although they may think his genius wayward and misdirected, and his originality partaking too much of eccentricity. It is true that his genius soared not so high, nor in so broad a sphere as that of the first great

names in literature; but in his own sphere he was perfect; and in the exercise of his own peculiar powers he has left specimens that must always be considered gems in literature; wonderful for their felicity of expression, and exhibiting the rarest tenderness, delicacy and naturalness.

As a Poet he has not a claim to an extended fame; and yet he has written some pieces of touching sweetness, and of great power. Many of his verses show a nice appreciation of beauty, and some of them—"The Gipsy's Malison," for instance—are extraordinary for their force.

His dramatic writings were but poorly received. "John Woodvil," a tragedy which appeared in 1804, was regarded a failure, and "Mr H.,' a farce which came out two years later, shared the same fate. The former of these, from his intense admiration of the dramatists of the Elizabethan era, was written in imitation of their style and manner, and although it abounds in rich and striking passages, must be acknowledged to be deficient in plot, and somewhat constrained in style. The farce never was reproduced after the first night.

As a critic of the old English dramatists he is distinguished, and is said to show an excellent appreciation of their merits, and a "fine critical taste in analyzing their genius." His story of "Rosamund Grey" is most beautiful in its touching simplicity.

But it is as an essayist that he is most known, and as such he is great. The exquisite Elia fills a place in our literature that no one else has filled or can fill. The essays, so signed, are like nothing else. They breathe a spirit peculiarly their own. Partaking of the same general characteristics of style as the old English writers, they are pervaded by a spirit of true wit, and of humor unique and inimitable; while strangely yet gracefully intermingled with these, are gleams of the most tender and touching pathos. A stroke of wit or a shower of puns often does more to impress a truth, than would a whole page of moral demonstration. You may find yourself startled by some expression; but you can always trace it back to Lamb's affection for the truth and his love for the natural. Indeed, his utter abhorrence of all affectation seems to be the foundation of his character, the main spring of his action. If he speaks of grace before meat in a manner that seems absolutely shocking, the piece being examined will show that it is the want of grace that he deprecates: he would have gratitude not so arbitrarily marked by an occasion, but would have thanks returned for books and friends, and the delights derived from art, as well as for daily bread.

His popular fallacies take their rise in essentially the same trait of

character. Elia has a remarkable love for whatever is old, and some passages springing from this emotion are as moving in their eloquence, as anything that ever fell from the lips or flowed from the pen of the old masters.

Another marked peculiarity is his disposition to defend the weaker side, his sympathy with the neglected. He complains of "the decay of beggars" in the metropolis, and praises the chimney sweep. The peculiar power and genial quaintness of Elia are well displayed in the essays entitled "The confessions of an Inebriate," "A Quaker Meeting," "Dream Children," and "Dissertations on Roast Pig."

But, pleasant as it would be, we cannot linger longer with the literary Charles Lamb, the man of genius. He stands alone in his originality, inimitable, abounding in idiosyncracies, witty, chaste, pure, sarcastic, eloquent, natural. And yet, were it not for the morbid appetite existing at the present day for the amusing, his readers would be fewer than they now are, and now they are not many. This seems strange; but there is an inner sanctuary of feeling where the vulgar can never enter, a delicacy and tenderness of sentiment that those clamoring after strong sensation can neither know nor appreciate.

But we pass to speak of Charles Lamb, as a social and moral being, as a man. As such he was nobly great. Looking upon him in the light of his sublime life, darkened as it was, by the great black cloud of sorrow that always hung over it, it seems not strange that 'twas writ upon his tomb stone:

"Oh he was good if e'er a good man lived."

In circumstances far removed from opulence, and earning his daily bread by the daily labor of his hands, he was yet princely in his munificence. His hospitality was unbounded; his table and himself were always at the service of his friends, and many there were whose highest joy was to spend a social evening with Charles and Mary Lamb. Coleridge, Hood, Hazlitt, Southey, Wordsworth, and all the numerous circle of his friends, were ever welcomed with a cordiality that could spring only from his affectionate and child-like nature. He is said to have been by far too liberal to certain literary men whose importunity he could not resist. He himself says: "Heaven does not owe me sixpence for all I have given or lent to such importunity. I only gave because I could not bear to refuse it; and I have done good by my weakness." Where he saw a friend in real need, he often would press the acceptance of fifty or

a hundred pounds with stammering accents, and in a spirit of delicate kindness that few could resist.

And then how affectionate he was! His love for his friends was deep, ardent, and unchangeable. How it is breathed forth in his letters! "God bless you, my dear Coleridge. Yours truly, Charles Lamb." "Accept my kindest love, and believe me yours, as ever, C. L." "But I feel all I can, all the kindness I can towards you all. God bless you. Yours truly." "With my kindest love for all, and prayers for dear Dorothy, I remain, most affectionately, yours, C. Lamb."

A letter to a dear friend contains a beautiful expression of filial affection. He says: "Oh! my friend, I think sometimes, could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? Not those 'merrier days,' not the 'pleasant days of hope,' not 'those wanderings with a fair-haired maid,' which I have so often and so feelingly regretted; but the days, Coleridge, of a *mother's* fondness for her school-boy. What would I give to call her back to earth for *one* day, on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which, from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain! And the day, my friend, I trust, will come; there will be 'time enough' for kind offices of love, if 'Heaven's eternal year' be ours. Hereafter, her meek spirit shall not reproach me."

This element of his nature, exercised in a holy love for his sister, in connection with his own self-denial, is what gives moral grandeur to his life, and makes Charles Lamb a hero.

See him! Deliberately conservating his life to the maintenance and comfort of the maniac sister, whose hand had slain his mother; taking her to his own home, and cherishing her with all the tenderness and depth of affection of which his great soul was capable; calmly abandoning forever the hopes of marriage with a lady for whom, with youthful ardor, he cherished a strong reciprocal affection; and never once thinking of all this as a virtue. See how, through the long period of forty years, his love for that sister constantly increased, until it almost amounted to reverence: how, during the greater part of this period, in poor lodgings, and poverty, he still managed to hoard for her a competency, in case he should be taken away. Remember this in connection with his lavish hospitality, and that he died leaving enough to fulfill all his hopes for those left behind, and then say what you think of it. No; forbear, and first call to mind that the frail, excitable, and tremulous Charles Lamb did all this, not only amid the recurrent madness of his sister, but with a great cloud hanging over his own head, and constantly threatening his reason, for he himself had seen the dungeons of the mad-house.

The annals of history scarcely present another such instance of heroic self-denial and sterling goodness, where a man, through a whole life-time of humiliation and weakness, stood face to face with the most awful of Heaven's curses, and never flinched, but rather leaned for support on the very arm that was raised in chastisement.

Naturally hypochondriacal, and pressed down by such a giant sorrow, with an inborn physical tendency for stimuli,—does it seem strange that he should have sought at intervals to conceal from himself the gloominess of his prospects, in the excitement of strong drink, and now and then to pass an hour of wild forgetfulness?

We do not pretend to justify the intemperance of even Charles Lamb. And yet, considering that he never passed the bounds of "an agreeable elevation," that there were long periods of total abstinence, and that he accomplished so fully his "life-work;" considering this, in connection with what we have just said above, let us not look too harshly upon this one failing. We should remember, in regard to this and all other points of his character, as judged of from his works, that he wrote as a humorist. If space permitted, it would be pleasant to notice some of the whims and habits of this remarkable man, but we forbear. Knowing his story, we are no longer startled by the wild contrasts he so often presents, and cease to wonder at the incoherent and eccentric wildness of his mirth.

The inquiry naturally arises, Was this man, whose life was so redolent with goodness, a Christian? We can, without presumption, at least hope that he was, notwithstanding many incongruities, and his dread of contemplating the future. This dread took its rise from the fact that his horizon was always disfigured by the grim spectre of madness forever standing over, and only delaying to clasp, the one dearest to him on earth; and casting wistful and threatening glances at himself.

This very thing,—the awful barrenness of all human hope, the vanity of all things earthly,—seems to have compelled him to fix his longings upon that blessed place, where reason herself subject to the great law of love, sits on her throne forever in glory; where there is no more separation from loved ones; and where affectation and hypocrisy were never known. That he found the living way, I say, we may hope. Although I might, in confirmation, quote by the page, I will transcribe only a single sentence written to Coleridge. He says: "Few but laugh at me for reading my Testament. They talk a language I understand not; I conceal sentiments that would be a puzzle to them."

We have paid this humble but heart-felt tribute to the memory of a

much-loved name. If you seek for excitement, or expect profound and extended dissertations on ethics or morals, never take him from the shelf. But if you love genuine humor, and delight in wayward ingenuousness, and can appreciate true refinement and delicacy of feeling, or can love and sympathize with a great and noble heart, read the essays and letters of Charles Lamb.

DO PEOPLE THINK ALIKE?

"I CANNOT think as you do. People always have differed in their beliefs, and they always will: I don't expect to see the time when they agree, and I don't believe you ever will."

The words were not uttered petulantly, as the last resort of a discomfited disputant. They were not the flippant words of a conceited youth, who thought to acquire a short-lived notoriety by pompous pretensions to a shallow philosophy. They were not words of speculation at all, but of spontaneous, practical feeling; and they had no connection with a system of philosophy, except so far as the convictions of every mind respecting the vicissitudes, and mysteries, and painful seeming contradictions, of this immaterial, but intensely real, something, which we call Human Life, *must* take a philosophic form of some kind, good or bad. They contain a thought which has been in many minds, which has weighed upon many hearts; for, though diverse circumstances occasion circumstantial differences, the histories of human minds and human hearts are not so dissimilar as we, in our individuality, and selfishness, and shallow thinking, are apt to suppose. "And if words of spontaneous feeling, why not words of truth? Your boasted criterion of common consent is, at bottom, but an appeal to the feelings of mankind, and, obviously, no individual can have surer grounds of certainty than are found in his own spontaneous feelings. The voice of Nature is the voice of God." Too fast, good friend, by half! In the first place, common consent is, in itself, no

criterion of certainty at all. The old consent of Christendom to the Ptolemaic system was no sufficient ground of certainty to them, or to us, of its truth. The common notion of infancy—which is humanity in one stage of development—is no sufficient reason for believing that there is a laughing, wondering baby-face behind the mirror, as well as one in front of it. The consent must contain certain elements, or possess certain characteristics, by virtue of which, and which alone, does it possess any authority as common consent; and these characteristics may belong, and give the certainty of truth, to a belief which is opposed to common consent. Of these characteristics more, perhaps, in the sequel. In the second place, while it can hardly be disputed that the ultimate ground of certainty in knowledge is something which may be called a feeling, it will be well to remember that that word is very comprehensive, and, therefore, very vague,—that, though we feel that a stone is hard, feel sick, feel happy, feel a desire to see a friend, feel love and hatred, feel certain that a proposition is true, and feel the force of a truth, these feelings are not in every respect identical merely because they are all feelings; that when we call them feelings, we name one similarity, which co-exists with many and wide diversities.

Any act of consciousness is a feeling; to feel and to be conscious are synonymous expressions. As self-consciousness is a necessary attribute of rational beings, every act, every transient or permanent state of such a being is attended by a feeling. If I choose I not only exercise volition but feel that I exercise it; if an emotion is excited within me I feel that emotion; if I perceive truth I feel that I perceive it. In all these cases, however, feeling is merely that consciousness which attends all the acts and states of the soul; it is a reliable witness of what passes within the soul, but to everything without it is blind and deaf. In itself it cannot be an adequate criterion of certainty in knowledge, since it attends every other act as well as an act of belief, and the belief of error as well as the belief of truth.

Consciousness is involuntary; we do not choose to be conscious, but are conscious in spite of ourselves. Hence it is not unnatural to apply the term feeling to any other form of activity which is spontaneous. Thus we say that we feel a stone to be hard, meaning by such language that, whenever a stone presses upon a nerve of touch, we have an immediate intellectual perception. Thus, too, we hear of a feeling of jealousy; though nothing is plainer than that in jealousy there is involved the action of the whole mind—a perception by the intellect, an excitement of

the susceptibility and at least an internal act of the will. A selfish mind, however, is spontaneously jealous when the object of its regard or desire attracts the attention and excites the desires of others. For the same reason, many other complex states of mind—love, hatred, etc.—are called feelings; and because of its involuntariness belief is sometimes called a feeling. Such language is the unreflecting testimony of common sense to the fact that—whatever may be true of the interference of the will in the consideration of evidence—the evidence being considered, belief is inevitable; will cannot prevent it or alter it. But that this characteristic is not by itself a sufficient test is evident from the fact that *all* belief is involuntary at the moment of conviction, belief in the inherent righteousness of holding human beings as property not excepted.

Feeling is most properly used in a sense differing from that of mere consciousness or spontaneity, yet including both. It is used to indicate a class of facts which are found only in consciousness, and to become personally conscious of which is the only mode of acquiring a knowledge of them. "Our three grand faculties—intellect, feeling, will—express the intimacy of our relations to that which is without us. In thought, we stand before the objective and look at it; in feeling, we are spontaneously drawn towards it because of mutual pre-adaptations; in volition, we freely make it ours." These inlaid tendencies and spontaneous movements differ widely among themselves. Some are possessed by man as man, and are therefore common to the race. Such are his yearnings for the society of his kind, his sense of unrest without a supreme object of religious regard, and the like. Others originate, not in the common nature of man, but in the mental peculiarities, the diverse natural dispositions and temperaments, of men; of which daily life affords many illustrations. A feeling of this kind is possessed by some persons in a high degree, in some it is feebly developed, in some it is never actually manifested. A third class of feelings manifest themselves only after certain choices have been made; they are inlaid in the nature not like the classes previously mentioned, as universal or individual necessities, but only as possibilities, for the actualizing of which each person is responsible. Such are the peculiar common feelings of those engaged in the same occupation or profession, and which are known only after the choice of such occupation has been made; such are the assimilated feelings of chosen friends, the right feelings which attend right moral action, the wrong feelings which are occasioned by evil choices. Feeling, now, in this third sense, having a threefold manifestation, is as a matter of fact very controlling in respect

to belief; and within proper limits rightfully so. A little reflection, however, will show that these limits are somewhat narrow. That proposition, in favor of which undoubtedly flow the spontaneous feelings of our original constitution, we must consider true. But a great part of our belief is unattended by any immediate feeling except the pleasure of mental activity, and that pleasure is but the response of our nature to the proposition that man was born to think. In respect to those beliefs which are accompanied with feeling, the response of the feeling is not so reliable a test of truth as is generally supposed; and it makes a great difference which of the three above-mentioned activities of feeling respond. The response of original *human* feelings may be taken as full proof of the truth of *something* contained or implied in the proposition, but perhaps not of the very substance of the proposition, as the following from Julius Müller sufficiently proves. "Fervent love among men has not seldom been vexed at the personal distinction of those united by it, as at a restraining limitation; in moments of ecstatic elevation it has wished to remove this distinction, in order to become immediately one with its beloved object, one self. It is a noble feeling from which this wish originates; but that which is thereby meant is something different from what is said. For if one could take it at its word, the design, the highest activity and blessedness of love would be its destruction, since love is not a relation of the subject to itself, but is a fellowship of different subjects. What that desire means, is *the ability of unlimited communication*, the ability to make its own being perfectly transparent to the beloved one, and similarly to possess the being of the beloved in return." The tendency of feeling may thus be mistaken by the person possessing it, and, if so, the most universal feeling is never the ultimate, nor, by itself, a sufficient, test of certainty. With feelings peculiar to a natural cast of mind and temperament of body, additional caution must be used. Even supposing that the common feelings of men needed no discriminating interpretation in order to become infallible teachers of truth, yet it would not hence follow that individual feelings had no such need. One who should thus reason would commit the same blunder with him who makes self-interest his supreme guide in morals, just because conformity to the ultimate rule of right will in the end secure the highest good of each and all. As the apparent interests of individuals frequently clash, so also their feelings. A person of one temperament taking his feelings as ultimate authority will arrive at directly opposite results from a person of another temperament who takes his feelings as authority; nay more, the same person at one time

will contradict himself at another time. But a proposition and its contradictory cannot both be true; if trusting to one's "feelings" necessitates a contradiction, feeling in this sense cannot be a sufficient test of truth. It is mere madness or nonsense to infer that there is no such thing as truth, or that the testimony of our feelings, rightly understood, is fallacious or equivocal; all that such contradictions prove is, that there must be some activity outside of mere feeling before the truth can be certainly reached. The same things may be said of the testimony of feelings of the third form of manifestation which have been said of that of feelings of the second form: it is very partial, it is valid when its own limits are clearly defined and it is rightly interpreted, it is very commonly misinterpreted. The feelings which follow morally wrong choices prove no truth except by the way of a *reductio ad absurdun;* they stand only as beacon lights of warning. Truth is essentially rational, every violation of moral obligation is essentially irrational, and light has no fellowship with darkness. Add now the further consideration that all feeling is either blind or intelligent; that blind feeling, which is only a sense of unrest, a craving for something it knows not what, but something which it does not already possess, can testify to nothing but to a nameless want; that intelligent feeling is based upon previous or simultaneous knowledge, the intelligence existing not originally in the feeling, but communicated to it from the intellect or the consciousness; and the conclusions already reached will but be made the more certain.

It is manifest, therefore, that the sentiment—for all notions born of strong feeling and weak, submissive intellect, are sentiments, not beliefs or knowledge—quoted at our beginning is not true just because it happened to be a "feeling;" a conclusion which might have been assumed at the outset but for a frequent misapprehension. *Of course*, the ultimate test of certainty in knowledge is to be found in some form of activity of the faculty for knowing, and not in an activity of feeling or will. All the faculties conspire, but none does the work of another. Even if feeling were knowledge, such knowledge would not be intelligence, except in substantially the same sense in which the bee and the beaver are intelligent. Infallible knowledge would thus be actually inlaid in the nature,—perhaps more of it in the biped than in the insect or the quadruped—but, without the intervention of some other activity than that of feeling, the mode of knowing would be no higher in the one case than in the other.

We are now prepared to consider, directly, the question which stands as the caption of this article, and to which the preceding discussion has

been preliminary. Its explicit answer may be easily given, but the detailed discussion of it—covering considerable ground, and involving a number of discriminations—will occupy us in a future number. All men, after considering any subject patiently and fully, *may* come to identically the same conclusion; after considering it rightly, they *must* come to the same conclusion, though, in each case, the paths of their approach may be different. Despite all human errors and all bitter controversies, in the best sense all men *do* think truly and think alike, and only deceive themselves when they suppose they think otherwise. No human being, with a sane mind, ever did, or can, disbelieve this proposition, however much he may have fancied he disbelieved it. Its actual disbelief would be intellectual annihilation, and the annihilation of pretty much everything else. Its unconscious belief, coupled with a fancied disbelief, is paralyzing to all human activity, is blighting to every hope of human progress, is stilling to every voice of love and joy, is a crushing weight upon every religious aspiration. Its conscious, intelligent belief cheers, and enters into the very soul of every active, earnest, patient, hopeful life.

SONG.

The evening breeze is rippling o'er the wave,
And the dull sea is moaning on the shore.
Come, my brave boatmen, trip the shining oar!
So haste we, with the rising gale.

How sweetly breathes the fragrant mountain air!
And how mournfully sighs the warm south wind,
But, my brave boys, we'll look not now behind.
So haste we, with the rising gale.

Though balmy zephyrs sway the towering trees,
Ever gently murmuring through the grove;
With the tempest and storm we're sworn to rove.
So haste we, with the rising gale.

DREAMS.

The phenomena of dreams are among the most curious and interesting of the human mind, and have attracted the attention of the philosopher and metaphysician in all ages. The ancients divided dreams into five classes; the two most general were those that they considered oracular, and those that were not: the former could only be secured by sleeping in the temple of some deity.

The hypotheses offered by some of the ancients to account for these phenomena, are certainly not less ingenious or philosophical than many which have been produced by modern writers on zoonomia. These were of course based upon, or modified by, the peculiar doctrines of each sect of philosophers. The doctrine of Epicurus, in regard to sensation, was that it was caused by certain organs of the soul coming in contact with minute forms or images, which he supposed external objects threw off embodying their shape and properties, and which, on account of their extreme tenuity, penetrated the body and reached the soul. He explained the phenomenon of dreaming in the same manner, not remembering that we often dream of immaterial existences, which could not throw off these particles: for instance, we have a dream within a dream, or dream that we are dreaming.

Aristotle thought dreams were occasioned by motions excited in the brain when we are awake and continued when we are asleep. The Peripatetics went beyond their master and taught that the soul was freed from the body during sleep, and exerted itself with greater freedom and vigor. Other writers, both ancient and modern, have supposed our dreams to be the suggestions of spirits, either good or bad, from the fact that they often seem forced upon us. But most of the theories of modern writers are simply modifications of those of the ancients.

Since visible imagery constitutes the most important portion of our dreams, the character of the dreams of the blind becomes an interesting question. I give the case of Dr Blacklock, as stated by Smellie, as having at least, an indirect bearing upon our own views of the nature of these phenomena. He was asked if there was any difference between

his ideas of persons when dreaming, and those excited when he was awake. He replied that there was a great difference, but could not explain it for some time. At last he cried out, "Now I have it." When he was awake there were three ways in which he could distinguish persons: by their voice, by feeling their head and shoulders, or by attending to their manner of breathing. But in sleep the objects presented themselves with more vividness, and without the intervention of any of these modes, he was able to distinguish distant objects through the instrumentality of threads or strings, which proceeded from his body to these objects, and mutual ideas, if the object was animate, were transmitted by the vibrations of these threads.

I now propose to give my own explanation of these phenomena, and discuss the question: Whether, or not, our dreams partake of a moral character?—whether, or not, we are responsible for what we do in sleep? We will reverse the above order, and look first at their moral character, or accountability. I argue that the moral law takes cognizance of our dreams, first, from the intimate connection there is between our habits of thought and our dreams. I am fully aware that our dreams often seem altogether independent of, and contradictory to, our characters; but the same might be predicated of many thoughts that flit through the mind. But it is not often that either our thoughts or dreams give the lie direct to our moral characters. What we think of most, will generally constitute the subject of our dreams, and the moral complexion of these dreams will be the same as that of our habitual thoughts. Who has not, when a boy, skinned his fist, or knocked off a toe-nail against the bed-stead, in an imaginary fight with the school-mate who had threatened to whip him? What love-sick swain is there that has gone to bed thinking of melting blue-eyes, chestnut locks, and a fairy form, whose dreams have not been but the reproduction of the hopes and fears of his waking hours?

To such an extent are our dreams the exponent of our inner lives, that I suppose it impossible for a perfectly pure being to dream an impure dream.

We argue, in the second place, that we will be held responsible for our dreams, because those faculties of the soul, the exercise of which constitutes our acts moral acts, are still in exercise during sleep. Volition, or freedom to choose, pre-supposing a knowledge of right and wrong, constitutes man a free moral agent; and we claim that volition is not suspended during sleep. We are frequently conscious of directly exercising

it, especially when our dreams partake of an unpleasant character. If volition were suspended, our dreams could only occupy a few moments of our sleep, since our associations would be suddenly broken off at that part of the train of ideas which were originally succeeded by volition; for the train of ideas in our sleep were originally associated when volitions formed a part of that train, and the motion consequent on volition could not be produced unless volition existed. Professor Stewart, after a careful examination, thinks volition is not suspended, but that the *will* loses its control over those faculties of the body and mind which, during our waking hours, are subject to it. Now, I ask, is not volition an *exercise* of the will? If so, is it not absurd to say that the will is suspended, and its exercise continued?

He then argues that, if the will is suspended, we would expect memory and reason to be also suspended, and concludes that memory *is*, from the fact that we seem to associate and converse with friends long since dead. Now we think the simple fact that we remember these friends is proof positive that memory is not suspended. That we *do reason* in our sleep, he could not deny, but says that it is independent of will. To what extent a process of reasoning may be carried on without the concurrence of the several powers of the will, we do not pretend to be metaphysician enough to decide.

Jouffroy, after establishing the fact that our capacities are ours, but not ourselves, and that it is the will alone which constitutes our personality, says: "The effort demanded by the *control* of our faculties, is the only thing which fatigues us; for our capacities themselves are never weary with activity. Nothing, therefore, is weary in our soul but the will or personal energy; it alone, therefore, has need of sleep; it alone reposes; the capacities continue to operate, but we do not continue to direct them." I think I have already shown that volition, the determining power of the will, must necessarily perform its functions, or the phenomena of connected dreams would be impossible, which is all we contend for.

The explanation we promised of the phenomena of dreams, is our third argument for their moral nature. Dreaming is certainly an exercise of the mind; consequently, it is simply thinking; nor is it a less voluntary action than our waking thoughts, for the process of thinking is at all times involuntary. It is only the direction and channel of our thoughts over which we have control. It may be objected that our dreams seem to be realities, whilst our thoughts do not. I suppose, were it not that our senses contradict them, there are no vagaries of the imagina-

tion which would not seem to us tangible existences, and during sleep the senses are almost entirely suspended.

If any one will give me a philosophical explanation of the phenomenon and process of thought—of the flights of the imagination, its power to associate things and places widely disconnected—to commingle the real and the false—to annihilate time and space, and, in its creations, to disregard natural phenomena, and make these creations seem realities, until contradicted by the senses,—I shall then be able to give an explanation equally philosophic of all the phenomena connected with dreams; and, from this view of the subject, we would naturally conclude that the moral law takes cognizance of our dreams, since they are but the "thoughts and imaginations of the heart."

ENGAGING MANNERS.

There are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways, which every person may put on without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile, the quiet, cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger, whom one may recommend to our good regards, the inquiring glance, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession,—these will insure us the good regards of even a churl. Above all, there is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty. The voice can be so modulated that it will speak directly to the heart, and from that elicit an answer; and politeness may be made essential to our nature. Time is not thrown away in attending to such things, insignificant as they may seem to those who engage in weightier matters. The seeds of love can never grow, but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners. The way to secure friends is to show that you care for them. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them by showing them "the small, sweet courtesies of life,"—those courtesies which cannot offend, and which insensibly win the hearts of all.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

It is our pleasing duty to introduce the fifth volume of the QUARTERLY. In the performance of this ceremony we shall employ no formula of self depreciation, nor shall we humbly execute the "kotow"—casting dust upon our venerable locks, and furrowing the earth with our teeth—for the edification of an admiring public. The QUARTERLY no longer begs a place—it occupies a position, and that by no means one of inferiority. As its editors, we feel no disposition to implore (like some of our predecessors) the sympathy and condolence of our friends; but we are, on the contrary, impelled to magnify our office. We could easily fill a small volume with appropriate remarks suggested by so fruitful a theme; but those changes have been often rung in the ears of the world, and some new thing must be sought out wherewith to amuse the popular fancy. A word, then, to our contributors, and we pass on.

It is our earnest desire that every member of college may become a contributor to our drawer. We hope that no one will allow himself to be deterred from writing by the fear that his productions will fail of an appearance in print. Many of our friends are in the habit of excusing themselves upon a plea of inability "to write well enough for the QUARTERLY." To this we can only reply that an author is seldom a good critic of his own works; and we, moreover, claim to ourselves the privilege of deciding, in all cases, upon the merits of our contributors. It is often true that a genuine modesty prevents one from perceiving the real excellencies of his work; but we think it is oftener true that vanity lies at the root of the "gentle hesitation and charming bashfulness" which characterises many of the writers with whom we are acquainted. If any one really doubts his own abilities, we consider this only an additional reason why he should at once commence the preparation of "an article for the QUARTERLY." There is no exercise in college which will so increase one's powers of composition, and so extend one's knowledge of rhetoric, as will the careful elaboration of an essay for our drawer. Though we cannot promise to give publicity to all the lucubrations of genius, we are always willing to receive any article which may be presented for our inspection. Even if it must be returned "with the compliments of the editors, but really &c.," the time and labor spent in its production cannot have been other than profitably employed. It is very unpleasant for us to be under the necessity of consigning the efforts of any one to the column of "Rejected Addresses;" and we feel sure that a little care on the part of writers would prevent the occurrence of any such catastrophe. We may often err in our criticisms, and we doubt not that the correctness of our taste will be frequently called in question; but we trust those who differ from us will remember that there are certain rules of rhetoric and usages of composition to which all must conform. The oft-quoted maxim, *De gustibus non disputandum*, is not sufficient to cover the faults of any one; nor can we consent to endorse the opinions of the man who calls obscurity

profundity, who mistakes mere brevity for elegant conciseness, and who scorns the ornaments and refinements of rhetoric. We repeat it—uncouthness is not a characteristic of energy, nor is refinement synonomous with weakness.

The open window of our sanctum commands a fine view of the college grounds; and, sitting in our old arm-chair, biting the editorial quill, we can watch the passers as they saunter leisurely down the walks, or hurry rapidly on their way up the street. There goes a rollicking Sophomore who has no fear of *Biennial* before his eyes. He is in the hey-day of life and activity; thoughts of the future weigh lightly upon his spirit, and he is intent only upon the true Horatian pleasures of existence. Yonder stalks a young gentleman who delights in fine raiment and costly apparel; who arrays himself for recitation with as elaborate care as if he were going to a presidential levee. Let us admire him, for is he not happy! Has he not the handsomest pair of whiskers in college! Do not his boots fill a capacious trunk whenever he travels abroad! Here comes a stately figure, perpendicular in all the consciousness of immaculate virtue, a peripatetic monument of pertinacious rectitude and sobriety. Be not alarmed, dear reader: have we not all heard the fable of the ass in the lion's skin! Anon, we see a youth pushing his way along with nose ever erect before his face, like a hyena snuffing the air in search of carrion. A suspicious person is he—ever on the alert for mischief and stratagem: imagining evil in every thing which he does not fully comprehend, and, judging others by himself, he can find no one who deserves commendation or admiration. Heaven save us from the touch of his clammy fingers! Close upon the heels of this lovely character treads a man of humbler mien. Craft and stealth peep cautiously from the corners of his eyes, and step noiselessly in his springing boots. We all know him well, for is he not often seen in the halls of the Literary Societies?

Bah! enough of this! Let us shut the window, and turn our eyes within.

We have been not a little amused by the recent developments in fashion which the warm weather, of late, has so remarkably favored. All through the long months and dreary weeks of the interminable winter and spring, the "young gentlemen of the lower classes" lay dormant in their sober suits of snuff-color and black; and Sabbath after Sabbath passed mournfully away, even after the coming of summer, before the gay young butterflies could burst their prison walls, and spread their beautiful wings in the sunlight and air. But the wished for day finally came, and brave was the array which the walls of the old church saw. Rows of students "bound in blue and gold," figured waistcoats, natty little boots, glossy "plugs," stupendous dickies, and agonizing cravats,—what specimen of the tailor's handiwork was unrepresented! How glorious were the galleries! how charming was the bird's-eye view of the parquet! (It isn't a parquet, did you say?) How well the colors of the newspapers pasted over the chimney-pipes toned in with the rest of the scene!

But we commenced with the intention of saying a word upon a few of the peculiarities in the fashions which now prevail. First, we wish, with becoming reverence, to notice the institution, by men yclept a *swallow-tail*. It is said that every English gentleman possesses one, as a robe of state wherewith to adorn his person when he frequents the soirèes of the nobility, or is introduced to Her Most Gracious Majesty at the Court of St. James. And it is, moreover, stated that the respectable Englishman is careful to abstain from all public appearance in this garb by day-light. Keeping

these facts and associations in view, with what pretext of gravity can we witness the recent assumption of the *cauda virilis* by so large a number of our cotemporaries in the college world!

We have, also, a word concerning those marvelous circlets of linen, wherewith fantastic Sophomores and gay young Freshmen are wont to encompass their "alabaster necks." The fashion is a recent apparition in our midst, and we cannot hope for its general adoption. The contrivance is said to be dangerous to the wearer; and it has been whispered in our ear that an adventurous Sophomore, who had put one on for the first time, dropped dead one day in the recitation room. We suggested that the catastrophe had, possibly, been caused by nothing worse than a *flunk*; but our informant indignantly scouted the bare idea of such a thing: the young man's throat, he said, was cut from ear to ear by the razor-like edge of the linen.

An eminent philosopher, whose life-time has been devoted to an untiring consideration of the subject, assures us that the mental progress of a student may be accurately estimated by an observation of his wardrobe. We are somewhat inclined to a belief in the truth of this proposition. Certain it is that the scantily furnished trunks of the Freshman correspond well with the state of his brains; the vociferous apparel of the Sophomore, the *negligé* air of the Junior, and the finished elegance of the Senior's attire, all seem to confirm our faith in this theory. But we cannot assent to the truth of the assertion that an old coat is, *per se* (to quote the language of our legal adviser), evidence of a boorish owner. Let all honor be paid to antiquity; and greater is the meed of approbation due to the man who can wear old clothes in a tasteful manner, than to the fop who shines in purple and fine linen every day.

Biennial is at hand. It has been rumored that several of the most *promising* candidates for examination have been seized with such tremulous fits of fearful anticipation as to have given rise to the uncharitable suspicion that the patients had been imbibing something more enlivening than simple nectar. Of course no right minded person has, even for a moment, given credence to so slanderous a report. College rumors are, almost invariably, unworthy of notice. But concerning Biennial: our sympathies are with the martyrs of that inquisition, and we hope they may experience a safe deliverance from its horrors. We congratulate the graduating members of '59, and trust they will leave us their subscriptions before quitting these classic shades.

The college hydrants still remain unaffected by the heavy rains that watered the earth during the early part of the term. This circumstance has been the occasion of much suffering among the *lower classes* in our community. We were informed, one pleasant evening, that the Sophomores were inciting a riot, and that the house of a noted functionary, who was supposed to be in some way connected with the water works, was marked out for destruction. Our editorial rooms were immediately lighted up, reporters were dispatched to the scene of action, and every arrangement was made for the speedy and accurate publication of obituary notices of the killed and wounded; but, after passing several hours in a state of anxious suspense, we were assured that law and order had triumphed, and that tranquility again prevailed. It appears that the rioters had formed in a solid phalanx at their headquarters, and were actually in motion for the accomplishment of their designs, when they encountered an eminent

college dignitary, who soon succeeded in dispersing the mob. The hydrants, tanks, and baths, have, consequently, remained dry ever since.

The following communication, directed *to the editur of the quatterly*, was pushed in under the door of our sanctum, a few days since. As the document contained several original ideas, we concluded to so far rectify the author's punctuation and orthography as to render the article intelligible, and to give it publicity on this wise :—

Dear Editor :—Mr. Augustus Julius Cæsar Squizzle has just left my room. Mr. S. is a member of the Senior class, and is a very nice young man: in a word, he is perfectly faultless at the most select tea-parties of the neighborhood. He is possessed of an exquisite sensitiveness and delicacy of taste, which he not unfrequently displays in the adornment of his elegant person. His feet are covered with the smallest and most beautiful patent leather boots imaginable. His pants are indescribable; his coat and neck-tie are adorable. A lovely little watch dangles in his breeches' pocket at the extremity of a massive gold chain, while a brilliant, diamond ring sparkles upon the minor process of his sinistral tentacle. His countenance, though slightly vacuous in expression, is generally considered a perfect scene of contentment and good nature.

But, in spite of all these glorious gifts of nature, Mr. S. is still an imperfect being: he has not entirely escaped those ills and grievances to which flesh is heir. Certain evil minded persons belonging to a very low set are in the habit of occasionally remarking upon the character of my friend, in a manner most disgraceful to themselves. It has even been privately hinted around in public circles, that Mr. S. is *not* distinguished for profundity of thought, or for any peculiar manifestation of mental caliber. It is also stated that he is irregular in his service of our Alma Mater, and, therefore, an improper person to pronounce an opinion concerning any of the proceedings of that charming female; and that, even if he should in any case volunteer an opinion based upon accurate observation and right reasoning, it would be unworthy of attention or respect, because emanating from a person utterly innocent of a mentally vertebrate organization. I have for a long time been witness to the malice and spite of which my excellent friend has been the object, and I feel that the time has come for me to raise my quill, and declare, once for all, that Mr. Augustus Julius &c., is a most remarkable young man; and that, though his genius may, possibly, now fail of that appreciation which is its due, his memory will be tenderly cherished by his companions and cotemporaries through the never ending ages of the future.

I have already mentioned Mr. Squizzle's recent exit from my room. (By the way, my habitation is in the third story of East College, where I am always happy to meet my friends.) He is in the habit of calling very frequently: under any other circumstances I might think it rather borous; but I am always delighted with the society of remarkable men, and Mr. S. is not only a remarkable, but an exemplary man. I invariably listen with respectful attention to his conversation, and I feel myself a wiser and better man—whenever he leaves my humble apartment. These acts of courtesy have procured me the favor of his friendship; and he often confides his sufferings and sorrows to my sympathizing ear; for, though he never asks, or needs, advice, sympathy is as pleasing to him as to any other stricken mortal.

As I said before, Mr. S. has just left me alone. He has met with a great many trials, of late; and he has been recounting his sorrowful experience. I wish to

embalm in print a few of his minor afflictions, to the end that our descendants may rejoice that they lived not in the days of their fathers. If success crowns this effort, I shall joyfully exclaim, in the words of the charming Latin poet, "*Mortuus sum.*"

Mr. S. tells me that he is in the habit of receiving a daily newspaper. But he also says that he thinks seriously of ordering its discontinuance. "For," says my amiable friend, "I am hardly dressed in the morning before some loud-mouthed patriot rushes into my apartment, full of eagerness to learn 'what's going on at Washington.'" Mr. S. expresses his willingness to favor any one with a reasonable view of his newspapers and books; but when "Athenians" in pursuit of some novelty occupy his chair at unseasonable hours, placing their muddy feet upon his table, and finally walking off with a choice volume from his library, he respectfully begs them to pause. I sympathized with my friend, as far as it was in my power so to do, but I really couldn't help feeling a little guilty myself; for I had just been warming an easy chair belonging to a next door neighbor in the peculiar manner so feelingly described by my unfortunate visitor.

Mr. S. also experiences great uneasines of soul in relation to his financial affairs. Not only have the store-keepers, the "club-bearers," and the washer-women, combined to fleece him of all his worldly pelf; but several of his best friends have taken advantage of his good nature, he says, and have borrowed small sums from time to time, promising to return the money "at an early day next week." These little operations took place at a very remote period of time, Mr. S. says; and he fears that the memory thereof has faded from the minds of his debtors. He states it as his opinion that when friends borrow money of one another, they should make payment in something more substantial than soft words and fair speeches. I must acknowledge that this is a very plausible theory, but I cannot, for one moment, think of subscribing to it,—and I told my friend as much, in pretty plain language, too. He fretted and grumbled a little, but finally said that, though perhaps he was very peculiar in his views with respect to such matters, he was sure I would agree with him in his opinion of the vice of early rising. He said that he was in the habit of upholding the "powers that be," whenever his sense of self-respect would allow of such a course; but when they so far laid aside the rules of propriety as to enjoin the commission of early rising upon their disciples, all the finer feelings of his nature were outraged by the act. I ventured to quote the "fathers," in reply; but Mr. S. would not listen to the opinions of the "old fogies," as he irreverently termed those sages whose views have been rendered respectable by their antiquity, at least, if by no other cause. I lament the deplorable blindness of my friend. So resolute is his persistence in this course that it has already been the cause of several very unpleasant collisions with his superiors. This is a subject of bitter regret, for Mr. S. is a young man of correct morals and acute perceptions of right and wrong.

My friend's literary merits have failed of that appreciation which is their due. He says he spent a few leisure hours, the other day, in writing an article for publication in the QUARTERLY; and, though it had received the approbation of a large circle of admirers, the editors refused to insert it in their magazine. "And that, too, after I voted for them," says the indignant gentleman. Mr. S. is right in considering the editors a conceited set of humbugs, for I have myself had some experience with them. Their partiality is notorious, and I think that if they do not exercise more justice in

their dealings with contributors, they will be made to suffer. (Excuse me, Mr. Editor, I don't mean *you*; I mean the other editors.)

Mr. S. feels much injured by the course which his instructors pursue towards him. He declares that he never can learn a language when only its corpse is presented for his contemplation, nor can he rightly admire the wonders of the celestial universe when he is compelled to view them through the medium of $-\frac{1}{f} = \frac{n-1}{r} + \frac{n-1}{r'}$. His statements may all be very true; but they will not influence public opinion in the least, for, as has been previously hinted, the views of Mr. S. are possessed of no importance whatsoever.

I think, Mr. Editor, it is very clear that the character of my friend has not been estimated aright. I hope you will publish this letter, and in that way for once do the world some good. Very truly yours,

A CONTRIBUTOR.

College Intelligence.

BOTANY DAY was celebrated by the Juniors with the usual formalities, on the twenty-fifth of June. The day was cool and pleasant, and the various excursions to the swamps and ponds of the surrounding country passed off without accident or adventure worthy of note.

THE elections of the literary societies were held at the usual time. We present our readers with the following list of officers for the ensuing term:—

The Literary Societies.

Adelphic Union.

WILLIAM WHITE,	President.
HARRY HOPKINS,	Secretary.

Philologian.

THOMAS POST,	President.
CURTIS JERRE LYONS,	Vice President.
JOHN PHILLIPS PAYSON WHITE,	Secretary.
EBEN BURT PARSONS,	Treasurer.
HENRY MUNSON LYMAN,	Reader.
CURTIS JERRE LYONS,	Librarian.
HUMPHREY STEVENSON ANDERSON,	1st Ass't Lib'n.
JOHN HUBBARD AMES,	2d Ass't Lib'n.
TIMOTHY MANNING BROWN, WILLIAM WHITE WILLIAMS,	Library Inspectors.

Philotechnian.

GEORGE HENRY BECKWITH,	President.
STEPHEN HIGGINSON TYNG, JR.,	Vice President.
HARRY BRAINARD MCCLELLAN,	Secretary.
ROBERT HALSTED WARD,	Librarian.
HIRAM BURR CRANDALL,	1st Ass't Lib'n.
SHIRLOCK ANDREW NEWKIRK,	2d Ass't Lib'n.

LEONARD JOHN COLE,	Treasurer.
CHARLES CORNELIUS PAINTER,	Senior Editor.
HIRAM MADISON DICKINSON,	Junior Editor.
JOHN WESLEY VIRGIN, LEONARD JOHN COLE,	Library Inspectors.

ILLS THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY is still supported with that degree of interest ends so well deserve. The following gentlemen have been elected to preside councils :—

Mills Theological Society.

CURTIS JERRE LYONS,	President.
MATHEW LARUE PERINE HILL,	Vice President.
STEPHEN HIGGINSON TYNG, JR.,	Recording Secretary.
EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND,	Corresponding Secretary.
WILLIAM ARTEMAS LLOYD,	Librarian.
JOHN THOMAS GULICK,	Treasurer.

nembers of the LYCEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY are rejoicing in the pros- their Society. Jackson Hall is, at length, completed, and appears much im- y the new coat of paint with which its exterior has been adorned. The ex- ollections made by the recent Expedition to Florida have been arranged in r part of the Hall, where they can be examined to the best advantage. the munificence of Nathan Jackson, Esq., the Society is now able to pursue tions with unprecedented facility and success. The semi-annual election of vas held, with the following result :—

Lyceum of Natural History.

HENRY MUNSON LYMAN,	President.
EDWARD HUBBARD FITCH,	Vice President.
EBEN BURT PARSONS,	Secretary.
JOHN EATON DARBY,	Curator.
JOHN THOMAS GULICK,	Treasurer.

vith great pleasure that we inform our readers that the FRANKLIN LIBRARY upies a prominent position. We understand that it is the intention of the s to increase the library, during the coming year, and to provide such facilities ender it, henceforth, valuable to members of the lower classes.

Franklin Library.

EDWARD PAYSON HUMPHREY,	Librarian.
WILLIE PHILLIPS STRICKLAND,	Treasurer.

GYMNASIUM is in its usual languishing condition. It is greatly to be regretted of our most important institutions should be so completely prostrated. We t the gentlemen whose names are given below will take efficient measures to an interest in behalf of an institution which should be prized as highly as any our midst.

Gymnasium.

HARRY HOPKINS,	President.
WALTER DEFOREST DAY,	Secretary and Treasurer.
SAMUEL WHEELER CARPENTER, ROBERT WEEKS, SIDNEY WOOD COOPER,	Directors.

THE SENIOR EXAMINATION was completed on Wednesday, the 8th of July. The Adelphic Union Exhibition occurred in the evening. A large and appreciative audience was present, and the exercises were, generally, considered more than usually interesting. After the exercises the members of the graduating class marched in procession to Meacham's Grove, where a splendid entertainment had been provided by the marshals of the class: John Jacob Doughty, and John Prentice. The festivities of the evening were hilarious and long continued. After exhausting all their own wit and oratory, the class again formed in procession, and proceeded,

"All the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds,"

to serenade the President and Faculty. It was well nigh morning-tide before the accustomed quiet of the valley was restored; and we have heard more than one young gentleman solemnly declare that he felt like *A. B. 'hoy*, the next day.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.—"B."—Your communication is altogether the most verbose production we ever read. It can't appear.

"L."—Your stilted impertinence is really beneath our contempt.

"F."—Platitudes such as yours are much too commonplace for our pages.

"H."—Your theme is, undoubtedly, suited to your condition; but we regret to say that it is one which possesses little interest for any save the members of the graduating class. Time and travail will greatly enlarge the sphere of your ideas.

"A."—We are sorry to find ourselves under the necessity of refusing your article, for it is not without merit. It is, however, carelessly written, and the forms of expression are not well chosen. You must remember that grace and elegance are two very important requisites in every contribution to our pages.

THE Biennial Examination of the Sophomore Class commenced on the 16th of July. It closes on the 30th, and in the evening the survivors will gather at the Mansion House, where a sumptuous entertainment will be provided in honor of the occasion. We have been favored with a sight of the programme—a document which meets our entire approbation.

THE exercises of Commencement week are as follows: The Baccalaureate Sermon will be delivered, before the graduating class, by President Hopkins, on the afternoon of the Sabbath, August 2d. In the evening, Joseph P. Thompson, D.D., will address the members of the Mills Theological Society.

At eight o'clock, Tuesday morning, the Society of Alumni will meet in the College Chapel, when an oration will be pronounced by Willis Lord, D.D., and a poem by William Pitt Palmer, Esq., of New York.

The Prize Rhetorical Exhibition occurs on Tuesday evening, and will be immediately followed by an address, before the Adelphic Union Society, from E. P. Whipple, Esq., of Boston.

Wednesday, August 5th, is Commencement day.

EXCHANGES.—We have received the Yale Literary Magazine, the Amherst Collegiate, and the Knoxiana.

FOR. EXCH. AND PUBLICATIONS

5-2

THE

Williams Quarterly.

NOVEMBER, 1857.

WILLIAMSTOWN:
PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE

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FORD COLLECTION.

The Williams Quarterly.

Vol. V. WILLIAMSTOWN, NOVEMBER, 1857. No. II.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1858.
HENRY M. LYMAN, | HORACE E. SCUDDER,
THOMAS POST, | R. HALSTED WARD,
WILLIAM WHITE.

THE IMAGINATION.

The infinite author of existence, after giving form and a place to the varieties of inanimate nature, shaping in symmetry the countless worlds and setting in motion the far off orbs, created also the various races of animals. Man, his last and noblest work, he formed with a body beautiful in proportion, wondrous in mechanism. Yet the body is not so beautiful, nor its mechanism so wondrous as the mind he gave to guide it. Unrestrained by material encumbrances, it inquires into and modifies the machinery of nature, and ignoring the bounds of space, it aims to grasp infinitude and creates in the ideal world existences surpassing the brightest realities of nature.

The imagination, itself an original faculty of the human mind, implies the existence and fullest exercise of every other. It is said that as there are two things, in the outer world of creation, which suffice for the operation of all that is wonderful and glorious—Fire and Earth, even so in the human mind, there are two powers, that effect all of which our nature is capable—Reason and Imagination, and that mankind, less wise in themselves than in the outer world, have cultivated, for the most part, but one of these faculties: they have tilled the earth of the human heart, but have suffered its fire to lie dormant or waste itself in chance or frivolous directions.

A careful survey of the powers of the human mind will convince any one of defects in their relative measure of attainment. Mental exertions have been directed rather to obviate temporary necessities, than to secure the real elevation of humanity by an enlightened system of education derived from the contemplation of man's nature as a complex whole. Our lives are not full expressions of their own capabilities. As the tree, undeveloped in any of its branches, fails to exhibit a modeled beauty, so the mind, without the full development of every God-given faculty, reaches not the perfect end for which divinity designed it.

Reason and imagination go together. They are mutual assistants. The relation between them is so intimate, that the high development of the one necessitates the advancement of the other. While the one deals with the known and the actual, the other deals with the unknown and the spiritual and has to do with the perception of ideal existences, which, though existing out of, and independent of, ourselves, are as truly perceived on the retina of the mind as is the actual image perceived on the retina of the eye. The "land of dreams" is not *all* unreal: it is even more glorious and God-like than the cold, but restless and busy world in which we vegetate, and call it living. Sad indeed would have been the condition of man, had he been incapable of perceiving any other existence but that of bodily form. What for him would have been life ending with the tomb, while all eternity, with its joys or woes, lay unknown beyond?

Man is generally described as a *rational* animal: but it may be questioned if he is so much distinguished from the lower order of animals, by his superior reason, as by this faculty of imagination. The most degraded of men have some shadow of fancy,—the Esquimaux and Greenlander not only direct their limited efforts with the same skill that the enlightened races of more favored climes display, but, in their rude melodies and tuneful ballads, evince a feeling unnatural to their snow huts and degraded manner of life. The higher order of brutes may often exhibit a sagacity approaching reason, but has any one detected the slightest trace of idealism even in the noblest brute?

The imagination is aided by experience; and it in turn extends its aid. To the imaginative mind there is beauty every where—in the darkest storm and in the brightest sunshine—in the wildest blast and in the gentlest breeze. The universe is full of beauty:—the clay by the Promethean touch of fancy becomes instinct with a living and glorious life—the very air is full of musical whispers. Says an eloquent writer, "Why does the rose give forth its odor, and the scent of the lavender and the mign-

onette steal viewless upon the still air around us, if it be not to wile us into the garden and field, in order that we may breathe health and at the same time cull pleasure and instruction there? Wherefore sings the breeze in the forest—why whispers the zephyr among the reeds, and how comes that the caves and hollows of the barren mountains give out their tones, as if the earth were one musical instrument of innumerable strings, if it be not to tempt us forth, in order to learn how ever fair, ever new, and ever informing, that great instructress is, who speaks to all the senses at one and the same instant? And wherefore, when the sky is clouded and the blackness of darkness shades the landscape, is the arch of hope with its seven-fold glory set in the rain-cloud, if it be not for us to look and admire and learn?"

The demands of science upon the imagination, though frequent, are seldom recognized. Are we pointed to an instance of patient calculation, to show what pure reason has done, by telling with unerring certainty where existed an unknown world? It is, indeed, a grand example of mind's supremacy; a proud illustration of the power of human thought, to stand, as it were, in the council chamber of creation and dictate to the solid elements. But this is the work not of reason alone, but of invention springing from a creative fancy. A thousand philosophers had seen the falling apple, but reason failed in explanation, till genius came and looked upon it, and with the flight of inspiration seized upon the law that holds together the universe. No feeble exercise of fancy was it that saw, in the simplest phenomenon of every-day life, the operation of that principle that guides suns and systems in their eternal rounds.

But while the fancy gives its aid to science, it loses not from view a higher aim. Its province is to elevate mankind—to lift them above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of life, into a purer element—to breathe into them a more generous and lofty emotion. What has reason done for degenerate man, though long she held her vaunted sway? The labors of Voltaire, of Gibbon, of Hume, of Rosseau, verily produced an age of reason. Though they may have mitigated for a time the severity of religious intolerance, did they satisfy a single yearning of the human mind for immortality? Did they leave their race any better than they found it? Place the entire fruits of their toil in the balance with those of the great masters of poetry and painting, and how quickly sinks the reasoners' scale!

Nor does the power of the imagination act only indirectly; it leads

directly to the performance of noble deeds. Witness the "Father of our country," training his youthful mind, as he gazed upon those pencilled scenes of valor and of heroism with which he had adorned his walls. Witness the matchless Pitt, as, rising from obscurity, with fancy's eye he saw himself Premier of England, and his country the mightiest of the world; how he infused into every member of the body politic that valiant spirit which gave victory to Wolfe on the heights of Abraham, and which established the power of Britain in India.

The cool deliberation of reason cannot nerve men to face impending danger. No amount of rational conviction could have induced the faithful Regulus to tear himself from the embrace of weeping friends and from an adoring nation, to give his life a sacrifice to Carthaginian vengeance, unless his patriot's soul had felt a pride in Roman glory and the Roman name.

In the earliest ages of the world, when nature's modes were veiled in mystery, the fancy though bold and rude, held its widest sway; but it was during the brightest period of Grecian glory that the imagination received its highest culture. The cold, phlegmatic German could well believe his race to have been indigenous to their soil, who, cringing under the lash of Roman masters, showed full well their claim to an ignoble origin. 'Twas the pride of the image-loving Greek, that he could trace his ancestry to the gods, and, whether greeting death in the dart-clouded vale of Thermopylæ, or standing in triumph on the plain of Marathon, he ever proved worthy of a celestial parentage.

How beautifully wrought were many of the fictions of the Greeks! How glorious their splendid myth of the sun, as they fancied him the triumphant god Helios, vanquishing the shades of the morning—ascending his mid-day throne, or resting in the cool embrace of evening—beholding with the brightest joy the acceptable actions of men, or veiling his face behind the darkening cloud to hide their abominations.

The imagery of the Greeks was to them a reality. So firm was their belief in its real existence, that it became wrought into their very character and literature. The deeds of Hector and Priam, Agamemnon and Ulysses, will live in classic story as long as language and letters shall embalm the scenes of Marathon and Thermopylæ. Historians relate as among the proudest achievements of the Greeks, their victory over the Amazons; while the brilliant exploits of Jason and his companions will ever be looked upon as the glory of a by-gone heroic age. And it was better to be thus soul-inspired and enraptured with belief in gods of

supernal majesty and earthly presence, who could calm the rolling ocean or bear up dread Olympus' weight, than to be degraded by the sensualism of a subsequent age.

A strong and lofty imagination is not a characteristic of the present age and the Anglo Saxon race. They deal with the actual and live in the present. It is a fault of our times, that while men have made important discoveries in the material world, they have too much neglected the spiritual—man having enslaved the elements of nature, remains himself a slave. In this age we live fast in the material world, and can we crowd too much of real life into the few short years that form our sojourn?

How important, then, the culture of this imperial faculty, which, throned within the invisible nature of man, sits a queen—the author of language, of music, of architecture, of statuary, and of painting—the inventor of the arts of life—the teacher who reveals the agencies of the unknown world, ever rising up to counteract the tendencies of materialistic science. She is not like the nightingale, which sits and sings to cheer its own solitude, but she moves by a delicate and unseen chord, the heart-strings of humanity, and enlarges the soul's circumference by filling it with thoughts of ever new delight.

CHIVALRY.

The development of some principle has engaged the attention and enlisted the energies of each age of history. Pervading every pursuit, this principle is seen to find appropriate expression in national customs, art, law, manners and religion, forming the ground of higher criticism, and stamping with its ineffaceable impress everything pertaining to the age. Thus, in one age, it was the love of conquest, crushing established law, blotting out art and the careful gains of peace, and filling the earth with the clang of arms and the shout of battle. In another it was the love of

natural beauty, and while men adored it in the symbolic deities of Pantheism, builded gorgeous temples to its worship, immolated wealth and chastity upon its altars, it breathed abroad an air, soft, enervating and delightful, but blasting as the moonlight of the Nile.

By some such peculiarity, every age has been distinguished, and has herein found its characteristic feature. Not always of such a character as by intrinsic merit to commend themselves to rational approval, their absurdity has been redeemed by the circumstances of the age. But when divested of all factitious dignity; when unsupported by blind, popular enthusiasm; particularly when severed from original associations, and their restoration attempted in another age, and in other states of public sentiment, the majority of men become as loud in the exposure of their defects, as once they were eager in their concealment.

This finds its illustration and its proof as well, in modern and mediæval chivalry. The principle of fealty to the law of Honor, and the magnanimity which is popularly supposed to have pervaded the age preceding ours,—of however great nobility and intrinsic virtue they may be for the regulation of an individual's conduct, are but flat foolery when appealed to as a *law* for a society of more than *two*. Its penalties are too slow and too uncertain, and worse than all, too easily compounded, in a world like this, to save it from the charge of bald absurdity.

Besides, there is a broad distinction between the law of Honor and the rules of Chivalry. If the former be absurd as a dependence for society, the latter, which were but an abstraction warped and conformed to the spirit of the age, were simply ridiculous; and the careless reader of mediæval history will be convinced that none were more conscious of it than the heroes of the age, who obviously conceived that when they had maintained its dignity by undoubted valor in time of war, and by loud braggadocio in time of peace, their feudal services to this superior were rendered, and their private lives were at the mercy of their own discretion. But still, for the high sentiment that chivalry was intended to represent; for the dignity of its associations; for all it involved, refreshing to a noble spirit, grateful to sensitive refinement, aliment for a grateful imagination, which appeared conspicuous in an age barren of such virtue, we award it a measure of respect, even though it did cripple the force of legitimate law, furnish learning to the monasteries, and veil the civilization and intelligence of antiquity beneath the cassock and the cowl.

From the chivalry of that age, we turn to the chivalry of this. There lingers such a charm to an independent spirit in a little lawlessness and

a measure of rebellion; so magnificent and of such high nobility is the position of that power that can assume to despise the authority of legislation, that it need be no matter of surprise, even in a country where no imperfection of government calls for an appeal to this higher power, that the liegemen of the law of honor, or of even so much of it as the rules of chivalry comprise, should be the object of admiration and imitation; that there should be modern knights, imitating the exanimate spirit of a chivalric age, professing to bow in homage to the law of honor only, and demanding that we venerate their sovereign and themselves for their bombastic uselessness.

When endeavoring to imitate the objects of popular admiration, we are far more apt to seize upon their salient vices, than upon their unobtrusive virtues. While the unequivocal defects of mediæval chivalry are now its *boasted* peculiarities, those few of its virtues, upon which our modern knights have fallen, have met with ludicrous perversion. Baronial oppression finds its full parallel in their economy; with most chivalrous scorn they regard their sober-minded, law-loving, trading brethren of the North; with locks unshorn, fresh from their unexplored forests, they gaze upon the costliest magnificence of northern cities, with the air of the Gascon in the halls of the Tuilleries, and no Norman baron ever despised learning more, and better loved his steed, his lance and the pomp of tournament, than these chivalric gentlemen abominate all erudition, and adhere to their steeds, their bowie-knives, their cock-fights and their duels. It is amusing, and perhaps may be instructive, amidst our mortification, to contemplate the profound contempt with which we, of the North, are visited. Perhaps it is not so unjust. It is our misfortune, that our simpler and perhaps more candid tastes should lead us to prefer to view the old embodiment of chivalry in the plain mirror of history, rather than in that magic glass with which novelists and poets have furnished our knightly neighbors; which presents this liegeman of honor as he should be, rather than as he was, and which can fill up hollow boasting with the semblance of substantial truth. It is our misfortune, that our training has so warped our judgment, and made it stubborn, that we cannot see that the negro and opossum hunt, the cow-hide, bowie-knife and pistol, and the tournament of *bantams* are equivalent substitutes, in point of nobility, for the chase, the sword and the lance, and the tournament of knights; and that the vast warehouses of the North are *merely* substitutes for the trader's packs of the thirteenth century. It is our misfortune that the simple thinking of a christian people should have so influenced us, that we can

but conceive a wonderful coincidence between the law of honor and the law of God; that we can but entertain a plebeian respect for profundity of learning, and purity of morals; that we can but prefer, as an employment for the Sabbath, the church to the political assembly; the quiet operation of law to the spasmodic freaks of private vengeance: that we cannot see how blows upon another's back atone for the vices of private character, or how it is, that the magnificent threat, to lead their sons like Hannibal to the altar of hostility to Northern Liberty, and to call the roll of their slaves from the summit of Bunker Hill, offends against no sense of decency, and does violence to no associations that are holy. It has not been our privilege to witness exhibitions of the virtuous indignation of our chivalry, in the negro writhing at the stake in the nineteenth century, or to receive kindred lessons in the exercise of magnanimity, to reconcile our feelings to vengeance so just, although so fiercely stern.

But our misfortune is not wholly without compensation. When we consider the expense and sacrifice which attends the exercise of this consciousness of superior nobility; observe how it engenders little literature, little commerce and little law; how, like a poisonous gas, it paralyzes every nerve of enterprise; how it is compelled to call upon its less haughty, but more opulent neighbors, to sustain its mail routes with their surplus revenue, it is not strange that we should conclude, that we cannot *all* afford to be *noblemen;* that we should wonder, that when Uncle Tom has been proscribed, the Bible and Don Quixote should be tolerated, and should finally contend that they themselves need a Cervantes, one not of intellectual and moral power alone, but one of political authority and physical might, who should go among them, catch them stalking in lazy dignity through their woods and forests, and make them a people, useful to themselves, and useful to the world.

CONTENTMENT.

"A CONTENTED mind," says Addison, "is the greatest blessing a man ın enjoy in this world, and if his happiness arises from the subduing of s desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them."

Our life is passed amid strange and exciting scenes, made up of virtues ıd crimes, and he who, amid all its change, has learned to live contentlly, has accomplished one of the noblest objects of human effort. Vhatever may be our natural dispositions and inclinations, however fferent our modes of thought, of feeling, or of action, still we all possess sentially the same power of making our lives either miserable or ıppy. The exercise of this spirit depends upon no outward condition · circumstance, no dignified title, no height of station, or worldly ·andeur will in themselves secure it. Plato's idea of wealth was not to crease possessions but lessen desires. Such philosophy would make the ıntented man abundantly rich, being so completely satisfied with what ; has, as to have no desires at all. A Greek philosopher, Epictetus, apied this definition to human nature—viz: to sustain and abstain. That , as one says, to bear with constancy adverse events, and with moderaon enjoy those that are prosperous. This notion of human life might ı more fully expressed in the single word contentment. Socrates said contentment,—opposing it to the riches of fortune and opinion,—"that is the wealth of nature: for it gives every thing that we have learnt want and really need."

Christianity itself recognizes a material truth in the assertion of the ıostle Paul, when he says, that "having learnt how to want and how to ound, and in whatever state he happens to be, therewith to be content: ; is able to do all things through Christ that strengthens him."

Contenment is a fountain that springs up in the soul, and he who seeks ppiness without changing his own gloomy disposition, will in the end ıd himself miserably deceived. It is a plant peculiar to no age nor ime. It dwells as soon in the plebeian as the patrician home, and seeks ; often to cast her sunlight into the caverns of darkness, as to render ill brighter with her ever cheerful presence, the courtier's palace. Men,

however, often attribute the discontented spirit to some natural or constitutional defect. They refer it either to the unfavorable influences which surround it, or to the peculiar temperament of the mind. But is this true? Are we justified in making as we do, virtually, the prevailing temperament of the mind "the scape-goat" for all our ills and misfortunes? Life's Shady Side may be in some degree brightened by modifying influences; but the resignation which enables us to tread its shadowy limits depends upon no accidental condition. This is the reward of culture, and all by a proper cultivation of their social and religious nature, may secure it. Some, perhaps, by virtue of a more liberal culture, may meet with greater success, but the field of effort lies open to every one, and he who makes the greatest exertion, will alone obtain the crown.

Contentment is closely allied to happiness. It is essential to any absolute and permanent enjoyments. Hence, it must be a *state* of mind or heart—a state free from unrest and disquiet, and which lies without the reach of fortune. It consists in being satisfied, not so much with what a man has and in what he has not. The wealth of the Indies may be at the disposal of one man, all the materials of substantial happiness may be gathered together and flung at his feet; still, without contentment he will be as unhappy as the poor slave whose constant cry is for freedom. Such an one has around him the elements of enjoyment, but he is unable to form them into a means of satisfaction. He holds rightful ownership over the necessary and appropriate parts, but is destitute of that principle which in harmony and order brings them together; hence, he is more wretched than the one who has longing desires for them. What a contrast there is in the life and character of John Quincy Adams and Napoleon Bonaparte! The one rejoices even amid opposing forces undisturbed by passion or the success of malicious power; the other is always desperately miserable and dissatisfied, even in conquest, restless and discontented though on the broad field of battle.

There is in every department of God's government either an apparent or hidden unity, and this unity has for its ultimate object not only the glory of God, but the highest happiness of mankind. Everything in the sphere of nature amidst all her external diversity; everything in morals and in the higher sphere of grace, is beautifully designed and adapted to secure not only present, but future satisfaction and enjoyment. The seasons in their steady march—Spring with its blossoms, Summer with its flowers, Autumn with its fruits and its impressions of change, the leaves in their infinite variety of form and color, the old forests arrayed

hless beauty ere passing into decay, and Winter with its rich gifts ons of instruction gathered from Spring and Summer and Au- ring substantial materials for satisfaction and delight. Our moral with all its emotions and passions, harmonized according to divine l truth, affords the same agreeable and permanent sensations. God's ace in its origin, its procuring cause, and consequent blessings per- d complete, all that was wanting before to make men satisfied and ted with this life and full of gratitude and joy in the prospect of hich lies beyond it.

ere are many, however, who are seldom if ever contented, and their are consequently a perpetual scene of dissatisfactions. Naturally gh too for such men are always *suspicious*. Images of past calami- ot only frighten them, but extremely poetic invention crowd the and Protean shapes of evil are continually starting up with horrid on every side of them. They look on every body with dread. y are in a continual state of fear and the good that is done them by r fellow men they imagine has in it some evil design. Body, wealth fame are the three idols. To these the discontented man pays the t assiduous devotion. But alas! they keep him in a perpetual state anxiety. One man he fears has designs upon his life, another upon fortune and still another in aiming a deadly blow at his reputation. o wonder that discontentment lays hold on such a man and wrings from s soul the constant cry of fear. The heathen were accustomed to say at Jupiter sent his plagues among the poorer sort of men, because they ere always repining. There is much truth and reason in such philoso- hy. Our discontent and impatience is the greatest provocation to God o make our lives more wretched and useless. The body is subject to disease and death. Wealth is fickle and on golden wings flies away. To- day the parent rides in the coach and the next the child is seen sweeping the streets. Fame sits on her throne and with fair promises allures only to disappoint, but amid all, the man with contentment sings, even in the storm. He does not weep if he cannot ride on the high places of the earth, nor does he covet another's superiority or success, for he knows that not every statesman can be a Webster, every lawyer a Mansfield, every divine an Edwards. He is *contented* to be what God made him, and with an honest endeavor to develope his whole being, he looks on the sea, on the earth and up to heaven as so many sources of culture. The un, moon and stars shed their light on his way, and whether his home in a poor cottage, or in the magnificent palace, he is ever cheerful.

But how different is it with the man who is perplexed and wearied by discontent. *He* lives on in sullen perverseness. While all other creatures in gladness follow the order of their creation, while nature, animate and inanimate puts on a satisfied air, he, the deputed lord of creation, quarrels with his condition. O! that such would learn from the birds and from all nature to be contented. Contentment clothes everything with activity and gladness. "It is the soul of action and the propounded reason of our life." He who possesses it passes through all events, even the roughest, with scarcely the semblance of complaint. It quiets the tumult of passion, the rage of unnatural appetite, and spans every stormy cloud with the bow of promise. It lifts the thick veil of sadness, and as the poor man's birthright, affords him more substantial enjoyment than the legacies of kings. It suppresses the unhallowed passions of envy excited by another's superiority. It extinguishes every murmur and repining, and leads us even amid the midnight of life, to look upward and see the darkness fleeing and the day breaking.

> "What though we quit all glittering pomp and greatness,
> We may enjoy content: in that alone
> Is greatness, power, wealth, honor, all summed up."

Indeed it has a kindly influence upon every faculty of the soul, and brings into vigorous exercise all those emotions which give grace and dignity to our nature. It makes human destiny the child of no fatality, but rather reveals the wisdom and goodness of Him who gives to every individual his just proportion of sunshine and of storm. The poet breathes forth no unmeaning strain when he sings:

> "There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
> No chemic art can counterfeit;
> It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
> Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
> The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
> Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
> That much in little—all in naught—*content*."

DO PEOPLE THINK ALIKE?—NO. II.

"In the best sense, all men do think truly and think alike"—this is the proposition now to be considered. It will be expedient to spend a little time in ascertaining what sense that is which is termed "best," that writer and reader may work neither in the dark nor in the twilight.

The verb think is used of the activity of the *intellect* in distinction from the activity of the feelings or of the will; and of this under at least three aspects. We think, when the object of thought does, may or cannot exist independently of our minds; when the mode of thought is intuitive or by means of a process; when the result of thought is that the mind is clear and decided, or perplexed and doubtful. As used in the present case, the word does not refer to mode, it is indifferent to the existence of the object of thought, it has regard to the uniformity of result, and chiefly as that result is clearly reached. Thus used, think has a number of synonyms, the most common of which are supposed or believed, and know. That, now, is the best meaning of a word which is its own meaning, its peculiar meaning, by which it is distinguished from its synonyms. The verb think, and its correspondent noun thought, have such a meaning, which, as an idea, is in every inquiring mind, though its expression may never have been attempted. We propose, for illustration, to investigate a given subject, but do not determine beforehand what shall be the results of such investigation; these results we receive from our intellects, not give to them. Why they are such and not different we cannot tell; as ideas, they were developed somehow out of the very nature of the intellect, of which nature, as such, we are unconscious. Thinking is this inexplicable, developing activity, and thought is its immediate result—a result of which the thinking person may have a clear or a vague knowledge. That is, thought and the consciousness of thought differ from each other just as choice differs from the consciousness of choice, and feeling from the consciousness of feeling. The same thought may be, and often is, in many minds, while it is possessed in clear consciousness by but a very few. In such a case, every mind is conscious of the presence of the thought but only partially conscious of the contents of the thought.

When a thinking person is clearly conscious of a thought as a completed result of undisturbed intellectual action, there is knowledge. If the result is consciously partial, if there is a dim consciousness of what the result is, or an uncertainty with reference to the purity of the action—its impersonality—the term belief is used; and according to the prevalence of these conditions, belief is hesitating or confident.

So far of the word think; its qualifying "alike" needs a little consideration. Alike is not convertible with identical; to think alike, therefore, is not necessarily to think the same thoughts. Alike implies some general similarity—identity in some single particular under consideration—which may coexist with many and wide diversities; the diversities being disregarded for the time and for the purposes for which the comparison is made. What similarity in thought would be best may be learned from considering ideas as representing facts. That would be a very stupid, unenviable world in which every being should think precisely the same thoughts as every other being; in which the thoughts of every generation should be only an unvarying repetition of the thoughts of every preceding generation, and the continuation of the repetition should be the burden of every generation to follow. Little better would a world be whose inhabitants should all think alike as men of the same temperament and cast of mind think alike. But a world in which all minds have certain elemental thoughts in common, and beyond these every shade and variety of harmonious thought; a world in which are all classes of mind, in which each generation bears its own peculiar impress and produces thoughts unproduced before, yet in which the thoughts of all minds and of all ages are reconcilable with each other and may be comprehended under one harmonious system—such a progressive variety in unity would be best; and such, we affirm, is the divinely constructed world in which we live. The existence of precisely such a state of things is denied, in the quotation at the commencement of our previous article, and denied by implication very frequently. What is the similarity implied, in any particular case, in the word alike, must be learned from the nature of the objects compared and from the point of view from which the comparison is made. The point of view in the present case was that of a common conclusion; reference was had primarily to the specific thoughts of different minds, as related to such conclusion, and to classes of mind only as productive of incongruity of thought. The thing denied was the possibility of reconciling the thoughts of different minds, and, inclusively, the accordant nature of the minds themselves.

Before proceeding to show the unreasonableness of such denial, some general facts respecting the mind and its action will be considered, that the after discussion may not be embarrassed by confusion of ideas. And first, the fact already referred to, that the intellect both in its constitution and activity is impersonal. So far as we are persons, we are self-conscious and self-directive, but our whole intellectual nature underlies self-consciousness, exists and originally acts independent of will—it is a nature as distinguished from a person. Of course it is not meant, by this distinction, to intimate that a rational intelligence can exist separate from a personal being, that the soul is capable of division into parts, or that it ever acts otherwise than as a unit. But the different modes of action can best be indicated by a sort of personification, and, as surely as the soul is created and not self-existent, it must have necessitated as well as free activities,—must be a nature as well as a self-conscious person. In process of time we may exert a modifying influence, so that the nature is penetrated by the person and in a sense becomes personal, but it is not so originally, it can never become so without violence done to its constitution. The first thoughts of which we are conscious are in every sense spontaneous, but, shortly, we find ourselves recalling one or more objects of thought, dwelling upon and analyzing them—we reflect. In this process we use the intellect, but do not violate its impersonal activity. For we do not interpose our personality between the intellect and its object; we only stand one side, direct attention to an object, and wait for the results as they are manifested in consciousness. These results are always complex. We have a clear consciousness of what the *thought* is, and a consciousness, more or less indistinct according to circumstances, of what the *grounds* and *conditions* of the thought are. In other words, we know what the mind sees, and also know the state and posture of the mind while in the act of beholding. This latter form of consciousness is a very important one, and should be particularly noticed. It is very faint in childhood, it is dim in most adults, but faint or clear it belongs to every human being. As will hereafter appear it is a great safe guard against error, and more than anything else it furnishes the means of accounting for the great diversity of human opinions, and of bringing that diversity into a self-consistent unity. Different minds, naturally and by culture, think in different modes and on different subjects; in the same mode and on the same subject, therefore, one mind will discover more truth than another. The, in this respect, weaker mind, can however, appropriate what the stronger has discovered, can see what the stronger points out.

In the conclusions of one mind on a given subject, there may thus necessarily be *imperfection* while there is no *error;* there will be diversity of opinion, but not necessarily contrariety of opinion.

Turning now to the argument, the validity or truthfulness of thoughts, so far as they are found in all minds, will be, for the present, assumed, and afterwards discussed by itself. Found, at least rudimentally, in all minds, and dear beyond expression to every honest thoughtful mind, is the idea that there is something real, absolute, eternal, corresponding to the word truth—something which time cannot change nor space modify. There is also a conviction in all men, that their carefully ascertained thoughts do partake of the nature of truth, the proof of which may be found in the universal resort to argumentation in support of one's opinions: they are contended for as true. Yet the thoughts of all can reflect the truth only as all thoughts are accordant, only as all minds perceive alike for their premises, and reason alike from premises to conclusion. Nay more, if the nature and action of minds are not alike, then there is no truth for man at all; the endless contradictions and absurdities of universal skepticism are our only resource. For the inconsequent notions of a lunatic are not true, just because they are his. The thoughts of my, or any mind are not true, just because they are mine or another's, unless my, and every mind is made in the image and faithfully reflects the thoughts of the one Infinite mind: that is, since things which are like the same thing are like each other, unless the thoughts of all minds are accordant.

Not only from abstract reasoning do we say that minds must agree, but looking at facts we say they do. There are some feelings found in all men, which are dependent upon certain perceptions for their origin. Men see feeling embodied, and have an emotion of beauty; they see rectitude, or the want of it, in conduct, and have emotions of moral approbation or disapprobation. Men think alike in general, respecting the facts of the universe physical and moral, as the circle of the sciences testifies. They think alike in respect to general principles, and believe that they can come to an agreement in respect to details. The universal existence of deliberative bodies proves it. The universal disposition to give some sort of educational training to the young proves it; for how can one mind develop or instruct another, unless they think alike? Literature proves it; for why read, how delight in, the thought of another, if the laws of his mind are at variance with the laws of mine? The existence of one religion adapted and destined to be universal in its general sway proves it. Our very constitution as social beings, consciously needing and de-

lighting in, the society of our fellows, proves it. It was stated in the previous number that no sane man ever doubted it, the proof of which is found in the instinctive resort to argumentation already alluded to. That resort is inexplicable except upon the supposition of a spontaneous conviction in every mind that honest thought is truth, that truth perceived by one mind may be placed in such a light that it shall be perceived by all. So men believe, even when they fancy they believe otherwise. The facts which lead to this fancied belief, will be considered in the sequel, and an explanation of the self-delusion then offered.

Passing from the question of similarity, we now come to the question of the truthfulness of thought; and affirm that all men think truly as well as think alike. This question is intimately connected with the preceding, and some positions have been necessarily anticipated. The word truth is used both of something without us and of something within us. In its objective sense it is synonymous with reality; or, considerably better, it is equivalent to the thought of the eternal, immutable mind. In its subjective sense, it is the conformity of our ideas to reality—that is, the accurate reproduction in idea of that which is real in fact; or, considerably better, it is the accurate reproduction by our minds, of the thoughts of the eternal mind. Among many reasons for amending the definition, may be given the following. We have some ideas which are wholly abstract, which are real as ideas, but which do not and cannot have any external reality corresponding to them—the idea in the word nothing, for example. Yet these ideas are essential to all our processes, and are as true as any that we have. We also have ideas which we call necessary; ideas of what must be, and not merely of what is—the idea that everything which begins to be must have an adequate cause, for example. If, without qualification, this must be, it must also have been before anything began to be. Yet it could have been then *only* as an idea, and it is mere absurdity to talk of ideas as existing apart from a mind in which they may inhere. If there be an intelligent first cause, that Being must have known what it was possible to produce before anything was produced, and that which has been made is but an external reality corresponding to his idea. In his case the idea existed before the reality; but in our case the reality exists before the idea; and if our idea is conformed to reality, it is also conformed to the divine archetypal idea, and conformed to the former only because it is conformed to the latter. If, furthermore, truth is strictly only conformity of idea to reality, then we can know nothing which has not already become—which is not

now real. But we have a knowledge of what is merely possible, of what is not yet real as fact, though true as thought. If, now, this knowledge is anything more than the arbitrary creation of our own minds, the possibilities which we know as such, must always have been such; and inasmuch as they are mere ideas, they must have inhered in a mind. Or, to state the same thing in different terms, something is possible in fact, because it comes within the scope of infinite power, and the infinite Being knows his own capacities; something is possible in thought, because the supreme reason knows it as such. Our knowledge is merely a reproduction of the Divine knowledge, and if *knowledge* at all in our case, it is so only because it is such a reproduction, only because our minds are made in the image of the Eternal Mind. In the last few sentences, however, a new question is introduced.

Is our knowledge anything more than a capricious creation of our own minds? Our minds are so made, to be sure, that we must believe that what is true is true independently of our thinking; but that is only the result of their peculiar constitution. Might they not have been made differently, and may there not now exist, in some part of the universe, minds which perceive that as true which we perceive as false, and that as false which we perceive as true? This is a very important question—let us state it carefully. Is it absolutely true that there is no absolute truth? or, is it possibly true that there is no possible truth? Such is the real import of the question, and when thus stated, its absurdity is at once apparent. No one ever did or can think that, as a matter of fact, there *is* no truth. Yet it is always possible to ask, is there any truth? Nay more, at some time of our lives, many of us have so asked, with a terrible earnestness, and in some way we have actually thought that there is no truth. Herein seems a contradiction—can the facts be reconciled? And first, in respect to the possibility of asking the question. It has already been said that we have a knowledge of possibilities, and of these there are two kinds,—abstract and real. An abstract possibility is that which is possible in some aspects, while it may or may not be possible on the whole; or that which is possible in the nature of the case, while it may not be possible in the circumstances of the case. A real possibility is that which is possible in every aspect, in both the nature and the circumstances. Man, now, is not an independent, but is a created being. If created, he must have been created in accordance with some idea or on some plan, and it is abstractly possible that a different plan, involving different mental activities on man's part, might have been adopted. The

knowledge of this abstract possibility, when put in the interrogative form, is the question referred to. But while the case supposed is abstractly possible, considering the Creator as power acting in conformity with some idea, it is really impossible, since the Creator is not mere power thus acting. Creation exhibits intelligence and wisdom; and since to limit, in degree or in operation, any attribute of the uncreated, independent, and therefore perfect Being, is to suppose him imperfect—the Creator's wisdom must be perfect, and his power always exerted in conformity thereto. To create a race of beings, who are necessitated to think that to be true which is not true, is, however, a proof of wilful caprice, rather than of serene, ever-controlling wisdom, is a proof of deceitfulness, if not of malice, on the part of the Creator. Wherever, therefore, there are intelligent beings, the necessary convictions of such beings must be true, and their minds, in some finite measure, a copy of the Creator's mind.

But men do more than ask questions; they do think on some grounds that there is no truth. If the position taken above is to be maintained, it must be shown that these grounds, though various, are all hypothetical. Such they really are and such they can be shown to be. In pronouncing a judgment on a question in morals, there is presupposed a knowledge of the facts and also a knowledge of certain general principles to which the facts are declared to conform or not to conform. When the eye is first opened on the material world, it beholds everywhere appearances or phenomena, and beholds nothing but these. The mind, however, immediately connects these appearances with an underlying substance, and in effect affirms the principle that with all phenomena and all attributes is connected a substance in which the phenomena and the attributes inhere. The same fact is found in the acquisition of all knowledge; in all knowledge there are two factors, the individual and the universal, and of these the universal is prerequisite for the possession or acquirement of the individual. A part cannot be known as a part without a previous knowledge of the whole, a given proposition cannot be known as true without a previously, or contemporaneously existing, idea of universal and absolute truth. Man, now, is a created being, whose existence has a beginning and who, therefore, begins to know. Yet to know one truth he must know truth as universal, to acquire one item of knowledge in any department he must know the scheme for the whole department. Accordingly those ideas which underlie all facts and were the archetypes of the facts —some of those fundamental ideas which have existed from eternity in the uncreated mind—are implanted in the creature as intuitious, as im-

mediate and necessary convictions. They cannot be proved, for they are self-evident, they are prerequisite for all reasoning. Any attempt to prove them must therefore be a failure. It is thus that we sometimes think there is no truth. As we never think of "nothing" as a real existence, but only as the intuitively perceived correlative and logical negation of "something," so we never think "there is no truth" except as the logical result of attempting to prove that there is truth. On these grounds only do we *think* it, but we say it sometimes on other grounds, which, if honest with ourselves, we should know, at the time, to be partial and insufficient for a universal affirmation. There is a condition of the consciousness, chiefly found in hours of exhaustion and perplexity, which is sometimes mistaken for the thought "there is no truth." A mind has been struggling with some difficult problem, has been brooding over and trying to become distinctly conscious of what its thought is—a thought which really is in the mind and which remains ever the same, while the consciousness of it, being indistinct, varies. The thought seems now to be fully expressed by a given statement, anon is discovered to be more or other than what is embodied in that form of words, and to be better expressed by a different form, then by a different still, and so on until a bewilderment of consciousness ensues attended by an exhaustion of the personal power needed to become clearly conscious of the thought. Or, a person has been investigating the evidence on some subject, finds many conflicting statements which he knows cannot all be true, and is exhausted by the effort to determine which are the true ones. In these cases the mind is conscious that it has not reached the truth, perhaps that for the time it is not able to reach the truth, that for it there is, as yet, no truth. The "as yet" is real but faint, like the consciousness of the conditions of thought already referred to, while the "no truth" is clear and decided; the mind is not wholly faithful to itself, (a frequent fact as we shall hereafter see,) the "no truth" is stated and the "as yet" left out. Or, to take a case which is stronger than any other, some stern fact in our mysteriously involved existence has crashed against some cherished feeling, some darling hope, some deep conviction of what ought to be in a world of moral order. The real has come in conflict with the ideal and the soul is stunned by the shock. Yet no mind in this condition thinks there is no truth or rationally doubts if truth exists. If it does it can give a reason why it thinks or doubts, and giving a reason is but asserting that something is true. The mind is perplexed, it is convinced of some terrible disorder in life, it is clearly conscious of its own inability to

solve the mystery, and that is all. The impossibility of denying what has actually taken place, the impossibility of denying its own convictions, and its inability to reconcile the two—the coexistence of these convictions is exceedingly painful causing the soul to yearn for the clear, full knowledge of the all comprehending intelligence.

Affirming, then, that the word truth is not a body without a soul, but is a real expression, the further question comes forward—"How do we come to a knowledge of the truth?" By thinking, of course. "But human opinions differ, and how am I to know that my thoughts are true?" Supposing you are a sane man, by becoming clearly conscious of what they are. Do not dictate to yourself; do not attempt to predetermine what shall be true; but THINK—it will not hurt you—and ask yourself, *honestly*, What *are* my thoughts?—not only what are the chief contents of thought, but also what is the form of thought, not only what the thought is, in general, but how far it reaches, to what it applies, what are its limits—and you will be in no doubt whether or not your thoughts are true.

The idea that people think untruly is a mere hypothesis to account for existing errors and contrarieties of opinion; it has no evidence in its favor except the existence of such errors. Against it is the argument (reductio ad absurdum) that if we ever really think falsely, if the primary processes are ever fallacious or of doubtful validity, then there is no truth possible for us; which notion has been already considered. For we have no knowledge of our intellectual nature, as such; we cannot attain a position behind, or above, ourselves, whence we may overlook ourselves, and, hence, if any of the primary intellectual acts are fallacious, we have no means of discriminating them from acts which are truthful; that is, we have no certainty at all. We have, also, no control over our intellectual constitution; if the difficulty is in that, it is irremediable by our agency. But if the difficulty is merely in a failure to be conscious of thought, or in a want of honesty in reference to the thought—this we may remedy. For we may be honest, and we may, by patient brooding over a thought, become clearly conscious of what it is. To be sure, it was said in the previous article that we do not choose to be conscious, but are conscious in spite of ourselves; and the remark was true for all the purposes for which it was made on its own grounds and within its own limits. In some sleepy, droning, indistinct way we are, and must be, conscious of thoughts passing through our minds, as of objects passing before our eyes. But just as we may command our attention, scrutinize an object and see many features in it which before were unperceived, may we make the

consciousness clear, sensitive and retentive; so that it shall contain the thought as well in its delicate shadings as in its grand outlines.

Against the hypothesis of untruthful thought are, also, the very facts quoted for its support. "The ancients thought the Ptolemaic system the true one, the moderns adopt the Copernican; each system is exclusive of the other, therefore in one case or the other the thought must have been wrong." Not at all. The ancients thought that, as a fact of appearance, the earth stands still and the sun moves around it; we think the same. They had no thoughts about the matter further than those which related to appearance, but of this they were unconscious. They were conscious of thinking that the sun moves around the earth, but unconscious of the grounds, the form and limits of their thought. When Copernicus looked beyond appearance to reality, they did not think that his conclusions were untrue, they did not think respecting reality at all. It is worse than idle, it is an outrage upon language to call their groundless assertions reasonings. They talked and wrote irrationally, they dogmatised, they were guilty of misrepresenting a thought which had long lain in their minds, and of the nature of which they were only stupidly semi-conscious; they did *not* think or reason in respect to the positions of Copernicus. We may apologise for their blindness but we cannot justify it.——And so of all errors and diversities of human belief. The old story of the two knights and the shield which was golden on one side and silver on the other, will apply to them all. As in the case of the knights, only half the truth is stated by either party and neither sees a truth in the other's opinion; they madly rush upon each other, and die, each asserting his favorite dogma. But no—the illustration is unfaithful to the fact. All parties are not equally near the truth, all persons are not equally unconscious of their own thoughts. But all errors and contrarieties of belief do arise and exist because of sheer stupidity, constitutional or voluntary, in one party or both. Paradoxical and humiliating as it may be, the sober fact is that men do not know their own thoughts. The whole mental consciousness is perturbed and beclouded; or if clear at all, it is oftener than otherwise clear towards one side of a truth and doubly obscure towards every other. Such is the fact; to investigate its causes would lead away from the present subject into the sphere of man's moral relations.——There is, then, no necessity of supposing any untruthfulness of thought, against which supposition could be brought the declarations of philosophers of every school and of minds of every class in all the ages of history.

It is now apparent why common consent proves nothing true, although, if people think alike, there may be a common consent. While they think alike and think truly there may be a common unconsciousness of the limits of a given thought, of the precise form it takes, of the point of view from which an intellectual affirmation is made. It ought to be understood better than it is that only as we determine limits do we get whole truths, that so far as boundaries are undefined there is only a confounding of one truth with many actual or possible errors.

It was stated in the previous article that consciousness was no criterion of certainty. While the remark was true as then made, of consciousness in the general, it is also true that a certain form of consciousness—a certain affirmation of consciousness, if one may so say—is the sole and sufficient criterion. I am conscious of some content of thought in my mind but unconscious what the thought is, or I am conscious of a movement within me which has reference to some object of thought and is for or against. In this general, indiscriminating form consciousness is no test of truth, for the movement may be of the feelings, it may be a subtle movement of the will, it may be an affirmation of the intellect. I recall and repeat the movement, discriminating its character and am now conscious that I think, that I think that something is or is not. I think it as a possibility or as a reality, and in either case under certain conditions and relations. The clear consciousness that I think and what I think is the satisfying test of truth. It is sometimes immediate and irresistible, it sometimes comes only after long and painful reflection.

Recurring to the quotation at the outset of the former article, it is plain that in it there is a confounding of two things which are entirely different—actual and necessary belief. There always has been opposition of belief in the world, quite likely there always will be, but it is not necessary. Two, or any number of persons who honestly and patiently seek the truth in their beliefs, need not seek in vain, need not remain at variance. It may be objected that the whole discussion has been more about words than about things; and if the bearing of the discussion has been perceived the writer is well content to have it so considered. Words, however, are but signs of things; it is impossible to err respecting the sign without mistaking also the thing signified. The word think stands for at least two very different things—the unconscious action of (or content in) the intellect, and the act of becoming conscious of that action or content; the one may not safely be confounded with the other.

BEAUTY.

WHILE Chaos yet ruled on his heaving throne,
  And darkness sat upon the troubled deep;
While suns and worlds, in wild confusion strown,
  Swung back and forth in an unmeasured sweep;
Mapped out and clear, deep in the thought of God,
  The plan of uncreated universe complete,
Lay waiting but the sanction of his nod,
  To roll in perfect systems at his feet.
And when those lips proclaimed, "Let there be light!"
  A glimmering, faint, along the landscape lay;
Soon twilight took the place of gloomy night,
  And dawning rounded to the perfect day.
Then Nature sprang to life; and at her birth,
  Compeer with her, the Beautiful was born;—
Nature's twin sister,—sent upon the earth
  In the faint flushing of that first fair morn.
And ever since that morn, her natal hour,
  Beauty has ruled the earth with magic sway;
Man gladly bows and owns her sovereign power,
  Delighting in her courts his vows to pay.
Beauty is everywhere. Her radiant form
  Gladdens our eyes wherever we may be;
'Neath sunny skies, or in the howling storm,
  On earth, in air, or on the shining sea;
Look where we will,—beneath, around, above,
  We look to see, we see her but to love.
We hear her laughing in the April shower,
  Which on the roof and o'er the lintel pours,
And straightway cease to wonder whence the power,
  That draws the icy bolts of Winter's doors.
Spring, gentle priestess, knocks at Winter's gate,
  Shivering with cold and faint with many fears;
But he, dread monarch, sitting there in state,
  Lets her rap on, unmindful of her tears;
Till Beauty comes and o'er her shoulder peeps,
  Smiling upon him in her melting way,
And then the stern old king falls down and weeps,—

Spring conquering by Beauty's gentle sway.
The Frost king's doors are then wide open thrown,
And quickly gathering up his rusty chains,
All tears and sighs, he seeks another zone,
Where, like a despot, once again he reigns.
With witching, smiling Beauty by her side,
Spring wields her scepter now in Nature's halls,
And like a fairy queen in all her pride,
Her sprites from every hiding place she calls.
Quickly they come and all their duties take,
And Beauty mingles in the joyous train;
Their myriad tongues the sleeping echoes wake,
And earth is decked in shining robes again.
Now April's tears and happy smiles prevail,
And rippling rills and foaming floods repeat
The praise of Beauty, and on every gale
Are borne the echoes of her hastening feet.
Thus Spring rolls up the curtain of the year,
And flakes of sunshine fall through fleecy clouds;
The springing grass and bursting buds appear,
And violets prank the turf in mazy crowds.
Then up through fragrant meads comes blushing May,
While Beauty, tripping at her side is seen;
Her white arms filled with flowers and garlands gay,
With which we joyful crown our sweet May-Queen.
Now June unlocks her portals to the sun,
And gay, voluptuous Summer enters in,
Flaunting in robes which Beauty's hands have spun,
And sprinkled with those drops, found where begin
The crystal-slippered feet of rosy morn,
To brush the jewels from the mossy dell,
Or dipped in those bright dyes whose hues adorn
The spangled turf, on which the rainbow fell.
Then, rich-robed, golden Autumn, in her round,
Bending beneath a load of fruits and sweets,
Comes, sovereign queen of all the seasons crowned;
And smilingly her numerous votaries greets:
For at her side attendant beauty goes,
Her herald and companion in each place;
A queenlier dignity about her throws,
And adds a heightened charm to every grace.
Thus all the seasons own her sweet control;
And she, a welcome guest in every land,
Flies round the earth from pole to utmost pole,
And scatters blessings with a lavish hand.
And Beauty sits the queen of every board;
At every festal scene her scepter sways;

By every name and nation is adored,
  And all things join to speak her wondrous praise.
The varied vesture of the Autumn woods,
  The sweet young flowers that kiss the amorous breeze,
The mellow music of the murmuring floods,
  The sighing symphonies of sounding seas;
The soft, low whispering of the summer gale,
The wrangling winter wind's wild woful wail;
Thus bowing low before her hallowed shrine,
All, all proclaim her name and power divine.
I lay, one day, beneath the summer sky,
  Musing, and gazing upward wonderingly,
Watching the white clouds floating slowly by,
  Like light barks sailing on heaven's azure sea;
When lo! as if some pitying angel there
  Lay weeping at the sight of human woe,
From a dark cloud which floated low in air,
  Some pearly drops fell on the plain below.
Just then a sunbeam, darting from the West,
  Caught the bright drops as glittering they fell,
And quickly ribbons the dark cloud's brow dressed,—
  Brighter than those wove in some fairy dell;—
And there before me I saw Beauty stand,
  Just where the rainbow rested on the ground,
Catching the breaking colors in her hand,
  And strewing fragments on the flowers around:
Then springing from a bank of violets sweet,
  Nodding and smiling, up the gorgeous stair,—
A fitting pathway for her jeweled feet,—
  I saw her mounting to the upper air;
Then sitting like a queen, upon the top,
  A moment to my raptured sight was given,—
The sunbeam fell, the bow had lost its prop,
  Beauty was gone,—she had returned to heaven!
But Beauty dwells above us, in the skies;
  And we may often see her, as she sits
Watching us kindly with her loving eyes;
  Or when from cloud to purple cloud she flits,
Startling the zephyrs in their wanderings,
  Rousing the shadows from their fitful sleep,
We catch the splendor of her golden wings,
  Fanning the cool air in the cloudy deep;
She gently breathes o'er soft æolian strings,—
  We pause, we listen, and forget to weep.
And when, like shrieking, howling fiends set free,
  The spirits of the storm-king loudly roar;

When on heaven's billowy deep, we wondering see
  Those cloud-ships dashed on the horizon's shore,
When lurid lightnings, leaping, flashing fly,
  And the black frowning skies are rent and riven,
While ringing, rushing, rumbling through the sky,
  Like demons rattling at the gates of heaven,—
The muttering, bellowing, booming thunders roll,—
  How the eye gleams the glorious sight to see,
O, what a flood of feeling fills the soul!
  Beauty is there in her sublimity!
Beauty dwells with us in our waking hours;
  She charms us by the music of her voice;
Kindly she strews our thorny way with flowers;
  Her presence makes the sorrowing heart rejoice.
Ever she watches over us in dreams:
  She standeth at the portals of the mind,
And quick the sleeper's busy fancy teems
  With lovely visions—cares are left behind:
Angels are bending from the starry spheres,
  Wooing him thither with their waving hands;
Their witching melodies float in his ears,
  His swift feet tread the paths of fairy lands.
In all the ways and windings of this life,
  In dusty highways and in shady lanes,
At work or play, in peace or deadly strife,
  Beauty still guides, still governs and sustains.
She greets us in the tender infant's smile,
  She guides the wandering steps of ardent youth,
Her counsels teach to shun deceit and guile,
  She leads man in the ways of Right and Truth.
Her mission is to banish grief and pain,
  To point the way where virtue's feet have trod,
To win us from our errors, and again
  To lead us to the source of beauty—God!
Then let us heed her teachings! Let us learn
  All of her lessons! Let us strive to live,
So that we may, as her true followers, earn
  That rich reward which she delights to give!

SUNNY SIDE OF BRAZIL.

MANY people seem to have come into the world with this innate idea; that South America is a series of alternate arid deserts and dismal swamps, where stygian alligators and slimy serpents reign in their pre-Adamite glory; consequently, it comes as near falling within the precincts of their delicate charity as does the northern part of Greenland. We shall labor to show that this vast region (*Brazil* in particular,) is a wild Paradise—a garden of Eden gone to weeds, and as much deserves our christian sympathy, as do either the coral islands of the Pacific, or the Celestial Empire.

The beautiful science of Physical Geography has developed the interesting, *general* fact, that the tendency of land is to form peninsulas, which always look to the south, are of a triangular shape, and terminate in bold promontories, which overlook little islands. South America is the most perfect peninsula. The mighty Andean chain, rising from the dark waves of the Antarctic, holds the proud Pacific in abeyance for 4,000 miles. Descending on the east, it expands into a lofty table-land, unbroken as the ocean and almost as boundless,—at once the reservoir of waters and the highway of nations. Here we find every degree of fertility, and every variety of climate; universities and cathedrals at altitudes equal to that of the Peak of Teneriffe; and thriving villages which would look down with pity on that pet of Coleridge—his "Sovran Blanc." Thence to the eastern coast slopes an immense plain, diversified with deserts and pampas, silvas and llanos, and so low and level that a rise of 1,000 feet in the Atlantic would submerge more than half the continent. No ruined castles invite the antiquarian; but all is one wild theater for the free development of life. South America is therefore rightly termed "the oceanic, vegetative continent."

Of this, the Empire of Brazil embraces nearly one half, covering an area equal to six sevenths of all Europe. It stands out as the great waymark of the South Atlantic; commands equal access to the United States and Europe; calls Africa and the West Indies its neighbors; and a voyage to the Ganges is 13,000 miles shorter than from Liverpool or New York.

Four-fifths of South America lie below the equator, and five sixths of it are in the tropics; and yet it is the most humid of tropical continents. The Empire, though situated between 4° north and 33° south latitude, has a pure insular climate, remarkably mild and regular,—the position of the plains and mountains, joined with the sea-winds, producing the copious moisture of the tropical portion and the comparative dryness of the temperature. The mean temperature of the year varies from 72° to 86° Fahrenheit. Earthquakes are unknown.

Brazil is the empire of rivers. The ice-clad Andes—the great water-shed of the continent, is the cradle of the Amazons. While the Mississippi basin covers 900,000 square miles, this monarch of streams drains an area of two millions and a half, which is ten times the size of France. It receives in its progress the homage of twenty tributaries of such length and volume, that the emptyings of all the rivers of New England would not raise them a foot—the affluents of its affluents would water a kingdom. It is navigable for 2,000 miles, which is half its length, and greets the ocean with a mouth 180 miles wide. This hydraulic telegraph brings into inter-communication the potentates of every state except Patagonia; and so happy are its junctions, that, excepting a portage of three miles, a vessel might sail by inland navigation from Buenos Ayres to the mouth of the Orinoco. The internal resources of Brazil are commensurate with its favored position. It is the empire of gems; the diamond sparkles in its rivulets; the amethyst and topaz are set with gold and silver in the bosom of the Andes. It is the empire of Palms: one-half the species known are here indigenous. They inhabit every locality, from the ocean-beach to the solitary desert, from the deep valley to the mountain-top; domineering by their height, their number, and the majesty of their foliage. Vegetation is infinite in variety and beautiful beyond imagination: for the soil, enriched for ages, is of the richest mold, and the climate offers an asylum to almost every thing botanical. There is scarcely a production of either India which might not be naturalized; while the uplands welcome many of the grains and hardier vegetables of Europe. Magnificent forests, impenetrable from tangled creeping and parasitic plants, clothe the highlands and line the borders of the rivers, forming a dense woodland twenty times the size of New York state. There is not a *pine* tree on the continent, but rosewood is so plenty that pig-pens are made of it. Broad savannahs, after the rains, are covered with a carpet of emerald-green grass, often six feet high and dotted with the rarest flowers. The channel islands of the Amazons are decked with wild orange-groves;

while, on the bosom of its peaceful waters, floats the odorous and gigantic water-lily—covering a space of eighteen feet in circumference.

But blessings are divided. Moisture and vegetation, as we have said before, characterize the whole peninsula: and where vegetable life is superior, animal life is stifled. It is the dry heat of continental regions which favor the noble elephant and lion. Brazil reminds us of the primæval world, when the Ichthyosaurus was monarch of creation. Here crawl the tearful crocodile and iguana. The wily serpent *sits* in a tree, like his primogenitor in the Garden of Eden. The tapir and the lama, the antelope and sloth, armadillos with their armor on, spotted jaguars and social apes find a home in the forest; while a million and a half of oxen, horses and mules roam over the plains. Above them circulate the broad-winged butterfly, the Hercules beetle, and the king of bats; and every variety of plumage from the condor to that diamond of the tropics—the humming-bird. A death-like stillness reigns from sunrise to sunset; then the whole menagerie joins unanimously in loud, discordant, periodic yells, and another wild chorus greets the dawn of morning. Nightingales, too, have their fits of silence and of song; bursting forth

> "In choral minstrelsy,
> As if some sudden gale had swept at once
> A hundred airy harps."

But while the treasures of this El Dorado have been laid open to the admiration of the civilized world, the *people* who possess it attract but little notice. Brazil was the empire of the aborigines. When Columbus touched Guanahani, two hundred Indian tribes roamed in stately pride from the llanos of the Orinoco to the banks of the La Plata. But man himself wears the ineffacable stamp of nature: the lymphatic temperament and social condition of this occidental stoic betray the preponderance of the vegetative element. The present population of the empire is estimated at seven millions; of whom three millions are slaves, a million and a half whites and the remainder free negroes, Indians, and mixed races. The men of the forest have *eluded* extinction by assimilation with their conquerors. There is not, perhaps, a single instance in which the Anglo-Saxons have so intermingled with aborigines as to produce a nation of half-blood: while the Spanish and Portuguese, having a character more affectionate than ours, instead of repelling the native population, have always united with and adopted them. Moreover, there is a perfect fusion with the African. Contrary to experience in this country, the offspring, far from being an emasculate and feeble race, possess more intel-

ligence and energy than any other class. And it is a remarkable fact that there is no division, on the ground of color, between the white and the negro: the only distinction is freedom. All enjoy equally the means of social influence and advancement in life. The late minister of foreign affairs, the ambassador to England, and one of the most prominent lawyers of Rio Janeiro, were mulattoes; while a majority of the military officers are jet blacks. Brazilian slavery, like that of Greece and Rome, is strengthened as an institution by being founded, not in a general sentiment, but in a mere personal relation between the master and slave; and yet the latter regards his lot as unfortunate, rather than degrading. The laws of Brazil against the African trade are as strenuous as those of England; but the want of a right public opinion nullifies them. With the finest opportunity in the world for perpetual and indefinite occupation of new territory, possessed of an enormous sea-coast and numerous harbors, and separated from the shore of Guinea by only a narrow, stormless sea, the empire offers every facility for slave cultivation: fifty thousand negroes are annually landed in spite of its own laws and British cruisers. Nothing less than a correct public sentiment, growing out of religious principles, can hope to extinguish this ungodly institution. As pure blood forms no dividing line in society, and since a happy climate and an unrivaled fertility secure the poorest from the evils of poverty, Brazil has little to hinder it from becoming prosperous, educated and evangelized. *Rio de Janeiro*, from its position, scenery, and magnitude, is a metropolis worthy of the empire. Boasting of an antiquity above any town in the United States, at once the emporium and the capital, and anchored by the magnificent bay of Nitherohy, it is destined to become the London of the South. Six lines of steamers connect it with England; but, with shame we say it, the United States have not one.

Brazil was discovered by Vincent Yanez Pinçou on the 26th of January, 1500; and was first called "The Land of the Holy Cross," afterwards by its present name, from its red wood. For a century and a half it was the bone of contention between the Portuguese, the French and the Dutch. When Junot, in 1807, descended like an avalanche on Portugal, the royal family found a refuge in this their neglected territory; and Brazil, which up to this time was sealed against the world by colonial policy, was now opened for international commerce. In 1815 it was elevated to the rank of a kingdom; and seven years after, the king having returned to Lisbon, his son, Don Pedro, revolted from the mother country, and was acclaimed and crowned independent monarch. The empire,

therefore, has received its language and its people from a corner of Europe seventy-seven times smaller than itself, and a most wretched model. It has had but thirty-five years for the great object of establishing a national character; but, though contending against inherited narrowness and illiberal feelings, she has risen from colonial bondage to an honorable position. While surrounding republics have wasted by intestine wars, this isolated monarchy has advanced in civilization and the arts of peace. The government is in fact a republic with an immovable chief magistrate. The press is entirely free; but its influence is crippled by ignorance and superstition; and through the absence of that powerful agent in modern society—public opinion—politics assume the character of a private, personal business. Nevertheless, the people, constitutionally, have the power; and, in point of ability, few legislative bodies in the world excel those which assemble at *Rio*. The royal universities and libraries will not compare with our metropolitan institutions; but they are by no means insignificant. Brazil may well boast of her native poets, philologists, and savans. A French writer, M. Denis, has attempted to show that the influence of the scenery and climate is peculiarly calculated to inspire sublimity of thought and to promote power of imagination. A great obstacle to the progress of education is the lack of competent teachers: the Northern Hemisphere should supply them. Books are in good demand; but it is saddening to the Christian to find that nearly all the popular works come from the prolific press of Paris. Indeed, the French language is fast corrupting and supplanting the Portuguese. Though Southey declares the latter to be inferior to no modern language, it is, in truth, an unfortunate dialect of the Spanish. Dropping the consonants, and dissolving the intonations into a confused mass of vowel and nasal sounds, it loses the dignity and grandeur of the majestic Castilian. We think it the duty of the Anglo-Saxon to dispute the ground with the flippant French.

The defects of Brazilian character are peculiar to tropical life. We find the upper classes punctilious in ceremony, susceptible of flattery, suspicious, courteous and cunning; frank, generous, temperate and timid, unsteady and narrow-minded. Yet they are further advanced in morals and intelligence than their government. The followers of Loyola are the only missionaries who have put forth zealous and systematic efforts for their improvement; and they were forcibly and completely expelled about a century since. The established religion is the Roman Catholic. Cotemporaneous with the first settlement, it has enjoyed for three hun-

dred years a free opportunity of disclosing its capabilities for indefinite progress. But monasticism is on the decline, and rank infidelity taking its place. The majority assent to the dogmas of the church, but seldom comply with its requirements. In no Papal country does greater toleration prevail. The Liberals and Free Masons manage the government, and the young emperor is a friend of the American Bible Society, and a patron of Protestant literature. The national mind is enlivened and elevated by the spirit of genuine democracy, as the burning eloquence of a native orator testifies: "Despotism *may* be planted in the province of Paulo, but it will be upon the bones of the last of her inhabitants." Brazil has need of nothing more than the lowly missionary patterned after the great Apostle to the Gentiles. An intelligent priest, being asked by Dr. Kidder what report he should make to the religious world respecting his country, replied: "Say that we are in darkness, behind the age, and almost abandoned!" Every house, from the highest to the lowest, welcomes the colporteur. English schools are in high repute. There are unrestricted means for reaching the popular mind. The whole empire is not only open to, but *demands* the Bible. With a central position on the thoroughfare of commerce, of vast extent, and unlimited resources, with a sea-coast of three thousand seven hundred miles notched with excellent harbors, traversed by majestic rivers and still more majestic mountains, enjoying every variety of delightful climate, and embracing whatever is beautiful, luxuriant and magnificent in nature, Brazil has all the elements necessary to attract curiosity, to awaken enterprise, and to win the sympathies of Christian men. The gifted Henry Martyn, who fifty years ago touched at the port of Bahia on his way to India, thus sighed and sung:

> "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness
> Sit, my soul, be still and gaze;"

and when he saw that a dead and deadening Catholicism was blighting the land, he uttered this pointed query, which God grant may never cease to echo in the ears of American Protestants: "*Crosses* there are in abundance; but when shall the DOCTRINES of the cross be held up?"

THE NIEBELUNGENLIED.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73.

But the Woe still slumbers. Sigfried joyfully departs to his home, to Sigmund and Sigelind, his dear parents. Sigmund abdicates in favor of his son, crown and kingdom, jurisdictions, lands and people. Kriemhild gives birth to a son, called after his uncle, *Gunther;* as also Brunhild has a son who is named *Sigfried;* and for ten years the happy couple enjoy their good fortune in profound peace and quiet; Sigfried who is master of the Netherlands, as well as the more distant, northern kingdom of the Niebelungs, and of endless treasures, is the richest and most powerful of kings; Kriemhild the most beautiful and fortunate of queens.

But in the heart of the strong Brunhild ten years has not extinguished the burning passion. "How?" she asks often of her husband, "how shall Kriemhild be allowed to so indulge her pride as not in the long course of years to come once to our court? Is not Sigfried our vassal? And for ten years long he has done us no homage!" Gunther answered mildly, well knowing that Sigfried's coming would complete his own abasement by exposing his disgrace, "how could we bring them hither into this land? They live too far away; I do not dare to invite them to take so long a journey."

But Brunhild knew how to strike those chords which responded in Gunther's high spirited yet weak heart. "Although the vassal of a king may be ever so rich and exalted, and may dwell in ever so distant lands, yet what his king and lord bids him, that will he do. And how gladly would I see thy sister Kriemhild, and delight myself again in her modest mien, her sweet grace, her gentle confidence, as on the day when I became thine, and she Sigfried's wife."

Gunther gives way, and sends messengers to Sigfried, who find him at the castle of the Niebelungs, in the land of the Norwegians. They invite him to a great and joyous festival, which is to be celebrated at the Burgundian court at Worms, during the days of the summer solstice, the

old German time of feasting. Sigfried takes counsel of his trusty friends; these, as well as his old father, King Sigmund, give their voices for accepting the invitation; and with a great retinue of a thousand nobles, with Kriemhild and his father Sigmund (his mother Sigelind had died in the meantime) Sigfried began his journey without suspicion in the secure serenity of innocence, to Worms on the Rhine. Rich gifts, pure gold, and sparkling jewels were taken with them, with which to prove the grace and generosity of a rich king, at the court of the Burgundians. Only their child was left behind; he was never more to see his father or his mother.

A splendid reception awaits the guests at Worms; with them stream into the gate of the royal city thousands of knights from all quarters to attend the knightly festival; kings with their retinues ride through the streets, and matrons and maidens in splendid apparel sit at the windows; the music of trumpets and flutes fills the wide Rhine city; but into the loud sweet tones of festal joy there falls with cutting contrast the shrill sound of jealousy and hate; the hot word of anger is heard above the sweet tone of flutes, and heralds the murderous cry, which shall soon fill the halls of the castle, and the streets of the town, and all lands, and still, after a thousand years, resounds in the hearts of late generations.

The two queens Brunhild and Kriemhild sit together as in those beautiful days ten years before, and *think* of those days—Kriemhild in full contentment, in the richest enjoyment of the then hoped for happiness: "I have a husband who deserves that all these kingdoms were his," gushed out from her true, loving, unsuspicious heart. *That was the spark which ignited.* "How could that be," answered Brunhild darkly, "these kingdoms belong to Gunther and shall remain subject to him." Kriemhild, as it were absorbed in her affections for her glorious husband does not hear these words of rising anger, and continues with greater simplicity, if possible, than before, "do you see how he stands yonder, how he stands forth in splendor before the heroes, as the moon before the stars? Therefore my heart rejoices." Brunhild answers, "to Gunther belongs the first rank before all kings;" and Kriemhild says that Sigfried is quite equal to her brother Gunther. Then Brunhild bursts out angrily, "when thy brother won me for his wife, Sigfried himself said that he was Gunther's vassal, and as such I consider him." In a friendly way Kriemhild begs her to leave off talking so—her brother would not have betrothed her to a vassal. "I will not leave talking," said Brunhild in defiance, "thy husband is, and shall remain a liege man to us."

Then Kriemhild's just anger bursts forth: "Sigfried is far more noble than Gunther my brother; and it is a wonder to me that for so many years he has paid to you neither tribute nor service." "We will see," answers Brunhild, "whether they will honor you as they do me." "Yes, we *will* see," cries Kriemhild, "whether I have not the precedence when we enter the church this day."

The queens go to church, not in friendly company, as before, but rather each by herself, with her retinue of noble ladies. Brunhild stands before the cathedral and waits for Kriemhild; when she arrives, she bids her aloud before all her train, to stand still, and says, "a vassal-maid ought not to go before her queen." Then for the first time flames up the bitter anger of the hitherto unsuspicious gentle woman: "You had better keep silent; you were loved by Sigfried and abandoned; also it was he who conquered and won you, and not Gunther. You yourself have given yourself to a liege-man." Yet, kind at heart, and regretting the scarcely spoken word of anger, she adds: "You are to blame that we have fallen into this quarrel; I am sorry for it, believe me on my word; and I am always ready for a true reconciliation."

But the word was too severe; on their going out of the cathedral, Brunhild remains standing again, stops Kriemhild again and demands of her to prove what she has said; in order, if it be really so, and Sigfried has indeed boasted of her love, she may take bloody vengeance on him. Kriemhild then shows her *the ring;* and when Brunhild seeks to avoid this proof by declaring that it had been stolen, *the girdle also.*

Now is Brunhild's haughtiness broken down; but high within her rises instead a savage thirst for vengeance: it is certain that Sigfried has boasted of his earlier relation to her, that he has boasted to Kriemhild that it was his own and not Gunther's strength that had twice overcome her own prowess—she is affronted to the death—Sigfried's death is determined on. The unsuspicious Sigfried does not look upon the quarrel as the beginning of a bitter battle for life and death, in which he himself shall perish; not desirous of vain glory, but like a genuine hero, who has never boasted of his own achievements, least of all, of that which he gained from a woman—only he had remarked that the ring and girdle did belong to Brunhild—and he wishes a like forbearance and moderation to be observed by the women: "they have forgotten themselves," he says, "and that my wife has disturbed yours, Gunther, I am greatly sorry for; we will be silent of what has happened, and our wives shall be as silent as we."

But Brunhild is not silent, cannot keep silent. Irritated with powerless anger she sits solitary in her chamber; then *Hagen* finds her, and learns from her more clearly how deeply she has been insulted. His mistress and queen weeps, is injured, has received a deadly insult from *a man*—THAT MAN MUST DIE. The brothers of the injured one, the three kings, and Ortwin of Metz, are summoned to a consultation; and only Giselher, the youngest, considers the affair as a mere female quarrel, too insignificant that a hero like Sigfried should lose his life on account of it; the rest, even Gunther, who wavers at first, in whom gratitude towards Sigfried is not yet wholly extinguished, give their voices for Sigfried's death. A false rumor of war is to be spread abroad, the army is to be summoned, and, for they take for granted that Sigfried will not withdraw himself from the expedition, the hero is to be slain on the way. Thus *vassal faith* becomes *treachery;* from the noblest root of the German life shoots up the poisonous growth, *assassination.*

The expedition is under way, and Sigfried prepares to accompany it. Then the grim and faithless Hagen goes to Kriemhild to take the accustomed farewell. Kriemhild has already half forgotten the quarrel, and not the slightest suspicion enters her heart that he who now stands before her has announced himself the eternal enemy of her husband, and has sworn his death. "Hagen, thou art my relative, I am thine; to whom could I better entrust the life of my Sigfried in the war that approaches, than to thee; protect for me my dear husband; I commit him to thee on thy faith. It is true he is invulnerable, but when he bathed himself in the blood of the dragon, a broad linden leaf fell down upon him between his shoulder blades, so that that place did not take in the blood of the dragon, and consequently remained vulnerable. If now the battle spears come thickly upon him, one might hit this place; therefore do thou cover him there and protect him." "Well," said the crafty Hagen, "that I may be better able to do this, stitch a mark on his coat at this place, so that I may know exactly how I have to protect him." And the unsuspicious one, absorbed in tender love for her husband, sews with her own hand a cross of fine silk upon her husband's coat—she sews herself a bloody death-mark.

The following day the expedition starts, and Hagen rides up to Sigfried in order to see whether his wife in her blind boundless love has been unsuspicious enough to set on the mark. Sigfried wears it sure enough; and now the campaign is no longer necessary; Hagen has obtained what he wishes from the hands of Kriemhild, more than he could have expect-

ed. The campaign is changed to a great hunt; once more at this point Sigfried sees his dear faithful queen—*for the last time.* Anxious forebodings and ominous dreams trouble her soul, as when, in her early maidenhood, she dreamed of the falcon and the eagles; only now she sees two mountains fall on Sigfried, and he disappears beneath their ruins. Sigfried comforts her; no one bears him hate, no one can bear him hate, he has shown kindness to all, in a few days he will return again. What she fears, whom she fears, she knows not—she supposes she has gained Hagen, the only one in respect to whom she might have felt anxiety—but the good bye is with the word, "that thou art going from me makes me unspeakably sad."

The hunt is finished; the heroes and especially Sigfried who has laid the most game, are tired and thirsty from the chase and the summer heat. There is no wine at hand, nor is the Rhine in the neighborhood from which they might draw the desired cool refreshment. But Hagen knows a spring near by in the forest; thither he counsels to go. They start, and already the broad linden is in sight under whose roots the cool spring gushes up, when Hagen begins: "They say that no one can equal the swift Sigfried, Kriemhild's husband, in the race—he ought now to let us see him prove it." Sigfried answers, "let us run to the spring for a wager; I'll lay my hunting coat, also my sword, spear, and shield, against your coats." It is done; the race begins; like wild panthers Hagen and Gunther spring through the forest clay, but Sigfried is by much first at the spot. Quietly he lays aside his sword, bow and quiver, leans his spear on the trunk of the linden, and sets his shield near the spring, waiting till the king shall come up, to let him first drink. This reverent custom cost him his life. He might easily have drunk before Hagen and Gunther came up, then he would have been standing again with his arms in his hands, and what now followed would have been impossible. Gunther comes up and drinks; after him Sigfried bows down to drink; then Hagen hastens up, snatches the weapons which he can reach, the sword, bow and quiver one side, seizes the spear in his own murderous hand, and while Sigfried is drawing his last draughts from the spring, Hagen hurls the spear, Sigfried's own weapon, through the cross which Sigfried wears on his back, so that the heart's blood of the glorious hero streams out over the raiment of the murderer. The mortally wounded man springs up enraged from the fountain; between his shoulder blades the long spear beam projects from his body. He grasps after his bow and sword—he finds no weapon—then he seizes the shield which lies near

him, which Hagen had not been able to remove, and plunges upon Hagen. Terribly he strikes the murderer with his shield, so that the precious stones with which it was set fly out in every direction; so fearfully does he strike that Hagen falls to the earth, and the shield breaks in pieces; the wood echoes again from the weight of the blows which the hand of the dying hero lets fall on the head of his murderer. Then his florid face grows pale; his feet totter; the strength of his giant body is gone; death has marked him. Kriemhild's husband falls to the earth, and in broad streams gushes the heart's blood from the mortal wound.

With his last strength he turns angrily to his murderers: "Ye cowards, what avail now my services since ye have slain me? So have ye rewarded my good faith, and done to your blood relation a despicable deed." All the knights of the Burgundian retinue hasten up to the place of murder, and surround in a circle the dying hero, many a lament is heard, but the dying man is silent. Then the Burgundian king also begins a tone of lament over the fallen; and now once more the bitter regret of life stirs in the soul of him already sinking into the death slumber: "there is no need that he should weep *after* the injury who has *done* the injury; he had better keep silent."

But the grim Hagen scorns those who are lamenting as well as him the disgracefully murdered: "I know not why you lament; all is now over which we have borne of insult and sorrow; there live now only a few who dare to war against us: happy am I who counseled against that man there." And once more speaks the hero with dying voice to his murderer: "It is easy for you to boast; had I known your murderous purpose, I could easily have protected myself against you. I grieve for nothing so much as for Frau Kriemhild, my wife, and alas! I have a son to whom men will say that his nearest relations have murdered his father." The name of his true wife has passed over the lips of the dying man, and he turns once more and for the last time to his murderers, consecrating to her his last care, his last thought, his last breath: "If you wish," says he to Gunther, "to show good faith once more in your life towards any one, then let me commend to you my dear Kriemhild, let her be glad that she is your sister, care for her faithfully as knightly custom demands. For me my father and my vassals will wait long."

Far around the forest flowers are red with the blood of the slain warrior; now begins the death struggle; it is but for a moment; the wound was too deadly and deep. Sigfried is dead. They take up the corse of the hero, according to old and honored custom, upon a golden shield, and

bear it to Worms on the Rhine. Many propose it shall be said that robbers have slain him in order to conceal the stain of family murder. "I will," cries Hagen, "bear him to Worms; what care I if Kriemhild knows that I slew him? She has insulted Brunhild so deeply, I care not, she may weep as much as she will."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STANZAS.

[The Class of 1827 held their first re-union August 5th, 1857. In accordance with a vote of the Class, the following Stanzas, written for that occasion, have been placed in our hands for publication.]

HAIL! Alma Mater! Once again we stand
In thoughtful mood within thy hallowed walls;
Once more we tread on consecrated ground;
Once more we gather in thy classic halls.

We come from fields of labor wide and far,
The worn and dusty thoroughfares of life,
The din and bustle of a restless world,
Its cares, commotions, crosses, duties, strife.

We come to grasp again, with eager hand,
And greet with joy the friends we used to know,
To gaze awhile on faces and on forms,
Familiar to us in the long-ago.

We come fond recollections to revive;
We come our old acquaintance to renew;
To talk of things that gave us pleasure once,
When hopes were ardent, and when years were few.

To travel backward by the stream of time,
  And view again each well remembered scene;
Live o'er the past; and, each to each, recount
  The varied fortunes that have come between.

We were a friendly and united band;
  We shared together in life's bliss and woes;
Climbed up the steep where science builds her dome
  And on her sons the laurel wreath bestows.

Four happy years, in life's unclouded morn,
  We gave to study and the muses nine;
Four happy years we toiled together here,
  In search of truth from wisdom's golden mine.

Those years, receding, wear a brighter charm;
  For o'er them time its rainbow hues has flung.
Three decades, since, of years have intervened,
  And we are growing old, who then were young.

The forms of outward nature have not changed:
  The same bright skies are bending o'er us still,
As when, with thirsting minds, we hither came,
  At learning's sacred fount to drink our fill.

This charming vale, these meadows fresh and green,
  The mingling waters, gently murmuring through;
These mountain sentinels, that stand around
  O'erlooking all, are still the same to view.

It is not these, but we ourselves are changed;
  'Tis not the works of God, but those of men;
Time leaves its trace upon the fairest brow,
  And what we were, we ne'er shall be again.

A cooler blood is coursing through our veins;
  The locks of youth are growing thin and gray;
We walk with more sedate and cautious tread;
  Thus passing onward till we pass away.

And some have left us, for their work was done:
  Ten comrades sleep beneath the grassy clod;
Ten names, already starred, are on the roll—
  The dust to dust returned, the soul to God.

And, year by year, that number will increase,
  And soon shall we ourselves become as they.
The warnings thicken; and, ere long, to each
  Will come the end of life's uncertain day.

Where are our teachers? As we look around,
  We see them not in their accustomed place;
We listen, but we do not hear their voice:
  Some tarry yet, and some have run their race.

One link connects the generation gone;
  One comes, and well-earned honors deck his brow.
What need to ask—what need to speak his name?
  He, who was Tutor then, is *Præses* now.

My Muse, oppressed, descends with drooping wing;
  Sad thoughts are with the present as the past:
We waited long; we met at length; and this,
  Our first re-union, is, perhaps, the last.

We soon must part; our diverse paths pursue;
  And in our various rounds of duty move.
So let us live, that when we part at death,
  We all may hope to meet again above.

Take, Brothers, take once more the friendly hand.
  We know not what may yet on earth befall;
But this we know—to gird ourselves for toil;
  And Heaven's kind care is over each and all.

Dear Alma Mater! one more word for thee:
  Thy memory in our hearts shall ever dwell.
Thou gavest knowledge, we our thanks would give;
  Thy children love thee, and they wish thee well.

PLAGIARISM.

EVERY mental Lazarus, whose reputation is so full of sores that even the dogs of criticism refuse to lick them, whines against the Dives at whose gate he is laid, the charge of plagiarism and imitation. It is the sole refuge of imbecility against the conviction of its own poverty and weakness; the last argument to which fools resort.

Let us consider for a moment. Were some Napoleon of literature to impose a strict embargo on all foreign imports in thought, to what would art, science and life be reduced? The scholar must be a Cadmus and invent his own alphabet; an Aristotle and construct his own logic. Every physician must be a Galen and forego the centuries of accumulated medical experience. The lawyer must discard the decisions of Coke and Blackstone. The preacher must discover his own theology and ignore the teachings and the grand prophetic diction of the Bible and the divine humanities of the God-Man, because he is not immediately inspired like Isaiah or Saul of Tarsus; since every unacknowledged appropriation of the thoughts and labors of another is plagiarism, which we are all so earnestly exhorted to avoid.

The consequences would be equally disastrous and absurd. I do not know for what purpose two hundred generations of men have lived, if not to make deductions, to discover facts and generalize them into laws for the guidance of my life and conduct, nor for what end I am living, if not to add and improve upon them as far as I may, and transmit the results to those who shall come when I have descended "into the land of the mole and the pis-mire."

If not, I must properly begin where Adam did in order to avoid this shocking allegation of plagiarism. I must live "in antris vast and deserts idle" because some one forestalled me in the idea of a house. I must wear skins or dress in my natural buff, because I am not a tailor, or do not raise my peculiar wool on my proper back like a pig or an ass.

But if the original thinker does not proceed to this direct issue of his argument, he still contends that it is plagiarism to use another man's thoughts as he has expressed them. They must be denuded of their orig-

inal drapery, and garbed anew from one's private vocabulary; as if the paternity of a changeling prince would be changed, or the theft be diminished, if the lace and purple and gold of his garments were replaced by the rags of a gipsey beggar. Because Shakspeare has made his Juliet say "It lightens," I do not know what law of property should restrain me from employing an identical expression when I am a witness of a similar phenomenon.

If this be too severe, let us try conclusions still further. The "original" individual insists that all thoughts, acquired by study and reading, must be incorporated into our own being by a mental gastric process, so that we forget their origin, and come to regard them as our own. The doctrine is indubitably sound, but if there be originally any guilt in appropriation, it is difficult to see how it is hereby lessened. That would be a novel species of law, that gave the robber rightful possession of the plunder whose owner he had forgotten, and pardoned the bread-stealer because he had eaten his booty.

The truth in this matter is, that there is nothing original. The soul is quoted from God; the body is quoted from the bread and beef it eats, from the beer it drinks, from the cigars it smokes, from the coats it wears. The city is quoted from the forest, the quarry and the mine. Every man is a quotation from his father and mother, and through them in the last analysis from the red man Adam; modified by ten thousand accidents of time, locality, birth, association and fortune it is true, but still an undisputed copy, a repetition of our prime ancestor, with the same structure and organization, actuated by the same motives, happy or miserable from the same causes; in everything a direct plagiarism or imitation.

Whatever has been lofty in conception, or noble, and heroic, and daring, may be conceived and dared again. Even a new combination of old ideas is hardly broached once in a century, and God issues no letters-patent for these. Discovery does not endow with monopoly, or Cristoval Colon would have owned the continent of North America because he found it in the ocean.

Whatever the past ages have done, they have done for the present and for us. Demosthenes spoke, that America might profit by Athenian experience and Webster be a better Statesman. Socrates thought, that we might improve by his teachings and enlarge upon his contracted experience. Homer sang, that Milton might reach more exalted heights of epic grandeur. Astronomers investigate, that the sailor may have a safer, silver clue through the stormy labyrinths of the pathless sea. Newton, Davy

and Farrady philosophise, that the world may be more beautiful, that life may be more affluent and satisfactory, and time yield a richer harvest of happiness and advantage. Grand thoughts find their beauty and worth in their utility. They are valueless while uncommunicated; they are worthless until others have used them; nor are they born to tenant a single heart like the everlasting lamps, forever burning and forever unconsumed, amid the awful silence and gloom of the sepulchres of Egyptian kings.

There must be a common substratum of thought on which we all subsist, and in which we all have the mutual right of common tenancy. Books may be copyrighted, but not ideas. These are as incapable of appropriation as the air that oxygenates our blood, or the sun in whose comfortable beams all living things exult. It is only those meager, emaciated, barren-brained varlets, who can neither reap another's acres nor till their own, who are forever iterating this beggarly charge of plagiarism. But it is easier to shout down an echo than to reason with a fool. Their stale thoughts are the world's most tarnished currency, and if in accordance with their own theory, they will steal bogus pennies when they might steal California nuggets; if they will garland their "villainously low" brows with loops of glass beads like an Esquimaux, when they might have diamonds and seed-pearls for the taking, the moral culpability remains unchanged, and their sole claim to originality lies in their stupidity.

The charge of imitation is a still more futile refuge. Can the stars of heaven look upon the glassy midnight sea, and no image be returned from its solemn deeps? Yet the sea is one and the stars are one. Does face answer to face in the glass? Yet this stickler for originality would break his mirror, did it not distort his wretched features, and give his eyes a wider and a greener obliquity than that which blurs his mental vision.*

They mistake the liberal and catholic nature of genius, who think that those old reapers in the harvest-fields of mind garnered up their sheaves of thought to rot in uselessness, like a miser's gold. Nor is their error

* In this connexion, I recall a remark that Ralph Waldo Emerson once made to me upon a similar subject. We were walking down the "Stone Hill" road at the gorgeous close of a sultry August day, when he spoke of Alexander Smith, whose "Life Drama" had that summer taken the Malakoff of English criticism by storm. "I was surprised" he said, "at the indiscriminate praise which the British Reviews showered upon him. *He was saturated with Shakspeare, and the Life drama leaked out!*" Whether the theory was as generous as the expression was felicitous, I leave others to judge.

less who suppose that a single growth has exhausted so fertile a soil. Innumerable harvests shall wave more goldenly in the footsteps of Shakspeare and Bacon, whose vast appropriations left ungleaned many a juicy herb of truth and flower of deathless song.

Those old masters sitting upon Mounts of Heavenly Vision gazed serenely into the Future, while behind them

"The Centuries like a fruitful land reposed."

They hold the heart-strings of humanity and sweep the whole diapason of emotion. They endear to us the sweet habit of existence; they make life noble; they endow its baldest facts with the bloom of poetical significance; all alike acknowledge the magic of their sway, alike obey the music of their sweet, imperious voice.

Literature, their empire, is no golden-fruited garden of the Hesperides, high-walled and brazen-gated, guarded by an insulting and petulant criticism, but rather like a virgin world, free to all who have the power to appreciate and the taste to enjoy, resounding with forest-arched rivers, vocal with choirs of sweet singing birds and the whole orchestra of nature's various harmonies; fresh with perpetual beauty, and opulent with an eternal harvest sown by the unsparing hand of a Common Father.

ARCHITECTURE—FOSSIL CHARACTER.

Of the various manifestations by which an age is characterized, none is more apparent or lasting than its style of architecture. As the fauna and flora of the earliest times have come down to us imbedded in rock, so the character of each age has been fossilized in the architecture of that age.

Thus it was in early Greece. The prime element of the national character, refinement, was wrought out in the Grecian temple with its cold, lifeless pillars, its frigid elegance and perfect symmetry. It had in it that grandeur which belongs to height and distance, but was lacking

in those eloquent forms which speak of earnest thought and deep feeling. It had the body without the breath of life.

In Egypt it was different; the national character was here marked by immobility and mystery. The unity of the masses which underlies their history was not a unity where individualism had full play—it was a Dead Sea of stagnant life. The people were not stupid, barbarous, incapable of thought and emotion, but the tyranny of caste had crushed them all to one dead level, dwarfing their intellectual powers and chilling every emotion. In their architecture, dreary conventionalism marks their best works, while with it is mingled that mystery which so pervaded the Egyptian religion. But here and there appear forms of sculpture, manifesting an expression of feeling which could not be pent up—expression which the artist might not utter with his lips, but which he could infuse into the marble block. Thus we have, in connection with the Egyptian temple, those colossal statues with faces of inexpressible sweetness and severity.

But what can we read in the stones of the mediæval works of art? Foremost of all we see a spirit of reverence, pervading and underlying the works of the Gothic builder. I care not what you may say of the superstition, Romanism and erroneous ideas concerning true piety then existing—there was abroad a spirit of reverence—a spirit not confined to architecture, but extending to literature and painting—leading the scholar to close the last page of his work with a reverential "Gloria in excelsis Deo," and influencing the painter in his choice of subjects. This spirit possessed the soul of the architect and made him give his best work to God. The ascetic, chanting the "Te Deum Laudamus," was not more reverential than the architect who strove to embody that praise in his work. This spirit of reverence, thus made the actuating power in the heart of the builder, threw its influence over his whole mind and forbade him to admit in his works untruthful representations. The leaf, the flower which were sculptured on the walls were reproductions of forms of natural beauty, not the result of a puerile straining after original conceptions. And not truthfulness only, but the spirit of sacrifice sprang from this reverence; it found a place in every class of society, and so possessed men's hearts that "they came," like the Jews of old, "every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing, and brought the Lord's offering to the work of the tabernacle of the congregation, and for all his service and for the holy garments," Ex. 35:21. It was when this spirit of reverence began to decline, and their priest-

hood left the service of God for the service of Satan, that noble Gothic degenerated into degraded Renaissance.

More strongly still is marked the coincidence between the character and architecture of the modern era, an age whose thought and expression are characterised by a materialistic and practical spirit. This spirit, so deadening to Literature, has also bound its iron bands tightly about the creations of art, and measured them on its Procrustean Bed of *use*, a use which merely meets some outer end of life. It carries out its principles both in domestic and ecclesiastical architecture. This generation of Gradgrinds asks: "Is not this square, box-like brick house sufficient for all my wants? Does it not exclude the rain? does it not protect me from the beating snow and rushing wind? What need, then, of ornament? will my windows afford me any better light if they are capped with the pointed arch? and as for carvings upon the facing, of what possible use can that be?" The fault here lies not so much in the man's nature as in his education. "But," exclaims one, "we are not all Gradgrinds! When you say that this spirit of practicality has entered our domestic architecture, you will at least except those houses of princely magnificence, which are the pride of our American Metropolis." What claim have they to an exception, and what right have their owners to praise as being influenced by a true spirit in the erection of their houses? None at all. They have started with misconceptions as to what constitutes domestic architecture, and wrong motives in the carrying out of their idea. They have never stopped to consider what *domestic* architecture is. The very nomenclature rebukes them. They have not built *homes*, they have merely built *houses*. The full meaning of that word home has never entered their hearts. They have not thought of constructing a place which shall be the abode of their children and their children's children; a spot hallowed by sacred associations. They have thought only of building such a house as shall either retain them in their present sphere of society, or elevate them to an higher one. Starting thus with a misconception of the true nature of a home, they have been actuated by wrong motives in its building and ornament. They have not considered the adaptation of the house to their own wants, nor to the wants of their children, but have regulated the character of the building by the extent of their purse and the opinion of the world. They have not ornamented it in accordance with their own taste and for their own delight, but have made it only the storehouse for samples of upholstery. Having thus misconceived and misdirected their work, the result is an abortion. It is partly house—

partly show-room. The wealth that builds and furnishes the house is bestowed not with generosity but with parsimony. The woodwork must be rosewood or black walnut, because it is so in other houses of the "best society;" but if the same appearance can be obtained through the agency of pine-wood, varnish and paint, it is so much clear gain. Thus arises deception and trickery. I cannot but think that many of our social evils have their rise in our defective domestic architecture. If we had more homesteads, should we not have a higher state of society in the rising generation—a state generated by home education and home influences?

It is more discouraging to note the workings of this spirit in our church architecture. The Puritan, holding in utter abhorence the painting and tinsel ornament which he had witnessed in the temples of the Romish Church, and shrinking from the least imitation of their—to him—godless worship, rushed to the opposite extreme, and carefully excluded from his place of worship everything which was not of immediate necessity. Not content with thus placing God's house on a level with his barn and sheep-fold, he proceeded to secularize it, by making it the hall for political meetings, popular lectures and concerts. The Puritan's idea of a church was that it should be a meeting-house, and this idea is still retained. The sound of gold and silver is heard within the church walls, not always as the charitable offering of the Christian giver, but as the wages of the merchant and the harlequin. "It is written," saith the Lord, "my house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

"But," some may say, "the spirit of the age is opposed to the building of costly churches, only because Christians prefer that their wealth should be given to the building up of the church spiritual, rather than squandered on the church physical." How far is this true? I grant that the spirit of the church seeks the advancement of the Gospel, and that that is its noblest aim; but the question is "not between God's house and God's gospel; it is simply between God's house and man's house." Does he, who worships within the four bare walls that constitute so many of the present church buildings, have no frescoes on his own walls? No choice works of art in his own house? No marble pavement? Has he in fine, denied himself that he may give to God? It is not the spirit of piety and Christian wisdom, which makes this age to cry out against beautiful churches, it is the spirit of selfishness coveting the best for man, the spirit of meanness refusing the best for the Lord. As in the Middle age it was the spirit of reverence which fostered a truthfulness in architecture, so in the Modern age the lack of this reverential spirit has given rise to decep-

tion and dishonesty. We seem to see careful stone carving, but, on approaching to examine it more closely, the stone has changed to plaster—the laborious chiselling proves but the result of a machine. What wonder, when the congregation that worships in that church goes forth on the morrow to its adulterated goods—its false weights and measures!

Thus it must ever be. A dishonest age will construct dishonest churches, and the more reverential a people, the nobler will be every act of their lives from the sale of their merchandize to the building of their churches. As in the moral world we seek the example of wisdom and holiness in the All-Wise and All-Perfect God, so in architecture, which is the manifestation of man's character, should we take for our guide the works of the Great Architect—works wherein is no deformity, but which are the archetypes of beauty and truth.

VENICE.

"Men built Rome—the gods, Venice."

THE works of Grecian art and Roman splendor fade and crumble amid the obscurity of the middle ages, and where stood imperial cities in their beauty and array, now lies the shattered column and prostrate wall, tributes to departed worth, in these mausoleums of the mighty past. Enervated by wealth, enslaved by vice and given up to luxury, the Italian provinces were an easy prey to the fierce Attila, who, with his swarms from the Northern Hive, swept like a destroying pestilence over Southern Europe. His threat, that the grass never grew where his horse trod, seemed to be realized. When Aquilea, for sustaining a vigorous defence, was razed to the ground, the survivors, with fugitives from the neighboring states, forsook their desolated firesides and sought a refuge from the ruthless barbarian. At the head of the Adriatic were a few small islands, formed by the débris of the rivers flowing down from the Rhoetian Alps.

Upon these the exiles found a safe retreat, and as from ocean foam sprang Venus, so here, stately and beautiful—a second Aphrodite, arose Venice the city of the sea. Built upon no granite foundation, surrounded by no rich territories whence to draw supplies, aided by no advantages of nature, from the deep blue sea it sprang as if by magic, seemingly evanescent as Armidia's palace, yet originating influences which controlled the destinies of the world.

The foundation of her regal structures are piles of larch, cedar, oak and ebony. The buildings rise directly from the water, and the action of the waves for ages is plainly written upon them in grooves and furrows. Her canals, answering to our streets, number over one hundred and fifty, varying in width from three to three hundred yards. Twice in twenty-four hours the tide ebbs and flows, sweeping through all these veins and arteries, and carrying off impurities to the sea. Besides this, every month comes a violent sirocco, which pours the briny waters of the Adriatic all over the city; hence it is that Venice is the neatest capital in Europe, and her "snowy flag stones the cleanest in the world." For centuries she claimed the Adriatic her own, as does the bridegroom his betrothed; and annually upon the feast of Ascension, in the presence of all her nobles, and ambassadors from foreign states, she renewed the claim by dropping into it a nuptial ring, with the declaration:—"Desponsamus te mare in signum veri perpetuique domini."

Venice has been called the city of song, and the mystery and enchantment thrown round her, through the gondola, the guitar and stilletto, ever awake strange emotions. The calm heavens and bright moon above, the still gliding of these spirit-like barks, the unfrequent plash of the oar, the city disturbed by no leaden tramp or rumbling wheels, all impart a charm to these witching melodies, and make an evening in Venice, what it is no where else on earth. On the grand canal, of a midsummer's night, the effect is indescribable. The facades of marble palaces, with overhanging balconies, the endless halls and galleries and the leafy gardens beyond augment the sound. You stand at midnight in the palace. You hear the sweet accord of voices on the still air. A choir of gondoliers is slowly approaching; their voices are clear and round; the harmony is perfect; the moon is riding high over the sleeping city; the ducal palaces throw dark shadows over the placid waters. The choir approaches by a regular crescendo; lovelier, fuller, the notes strike the ear, until beneath the balcony it has reached its fortissimo. Then it diminishes in volume and strength, echoes beneath the Rialto arch, turns down the winding

stream, and dies in low, sweet cadence. The listener is entranced, his whole being absorbed in the dying harmony, and after the lapse of years, it comes back, stirring to rich melody the cords of the soul, like evening zephyrs breathing upon an Æolian harp. The character of these songs is various. One of them runs thus:

> "Oh come to the gondola angel bright,
> We'll away o'er the beautiful sea.
> By the Felze's soft shade we'll be hidden from sight,
> And how happy, how happy we'll be.
> We'll shut out the daylight's gay glittering glare,
> No eye shall our blessedness see,
> But alone, heart to heart, banish sorrow and care,
> While I whisper of love, girl, to thee."

We cannot well conceive what would be the effect of these beautiful lines uttered in the Venitian tongue, soft and light as a zephyr, and of which Byron remarks, "I love the language, that soft, degenerate Latin that melts like kisses from a female's mouth."

The public buildings may be divided into two general classes: palaces and churches. Some of these edifices are unsurpassed in architectural skill and beauty. The Place St. Mark was the forum, the regal hall of the city, the rendezvous of pleasure and business. Thither thronged the pleasure loving Venitians to enjoy an uninterrupted succession of festivities. The whole year seemed one grand gala day, and all the citizens, voluptuaries, giving unbounded license to love, passion and revenge. On the northern side of the Place St. Mark is the old clock tower, whose dial is divided into twenty-four hours, displaying also the signs of the zodiac and the phazes of the moon in golden and azure hues. During religious festivities, the figures of three Moorish monarchs issued from a door in the balcony, above the dial, and doffed their crowns to the virgin. On the roof of the tower, two colossal figures of bronze announced the hours upon a stationary bell with huge sledges. The Campanile is a quadrangular mass of brick forty feet square at the base and terminating in a pinnacle surmounted by the gilded figure of an angel with outspread wings, at the height of about three hundred and fifty feet from the pavement. The tower can be ascended in ten minutes, by means of an inclined plane two hundred and ninety feet, and the remaining sixty by steps. Napoleon is said to have ascended the inclined plane on the back of a mule. But the ducal palace is the most interesting of all, in which is the "hall of the ten" and the dungeon for criminals, connected with the prison by the Bridge of Sighs (Ponte de suspiri). Among the churches, the cathedral

of St. Mark is the largest and finest appearing edifice in Venice. Within are monuments, statues, paintings, mosaics and all that the skill and talent of the unequaled masters of those early days could produce. One of the mosaics, unique in design, is the genealogical tree of the Virgin. The roots are fixed in the prostrate body of Adam, while upon the branches sit the patriarchs and prophets; and from a coronal of leaves and flowers upon the summit, emerges the Virgin holding the child of promise. The civil history of Venice is of deep interest. At first it had a consular government; afterwards a tribunate, and then followed the administration of the Doges. Primarily, the Doge was elected by the people; subsequently by the Grand Council. By his official oath he engaged to keep secret, affairs of state, to read no foreign dispatches in private, to return answer to no demands, and upon no occasion to leave Venice without permission, and other like absurdities. During the progress of the nation, a vigilance committee of ten was appointed, to suppress the conspiracy of Tiepolo, but this committee continued from week to week until it became the state inquisition, superior to law and appeal. It seemed endowed with the attributes of deity; for no covert act could escape its watchful eye; no offender avoid its stalwart arm or flee from its presence. It held secret councils and issued unwritten orders. Efforts were made to crush it, but they proved abortive; and woe to that individual who spake against it. He disappeared; how or where, no one could tell. The privacy of home, the sanctity of the temple were unavailing to shield him from this terrible tribunal. Its police was perfect. It pursued its victim with the surety of death, with the stillness of the grave. A masked inquisitor administered the oath. Jura, perjura secretum prodere noli. It was a weird specter, throwing its baleful shadow over the state, and is most accurately described in these lines:

"A strange mysterious power was there;
Moving throughout, subtle, invisible,
And universal as the air they breathed.
A power that never slumbered, never pardoned.
All eye; all ear; nó where; and every where;
Most potent when least thought of, nothing dropt
In secret, when the heart was on the lip,
Nothing in feverish sleep, but instantly
Observed and judged; a power that if but glanced at
In casual converse, be where it might,
The speaker lowered at once his eye, his voice,
And pointed upward as to God in heaven.
But let him in the midnight air, indulge

A word, a thought, against the laws of Venice,
And in that hour, he vanished from the earth."

Nevertheless its advantages were great. It punished the crimes of those whom the law was unable to reach, and proved an effectual check to the rapacity and extortion of the nobles. For five hundred years was it omnipotent in Venice, and yet the city advanced in wealth unprecedented in the world's history. Its geographical position afforded great commercial and maritime advantages, and for a long period its career was triumphant by land and sea. The literary and scientific benefits which Venice has conferred upon the world, are inestimable. Here Gallileo in 1609 invented the telescope and revealed the glories of the celestial world from the summit of the Campanile. The first printed editions of the Bible were here issued, and in the seventeenth century the first newspaper in the world appeared in Venice, published, read and sold for a coin called Gazeta. Hence the sheet was styled the Gazette. Strange that under so absolute a despotism, this great pillar of popular liberty should be erected. Here the crafty Loyola instituted his order under the sanction of Paul third. Here flourished Tasso, "the poet of the gondole," who, ill-starred and forsaken, spent his latter days a wandering exile. At Venice the first bills of exchange were used, and banks of deposit and discount were established by the Jews.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, Venice had reached the zenith of her glory; and from that time she steadily declined; until by the seige of '48-9 she was reduced to the vassalage of the house of Hapsburg. For twenty four days and nights without intermission did the Austrians under Marshal Radetsky bring all their batteries to bear upon the "ocean queen." For long months, almost without cessation, a storm of grape and hissing bombs was rained upon the city of the sea. Yet inspired by a love of liberty and led on by the intrepid Mannin, the Venetians raised their battle cry of "Viva Venezia," and with heroic valor resisted until famine and suffering compelled them to yield. Such was Venice, seeming not like other cities to rest upon the heavy earth, but to float swan-like upon the waters, and even such is the sea girt city of the present, although upon her marble turrets is written "Ichabod," yet she still looks out upon the blue Adriatic in queenly majesty, and ages will glide away before, according to prophetic ken, she is fated to

"Sink like a sea weed into whence she rose."

A THEORY.

THE course of science is progressive. With the calm luster of a rising sun, it dispels the darkness of ignorance and superstition. It penetrates the gloomy recesses of nature, and, with almighty voice, commands, "Let there be light." Where disorder and confusion reigned, harmony now looks forth in all its perfection. We behold the heavens upheld by a powerful hand. The stars, that moved through the sky with no regularity, now perform their wonted rounds in majestic grandeur. Our terrestrial sphere, once considered of recent mould, from her opening volume responds to the words of the Psalmist, "Of *old* hast thou laid the foundations of the earth." When at last the "sun of science" shall have reached his zenith and dispelled every cloud of error, then shall arrive the perfect day of knowledge, the wilderness of ignorance will become fruitful with instruction and the desert of infidelity blossom with undeniable proofs of the one great Cause.

With a view to hasten our approach to that desirable period, to reconcile many conflicting opinions in a part of the scientific world and to form a new center about which, as in the Copernican system, the now vagrant planets of truth shall harmoniously revolve, the following theory is introduced, viz: that there was no change of season prior to the deluge, and, since the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of her orbit is the cause of this change, there was no such inclination.

Before entering upon the discussion we would lay down two principles as the basis of our reasoning. First, the laws of nature are constant. Second, God never works miracles save to attest some revelation or some divine attribute.

The exact position of Eden, or of the garden planted eastward in it, is uncertain; but the mean of places assigned occurs near the forty-first degree of latitude. Situated thus, a change of seasons would cause a great variation in its temperature, vacillating from the parching heat of summer to the frosts and snows of winter, a state of things insufferable to our first parents and entirely inconsistent with our ideas of primeval

bliss. Moreover this would presuppose great knowledge of the arts of practical life and considerable acquaintance with the principles of domestic economy among our primitive ancestors; otherwise how could the summer be made to supply the demands of the winter; since the season of fruits would last but a small portion of the year? Though the Bible is not explicit on this point, yet in reading the account, we receive the impression that the smile of plenty ever rested on this fair land and its inhabitants. It is the general belief that the antediluvians were numerous as well as long lived, and settled in the immediate neighborhood of Eden. Does it seem rational that one harvest a year should support this multitude, who were principally vegetarians? On the contrary, had there been no change of seasons and the sun always vertical at the equator, performing his apparent journey in the same path, perpetual spring would have reigned at this point, ever covering the earth with verdure and causing it to produce a continuous harvest.

The period of this change we place at the deluge, and under this head assert that the inclining of the earth's axis was the cause of that phenomenon. But in the first place let us notice a few of the theories which *learned* men have proposed, to account for this wonderful event. In accordance with a wide spread opinion that the center of the earth was a body of water, many have supposed that, at the command of God, this with the seas rushed forth and covered the earth: but science informs us that the earth contains a fluid of fire at its heart. Some believing the waters of the earth insufficient have thought the seas of the moon were drained—a very plausible way to account for the abscence of water in that body. Others held that the tail of some comet was condensed by the cold of our polar regions. In these latter cases how would they dispose of the waters when it came time to end the deluge? Evaporation would merely raise it into the air to fall again. These must be considered the follies of wisdom led by blind guides.

The deluge, according to the Bible account, was produced by the fall of rain and the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep. What easier method to destroy the equilibrium of the ocean depths than tipping the axis of the earth some twenty-three degrees, or, as Milton expresses it,—

> "——Turn askance,
> The poles of earth, twice ten degrees and more,
> From the sun's axle——."

The sudden shock with the new direction of motion, would cause the

waters to leave their beds with a rush, which following natural laws would tend to collect about the newly positioned equator, where nearly all agree the deluge attained its greatest height, if indeed it existed at all in other parts of the earth. The same disturbing cause would drive forward the clouds to fall in torrents upon the equatorial regions, while the spreading tide would hasten evaporation to supply this constant fall. It should be noticed that the marks of the deluge clearly indicate the rushing of the waters of which we have spoken. In the accrement or soil above the tertiary formation, and which marks the present period of the earth's existence, are found buried in one land the bodies of animals belonging to countries far remote; as, the elephant in North America, the whale and crocodile in the heart of Europe. Plants from the tropical regions have been found near the poles. Large portions of continents have been formed by alluvial washings on a more extensive scale than could be produced by the simple effects of existing causes.

Our final point is the force, either direct or indirect, that applied to the earth should cause this change in her position and motion. It has been a favorite opinion of many that those erratic bodies the comets, moving with inconceivable speed about our planetary system, as express trains of the heavens connecting the remote regions of space with the central orb, either in their approach to or return from the Helian depot, when we were near "the crossing," would come in collision with our quietly revolving planet. Now, should a comet strike the earth near either pole, I conceive the change of which we speak as the most probable result. Should it strike centrally upon the earth, these and more dread consequences might follow.

Since the idea of a concussion with a comet is so commonplace, I will mention another force known to have been exerted at some period in the existence of our planetary system, and possibly at the very time under discussion. Revolving between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter have been discovered above forty starform planets, which Prof. Bode and many other astronomers believe to be the fragments of a large planet, "which was blown to pieces by some internal explosion." Here is a force that must have shaken the whole system, have disturbed its equilibrium and have caused changes in the motion and position, not only of the earth but of the other planets. Dependant as these bodies are upon one another by the laws of mutual attraction, would not this force be sufficient for all the effects we have assigned to it?

In this theory is presented, in natural sequence, a course of physical

events, the most momentous the world has experienced since its creation. First, the earth existing in that state most consonant with our ideas of the earthly paradise. Then the collision of a comet or the bursting of a world causing just those changes in the position of the earth which would produce the deluge and its accompanying results, and in the end leave the earth with that continuous cycle of seasons, which alone renders habitable the torrid and frozen zones.

KIANA.*

THE province of modern fiction is well known, and well defined. It is, nevertheless, broad, and admits of a great variety of style, character and object. We have tales of city life, and tales of country life; stories of border warfare, and stories of the sea; for us are depicted Scotch scenes of sixty years ago, and English scenes of the present day; while romantic tales of Venice and simple German narrative follow each other through the pages of our magazines. One department is but little attempted; that of foreign fiction, in which both the scenes and the characters are far removed from the civilized world. From this department are excluded such purely mythical and imaginative tales as the inimitable "Robinson Crusoe," Gulliver's dubious travels, and similar productions of fancy.

There are two reasons why those works of fiction which portray the character and habits of uncivilized nations, so seldom appear. One is, that there are but few who can appreciate such productions, and few who can believe in the truthfulness of the sketches. Longfellow's "Hiawatha" is unappreciated by many, because viewed from a wrong standpoint. The majority of readers are best pleased with a story that delineates their own feelings and habits, and the manners of those with whom they are at least partially acquainted. The other reason is, that there

*"*Kiana. A Tradition of Hawaii.*" By James J. Jarves. Boston: James Munroe & Co. London: S. Low, Son & Co. 1857.

are but few who possess the ability to compose a work of the kind above mentioned. It requires something more than a general knowledge of human nature, however accurate that knowledge may be, and more than a happy faculty of description. It requires an intimate acquaintance with both the country and its inhabitants, and, we hesitate not to say, with its language. Certain habits of thought and styles of conversation are the peculiar property of a nation; and it is necessary that the successful delineator of these should have enjoyed and improved rare opportunities of observation, especially when the nation is destitute of a written literature of its own. In many instances a careful study of the literature of a people will give the required knowledge. When to these opportunities are added a lively imagination, and brilliant and accurate descriptive powers, we may expect a readable, as well as instructive book. Moore's Lalla Rookh has ever been the admiration of critics, as being thoroughly imbued with the spirit of oriental life and thought.

With these thoughts we turn to the perusal of "Kiana, a Tradition of Hawaii." The author, James J. Jarves, is known to us as the writer of a series of racy sketches, entitled "Scenes and Scenery at the Sandwich Islands;" also of a history of that remarkable group, where he spent several years. Of late years, "Parisian" and "Italian Sights," and "Art Hints," have been the productions of his literary talent. His present residence in Italy seems to be rekindling the fervor of his pen, and we watch with interest whatever comes from his Florentine retreat.

The present work is written in a style easy and graceful, though sometimes so sliding off into the careless, that many of the sentences are lacking both in unity and intelligibility. This makes us feel at the outset, that desirable care and attention have not been bestowed upon the work. The use of such combinations as "earth-woman," "spirit emotion," and like expressions, seems to us more German-like than pure.

The reader is taken back to a period three hundred years ago, when Cortez was enjoying the fruits of his Mexican conquest. A caravel, fitted out upon the Pacific coast, is described as driven far to sea, and then becalmed. The principal persons on board are, the noble Spaniard Juan Alvirez, his queenly sister Beatriz, and Olmedo, a devoted Catholic priest. These, especially Beatriz, are, it must be said, the chief characters in the story, and not Kiana, whom we afterwards meet on Hawaii. The calm is long and distressing; the ship becomes old and rust-eaten, in what would seem however a very short time after it was launched; provisions fail them upon that unknown sea; and one by one the crew are falling

victims to hunger and despairing thirst. They are finally drifted into the region of the trade wind, and, daringly putting their craft before the breeze, are borne yet further into the untried expanse of ocean.

Meanwhile our author describes the noble isle of Hawaii, to which they are approaching. We must confess that he gets them on shore in rather a bungling manner. The tradition of the natives, upon which this story is founded, states that the party were wrecked on the southwest part of the island, as might naturally happen to a stranger either in a calm or in a southwest gale in the winter months, and moreover, the place is there pointed out, whose name to this day commemorates the event. Mr. Jarves sees fit to drive them before the trade wind upon the northeast coast, where, in point of fact, this wind is either turned from its previous direction to a course parallel with the shore, or gives way to the land-breeze at night. It seems, too, very doubtful whether a vessel could approach this lofty island, which is visible at a distance of from one hundred to a hundred and fifty miles, and run ashore, where fogs are so rare, without seeing the land, even under the most unfavorable circumstances. The day before the wreck took place is supposed to have been unusually thick. The author thus sacrifices all opportunity of describing the magnificent approach to land, and the consequent emotion of the wearied voyagers. The wreck is finished up in the night very coolly, without emotion, either on the part of the writer or reader. The writer has evidently been in a calm, and has sailed in the joyous trade winds, but has had no experience of a wreck. But tales of shipwreck being rather common, this omission of incident may be a matter of taste.

Morning finds Beatriz upon the shore, with her preserver Tolta, a Mexican captive, while Juan, Olmedo, and three seamen are brought to in a becoming manner. The adventurers proceed inland to a village, whose inhabitants, being absent at a religious ceremony in the mountains, have for a time entirely deserted their real estate. The description of scenery is vivid, and a strange interest is excited by the ominous silence of the tenantless houses. With respect to the locality, more hereafter. The inhabitants return to their homes, headed by their chief, Kiana. Finding Juan and his party drawn up in fearless array to meet them, a knightly contest ensues between the two chieftains, which is speedily ended by the interference of Beatriz. For an American, at this time, to depict the first meeting between Hawaiians and foreigners, is a difficult undertaking, and perhaps this scene is as natural as it could be represented, though we must confess it is not quite to our liking. Kiana's ready mind

suggests the idea of identifying the pale-faced knight with their god Lono, who had departed for other lands many years before, and the strangers are kindly treated.

A year passes; Olmedo seeks to convert the simple-hearted natives, and Kiana, meanwhile, falls in love with the fair maiden. The declaration of love by a savage is not an easy scene to imagine or describe. The present narrative is hardly Hawaiian-like, though the author has succeeded in some measure. Kiana should have first asked the consent of Juan. Beatriz refuses, and, we think, manifests her good taste. Kiana is not offended.

Time reveals to Beatriz and Olmedo that they love each other; but Olmedo has taken upon him the monk's vow of chastity, and a union with Beatriz, even under their peculiar circumstance, would seem sacrilegious to both. Our novelist here indulges in page after page of moralizing, and philosophizes upon Reason, Revelation and "soul-progress," in a way that is no doubt very properly opposed to Catholicism, and highly edifying to himself, and to some who are curious to observe the workings of these things, but which, to the majority of readers, would seem more properly reserved for a work of a different stamp. The story-writer must deal sparingly in reflections, and by vivid narrative, rather than direct effort, give the desired turn to the reader's thoughts. Passages of this sort call upon the reader, as it were, to do more than he has bargained for, and there is danger that the whole will be slighted.

There is, however, something beautiful in the pure spiritual love of the spotless couple. Far otherwise is the conduct of Tolta, the Mexican. With dark, revengeful designs he allies himself with Pohàku, a chief of the volcanic region of the interior. To gratify his own national hatred towards the Spaniards, these are to be made captives, and hurled into the crater of Kilauea, as sacrifices to the goddess Pèlè. But Beatriz must be his, for he, too, loves the gentle maiden whose life he saved. His plans are formed. Warriors in ambush seize upon the three Spanish seamen. He himself, after being a hidden witness to a beautiful interview between Olmedo and Beatriz, with his tried companions seizes both, and carries them off to Pohaku's domains. Our author takes them by a circuitous route through the mountain country, where they are greatly endangered by a volcanic eruption, which destroys all save Tolta and his two captives. The interest here is quite thrilling, but the writer, although evidently familiar with the general aspect of volcanic regions, has never been particularly in danger from a flow of lava, and consequently fails

in throwing an appearance of naturalness over the whole. The escape through a long cave is highly fanciful. The survivors come to the house of Hewahewa, the priest of Pèlè. Olmedo is taken to Pohaku's fortress, while Beatriz is befriended by the beautiful Liliha, the priest's daughter, who appears to be a lady of high rank as well as spirit. Crowds from all parts of the island are assembled to witness the sacrifice. Beatriz discovers that Olmedo is to be the victim, and the sympathies of Liliha being excited, the two go in disguise by night to the temple near the brink of the crater, where he is confined. The impulsive Liliha, trusting to her father's favor for a future reconciliation, resolves to flee with the guards of Olmedo, and the white strangers, to the domains of Kiana. Tolta, coming to the temple a few hours later, discovers the fact, and starts in pursuit. Soon Pohaku misses Tolta, and the others, and goes in hot revenge to destroy the seemingly traitorous Mexican. A general meleè takes place in Kiana's territories. The women escape to the place of refuge. Tolta is swallowed up in quicksands; and Juan, who has returned from a long hunt, and with Kiana has been hitherto unconscious of what has transpired, slays Pohaku. The priest comes to the place, and is reconciled to his daughter.

Peace is restored; but the lovely Beatriz now begins to fade beautifully away, and ere long enters a more congenial sphere in the spirit world. Juan weds the artless maiden Liliha. Kiana's kingdom soon loses its beloved ruler, and Juan and Hewahewa reign over a bright spot in heathendom, rejoicing in the counsels of the pure and faithful Olmedo.

Thus ends the tale. The conception of the whole is artistic, and many of the scenes are vividly and touchingly described. But the story is not characteristically Hawaiian, and, save the references to the volcano and the native temples, and some pages of historical description, might with propriety be located elsewhere. The writer evidently knows his foreign characters better than he does the others, and it is natural that he should. The words attributed to the latter are not always in accordance with Hawaiian modes of thinking. The word "thanks" has no equivalent in their tongue. Then, too, his translations of Hawaiian names are far from accuracy. The *kukui* tree is spoken of as valuable both for timber and shade, whereas for the former it is useless. In the fifth chapter he describes the inland plains as dotted with clumps of these trees, and with thickets of the pandanus. We would as soon expect to see cocoa-nut trees on the Berkshire hills.

As to his descriptions of scenery, we think they should be such as to

delight his Hawaiian readers with the pleasure of identifying the localities. The home of Kiana, for instance, is evidently intended to be either at Hilo bay, or in the country north of it; but the description, though consistent in itself, and quite Hawaiian in character, will suit neither of the above mentioned places. We say consistent; unfortunately the morning twilight there comes up from the sea, instead of over the hills. The river, having its source in Mauna Kea, must be the Wailuku, despite the author's hints respecting volcanic changes, which cannot have seriously affected that locality, while the vast ridge which he mentions has marvellously disappeared. It is unpleasant to make these small corrections, but accuracy in these points is certainly desirable.

The author of "Art Hints" should have embellished his present book with one or two new illustrations, instead of a provoking repetition of those in his previous works, appropriate though they may have been.

For all that has been said above, we are not afraid to have the book read. It has enlivened several leisure hours, and will please and instruct many a curious reader.

The tradition is a suggestive one, and with others of similar interest, will, we hope, become the material for productions which shall resemble, not the disproportioned attempts of a Chinese painter, but the harmonious tapestry work of the noble ladies of olden time.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

TANCRED, *a nobleman*—DIANORA, *his daughter*—CONRADO, *her lover*—SLAVE.

SCENE.—*A grotto by the side of a mountain near a castle..*

[*Enter* CONRADO *and* DIANORA.]

DIANORA.

AH, ME! I thought 'twas o'er at last,
That cruelty and bitter persecution
Were supplanted by those nobler passions
Which did once so move his heart to pity!
Conrado! thou art the unoffending cause
Of all his hate; I thought he lov'd *me* once

The while I joyous danced upon his knee
And sported 'round him, wild with innocent mirth.
It grieves me now, that she whom he did caress
So fondly and with fost'ring hand did cherish
Should be estrang'd from him; because forsooth
Thy lineage is ignoble, and I would not love
The wretch in gilded trappings and with long line
Of ancestry, whom he had chosen for me.

CONRADO.

Grieve not my Dianora, for methinks e'en now
As yonder orb doth gild the sky, and put
To flight the darkness—the day which consummates
Our happiness is near at hand, and grief
Which preys upon thy sadden'd spirit
Shall depart forever!

DIANORA.

Thou art ever hoping and 'tis kind in thee
To cheer me thus, for so thou dost relieve
My sadder hours and e'en for me at times
Hope darts its rays across a summer sky;
But in my dreams 'tis nought but darkness drear,
And then—a blank!

CONRADO.

What is the tenor of thy dreams, they do
Concern me much—for oft of old they did
Consult them as the oracles of God!

DIANORA.

Scenes of blood and fancied shrieks awake me oft
And from my couch I grasp the vacant air
And look out upon the pale and silent moon
And glimmering stars, thus fancying oft,
I see the ghosts of those, who in my sleep
I've murdered, gliding upon the moonbeams
To that far-off, vague, and shadowy realm—
The land of shades! 'Twas but last night I saw
Thee—pensive—walking in a pleasant grove,
Communing with thy spirit and enwrapt in
Meditation deep; reading the language
Of the stars, as nightly on the lonely plain,
The pious Chaldee-Shepherd did of old.
Nor did'st thou e'en suspect, that treachery—
Foul treachery—lay hidden in thy path
Like as a serpent coil'd; and when thou had'st
Passed beneath the shade of shelt'ring trees—

Oh, God! methought I saw the gleaming dagger
As 'twas flung on high—the quick descent—and
Gasping, with thy shriek I woke; fain would I hope
That this was but a dream.

CONRADO.

'Tis but a dream, I do assure you; there's none
But he, thy father, who can have pretext
For commitment of such hellish deeds; e'en
He would not destroy such love as ours, nor
Give a soul up unrepented, to its final judgment.
He hates me for my poverty—my low descent—
And custom (ah! what power dost thou wield)
Doth compel him, as a man of rank, to
Interrupt the tranquil current of our love.

noise is heard—CONRADO *hides himself—Enter* TANCRED *soliloquizing, apparently not perceiving* DIANORA.]

TANCRED.

Hist! what noise? a sigh? I heard a rustling
'Mong the briars, which now so rankle here
In this neglected place, and as it were
The sound of human voice, or 'twas perchance
The noise of echoing steps, along the corridor;
Yet why does fear steal o'er me thus, and palsy
All my powers? Once I did love to grapple
With danger, and to nerve myself for conflict;
And yet though age and sorrow have depriv'd
Me of my native vigor—by heaven!
I'd measure steel with him, who thus again,
Invades the sanctuary of my peace!
Nor shall the name of Tancred float adown
The stream of time—a by-word and reproach,
If there be power on earth, in heaven or hell
To raise a barrier 'twixt him and she
Whom once I looked upon with conscious pride.
Oh, God! thou who see'st of my affection
This sad requital, do thou overwhelm
This so base a plot, to rob me of the sweets—
Of all my life the garnered treasures!

[*Discovers* DIANORA.]

Discovered! go seek him the object of thy
Groveling passion—even now I hear
Him madly striving with those ornaments
Which grace the limbs of felons; console him
For his hour is come—his fate is sealed,

This very night the hands of trusty slaves
Shall strangle him, and send his perjur'd soul
To its reward!

[*Confusion without occasioned by capturing* CONRADO, *stealthily creeping out through a hidden passage—Exeunt* TANCRED *and* DIANORA.]

SCENE II.

[*Night—An apartment in* TANCRED'S *castle—*TANCRED *pacing the floor—Enter* DIANORA, *calm and self-possessed.*]

DIANORA.

Well, as it pleases thee; thy mind I know
Too well to place myself in opposition
To thy resolutions.

TANCRED.

Would'st thou then palliate thy crime? perchance
Deny?

DIANORA.

Denial of a deed once done—and by
Mitigating guilt to plead for mercy
Is but heaping falsehood upon smother'd shame.
These are the last resorts of those who purposely
Rush into vice headlong, and through narrowness
Of soul and art long practiced, engage
The sympathies of their pitying friends;
They point to noble deeds and spotless lives
And all (without the shadow of a doubt)
Conclude they've been the dupes of treach'ry foul;
'Tis nought but prejudice which warps thy mind
And stirs up hatred in thy heart. Thou lov'st
Nobility in name—I nobility
Of soul.

TANCRED.

And dost thou still persist?

DIANORA.

I do!

TANCRED.

Enough! [*Exit.*]

[DIANORA *pausing at the window and looking out upon the night soliloquizing.*]

DIANORA.

Ye twinkling stars, this is my farewell gaze!
This very night shall separate forever
Between me and thee! I have look'd upon thee oft
And in the still depths of Heaven, I've read
The lessons of my life! I have convers'd
With thee at midnight when the world was still

And made thee confidants of my woes!
Thou hast listen'd to my vows, for which
I am to die! 'Tis not required of me,
But how can I exist when he is gone?
I shall not listen to the sneers and scoffs
Of the cold-hearted world, nor shall they say
A noble house in Dianora lost
Its honor; yet I shudder and my soul sick'ns
At the horrid thought—that he so noble
In whom every manly virtue centers
Should be deprived of life—murder'd
In budding manhood! But, alas! 'tis too late
And separation with its loneliness
And vacancy, felt e'en now too keenly
Decides me, that when the fatal hour shall come
[*Taking from her pocket a phial.*]
Our spirits shall not be disunited long!
Who comes?

oise of approaching footsteps—Enter SLAVE *bearing a large goblet on a golden salver con taining wine and the heart of* CONRADO.

SLAVE.

My master bids me bear this hence to comfort
And console thee! [*She takes the cup and perceives the heart.*]

DIANORA.

'Tis kind in him—my father loved me once
And I knew his detestation was but transient
For see! here is new evidence of his
Affection! he dotes upon me and would
Gratify my fond desires! 'Tis all I wish
He is beyond the reach of persecution,
And methinks I see his spirit beck'ning
From its sweet abode—the far-off home of the
Eternal! ah! thither will I speedy go!
My tears complete thy mournful obsequies.

urs the contents of the phial into the goblet and drinks; in the meantime TANCRED *enters and perceiving it is too late, laments bitterly.*]

Weep not for me—this is my bridal night,
A union we shall consummate, ere morn,
As lasting as the throne of God! he calls,
Dost thou not hear? [*Pressing the heart to her bosom.*]
What voice—what music strikes upon mine ear?
The wedding guests are making ready—and
Hark! the bridegroom comes—again he calls—
Oh, God! I come! I come! [*She dies.*]

TRIP TO THE WHITE HILLS.

THE morning after commencement of '57 a nondescript equipage stood in front of West College, attracting the jocose attention of the usually quiet denizens of Williamstown. The establishment was peculiar, not alone in the prominence of the horse's vertebræ, nor in the aggregation of tent, hams and bags inside the wagon, nor yet in the motley *troupe* attending, but rather in the union of these. The rumor of a tour to the White Mountains increased public curiosity, whose satisfaction, mingled with a laudable desire to have this trip famous in the world's history, calls forth this sketch.

The final "point of departure" was to be Hadley, and the members of the company were to assemble there in various ways, chiefly by pedal locomotion, and be ready to start the day after Amherst Commencement. Three of the party and one lobby member were to conduct the expedition to the rendezvous. With this intent, all "traps" being stored, they slowly wended their way out of town, delighted with the cheers of a vociferous Florida senior, and going up into the hill country of Savoy, they pitched the tent for the night on the rocks, and cared for the wants of man and beast. The progress on the second day out was so much slower, that a mathematical genius prophesied speed would soon be inversely as the time, which was verified in the afternoon by the flat refusal of "Bones,"—so called for obvious reasons,—to proceed another rod. The evening was agreeably spent with flute and "Biennial songs." On the morrow, when it was found that Bones' repugnance to activity was not diminished by sleep, a fast walker going ahead to Conway obtained a fresh propeller, and the party advanced with "Bones" attached to the rear of the wagon, but declining thus to go he was unwillingly driven. Saturday night found the members of this sub-expedition safely lodged on the banks of the Connecticut.

During the first of the week following, individuals of the party occu-

pied their time in visiting Holyoke and crossing the mammoth dam,—in seeing the new asylum at Northampton, a vast, needless pile of bricks, one of those magnificent toys which the executive *pater* bestows on dutiful children,—in noticing at Westfield the striking coincidence, in position at least, between whip shop and normal school,—in ascending the four hundred and seventy-five steps of Mount Holyoke and viewing the beautiful landscape that nature has pictured on the valley, where the Connecticut slowly traces its silvery winding path as if loth to leave the waving fields and pleasant villages,—in attending the exercises and reading human nature at Amherst, not more within the College walls than on the village green, where the many carts and tents betokened this the gala day for those who "float on a sea of puff," and where the countryman sauntered with one hand holding his Dulcinea and the other a card of gingerbread,—and by no means least of all, in wandering over Hadley itself, one of those places "greatly made by trees." Placed on an isthmus, made by the Connecticut meandering five miles in advancing oceanward one, with three parallel streets stretching across from bank to bank, and shaded by the broad elms of sixty years, it is a quiet beautiful village. Yet even here is exhibited the grasping Yankee spirit. The riverward street, one of the finest in New England, is full eighteen rods wide, the next one of later construction is about half the width, while the outer one has dwindled into even less breadth than a common road. Here may be seen part of the old house which concealed the regicidés, and fragments of a cannon that the heroic women of 1675, at the crisis of a battle, fired upon the Indians and thus saved the settlement. At the northern end of Middle street a view is obtained scarcely surpassed by any upon the Hudson.

But these sights could no longer be indulged; on Friday morning, August 14th, the expedition moved up the valley—the party consisting of an alumnus and four of class '59 Williams, three of class '58 Amherst, and two from Collegiate and Commercial Institute, New Haven. Another of '59 joined at Brattleboro and a "sub" from Williams at Putney. Twelve all told. The same "Bones" still carried our baggage, the captain having in vain striven to be rid of him at Amherst. The wagon contained sufficiency for a fillibustering expedition, every one, except a Florida taught individual, had a variety of articles handy indeed but not necessary.

The first day out we followed the level road on the east bank of the river, through the long shady street of Sunderland and camped on a pile

of chips near the residence of an Amherst senior, who treated us handsomely. During the day a party crossed to South Deerfield and ascended "Sugar Loaf," a conical peak of red sandstone rising abruptly from the river bank, and affording upon its summit a view but little inferior to that of Mount Holyoke. A short distance from the western base flows "Bloody Brook," of Indian notoriety. A small marble monument marks the spot where some seventy men, "the very flower of the county of Essex," were massacred by the savages in 1675. The bell which they then took from the village church now hangs in the Indian church at St. Regis, Canada. Early the next morning a couple of enthusiastic naturalists started in the rain for an old saw mill, where Ichthyolites and fossil forms could be found. While rejoicing over their treasures, the owner requested their absence. Up the river we soon came to Turner's Falls, where the Connecticut tumbles over a ledge of rocks thirty feet high; a rude log dam on the edge of the precipice turns the water into a canal around the rapids, for the conveyance of boats and rafts. Fossil bird tracks were observed on the river bank. We crossed by rather a dangerous ferry above the falls, and pitched the tent at "Satan's Seat" to spend the first Sabbath. One of the party took an evening exercise of thirty miles to Putney, arriving sometime before church service the next morning; the others attended church in the pretty village of Northfield, expecting to hear Bishop Southgate of Boston, but instead were obliged to "glean the truth" from sermons monotonously read by the deacon.

On the morrow we walked in the rain through Brattleboro, the first place settled in Vermont. After dining in a covered bridge over West River, a couple pushed ahead to find a stopping place; but it still rained and every step was so sorely against the will that the residue halted with a hospitable farmer at Dummerston, and a fine time we had of it in his little back kitchen over the "hoe cake" of our Alabamian; then crawling into the hay we slept soundly. About the first watch the captain rushed in, told us he wanted to *swop* "Bones" for a magnificent gray, and would step up to Putney, four or five miles, and make exchange; we assented and slept again. The new specimen of anatomy that soon appeared was of dirty snow color, and judging from the absence of teeth was of fabulous age; this was the veritable "Old Bones" of our after vicissitudes. With some hesitation on his part we moved on to Putney and found our anxious comrades; from this place a box of mineralogical specimens was sent to Williamstown. The landlord's pup here had a pleasant way of amusing himself; digging holes, he would pull in toads

and frogs and carefully cover them with earth. The whole twelve, now for the first time together, went on over the rising hills through the long level street of Westminster, where stands a quaint old "Abbey," built in 1770 and furnished with old fashioned, square pews,—camped near the river, and passed a cold night sleeping on the soft side of boards.

Early the next morning we entered Bellows Falls, a village of fountains. Here the river pours rapidly over crags of granite, falling forty-four feet in half a mile. A large rock divides the stream and furnishes foundation for a covered bridge, that spans the river fifty feet above the water. The rocks under the bridge exhibit the immense wearing power of water. Near here on the solid granite, we counted twenty-seven rude Indian portraits with distinct features. Perhaps some untutored son of the forest,

"A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,"

with the genius of a Phidias, here beguiled his weary hours a thousand years ago. Boats pass around these falls in a canal cut through solid rock. We crossed to the New Hampshire side, and some ascended a neighboring peak, named Mount Kilburn by class '57 of Amherst and Middlebury. We went on over the granite hills, which rise higher and higher, and while taking dinner by the roadside, spread the tent on the fence to dry, thus frightening all the horses that passed, a thing in which we seldom failed.

We kept the even tenor of our way under the wide spreading elms of Charlestown to Cornish, where, on the front of an old tavern, is pictured a landscape view of Mount Ascutney and the surroundings, a novel sign. Along the road, the Striæ from north to south, distinct on mica slate and slight on granite, turned our thoughts to those times when the huge icebergs from the frozen north swept over this valley, leaving their journal traced on rock. Over Sugar River is a tall specimen of railroad bridges, measuring five hundred and seventy-five feet long, one hundred and four feet above the water and supported by massive granite piers. There is a grand view of the valley from Mount Ascutney, an isolated peak rising as high as Greylock. Numerous falls in the Connecticut and branch rivers afford abundant water power in this section.

A sub-expedition was sent across to White River Junction for Dolomite, which was obtained with a hand-car kindly loaned by the railroad men. Passing up the railroad to Norwich, we found a number of minerals and saw the university buildings, the situation of which is excellent but the

school is small and not prosperous. Crossing the ferry we were shown around Dartmouth by the janitor. One feature here, which impressed us favorably, was the "portrait gallery," where are exhibited paintings of the Earl of Dartmouth, Webster, Choate and others. Why not make our new Logian and Technian halls attractive in this way? Hanover has several literary nunneries, and in this respect Dartmouth collegians are favored beyond most of their race.

As the main party was quite a distance ahead, we worked our passage by hand-car ten miles to Thetford, boxed and sent home some minerals, crossed to Lyme in the evening, and in the intense darkness not finding the company, we remained, with two other roving members, at the hotel, and next day at the dining hour, overtook the others in Orford. The mountains come close to the river here and are very rugged. Toll bridges over the Connecticut are still plenty, perhaps they continue to its source. Of products, early in the week numerous hop fields were seen; Indian corn seems now to predominate. The second Sabbath out was spent at Haverhill, in a little dwelling which a farmer kindly offered us; some crossing to Newbury, heard Professor Owen, others attended the Methodist service at Haverhill. On Monday morning we sent home another box of findings from Slab City, and took leave of civilization in shape of railroads, etc. We concluded superstition is not fastidious as to her abode, for above the door of a rough, one story house on a bleak hill, were the gilt letters, "C. W. Swift, Spiritual Physician."

Now we were *en route*, over rough roads, for Franconia Notch, a greater curiosity than Mount Washington itself. After lodging in a barn at the base of Lincoln Mt., we left the team to bring provisions, and advancing through a shady avenue of three miles, came to Echo Lake, whose deep, transparent water mirrors the mountain peaks and forests that enclose it. At the least sound the hills are filled with voices, reverberating time after time, while the roar of a small cannon resembles the discharge of a whole park of artillery or prolonged thunder. A boat is upon the lake and a guide in attendance. A few rods further on is the Profile House, the largest hotel in the State.

The gorge is here less than one-fourth of a mile in width, and is one of the best of places to view the grand old mountains. Here is the "old man of the mountain." At the highth of fifteen hundred feet, five blocks of granite are so adjusted as to picture on the blue canvas a sharp, well defined profile of the human face; from the chin to his bushy hair of pines, it is eighty feet, though at the distance of half a mile it seems but six or

ight. It was discovered some forty years ago, by some passing tourist, nd is the great object of attraction. The profile is distinct only for a hort distance, as we advance along the road his features change, now we ee the wrinkled brow of a veteran, and now the thick lip of a negro, soon ve look him out of countenance, and he is transmuted to shapeless rock. f you speak to him from the rim of his bowl, a clear lakelet at his feet, e will give a clear answer as good as you send. The abundance of Inlian relics around here, indicate that this "old man" was an object of uperstitious reverence.

On the same ridge, two boulders have the form of a huge cannon. Our party excited considerable attention from the would-be-aristocracy ere; several ladies, especially, took on airs who had much better have aken veils. Proceeding south, we wended our way five miles to the Flume House, through a beautiful expanding valley, with the emerald waters of he Pemigewasset flowing near the path and making joyful music over the whitened granite. Near the Flume House, this stream has hollowed a 'Basin," twenty feet in diameter and fifteen feet in depth, out of the solid ock. The current, on entering this cavity, obeys the first law of motion nd whirls for a long time, a hat revolved ten minutes before it escaped vith violent struggles through the outward channel; here the water has vorn a ledge of granite into the perfect semblance of a human foot and eg of giant proportions.

The two hotels in the Notch are under the rule of the same company, nd the tallest kind of living and prices result.

Half a mile distant is a larger edition of the Basin, called *par excellence* he Pool. It is full twenty yards in diameter and the worn granite walls ise fifty or sixty feet, enclosing a little lake deep, and perfectly clear; he living representative of the "old man of the mountain" has on it a oat, in which he kept us half an hour, explaining his hollow theory especting the earth; he supposes we inhabit only a thin crust and that he concavity within is also populated, that there are vast openings at the oles, and that Sir John Franklin, finding nothing to do during the long Arctic night, has gone inside exploring, and he can tell his position within ifteen rods. This theory explodes the old fogy delusion of gravity, and nakes the air support everything.

In a letter to Queen Victoria he explained his theory at length, which, ome wag obtaining, answered as from Her Majesty; this he has carefully ramed, never doubting its authenticity, and shows to travelers much to he delight of both parties.

The letter reads thus:

[SUPERSCRIPTION.]

Royal Despatch of
Her Majesty.

Postage One Penny.

HON. JOHN MERRILL, D. P.,
Flume House,
N. H.

By Lord Napier, British Minister.

[DATE, ETC.]

Ærial Mansion, High Pillacody,
Royal Ramparts, Thames Tunnel,
LONDON, *July 4th*, 1857.

VICTORIA REGINA AND ALBERTUS PRINCESS,

To His August Highness, Hon. JOHN MERRILL, Director of the Pool, Arctic Philosopher, Practical Philanthropist, &c., &c., &c.

Monsieur:—I am commanded by Her Most Gracious Majesty's High Butler to communicate to your Obsequious Highness the most transcendental compliments of Abdel-Kader, and to acknowledge the receipt of your most learned, antiloquent and circumambient State Document, Dated Aug. 28, 1854, which has been under the profound consideration of the Grand Lama ever since.

The Grand Lama fully concurs in your new views of the "hole in the earth," and believes it was caused by a derangement in the North Pole, effected by the scintillations of the Hyperborean Arctic Borealis, which has shaken the bark of Sir John Franklin "from the outside into the inside of the Pole," as you say.

The Grand Lama takes this opportunity to express to your Obsequious Highness, the great satisfaction which the Most Worthy Grand Butler of Her Majesty feels, after the perusal of so learned a document, and begs to salute you as a man of transcendent prognostication.

By Royal command and my own Royal pleasure. Signed in the Grand Culinary Department, with a Royal Goose Quill.

VICTORIA BY ALBERT.

Her Majesty's Grand Seal.

Another great curiosity of this section is the Flume. A wild mountain torrent rushes between perpendicular walls, seventy feet high, over craggy ledges and loose fragments in a perfect foam, much resembling a mill flume on a gigantic scale. In the narrowest place a huge boulder has lodged, one-third the way down and remains so slightly suspended as to awe whoever passes beneath it. The most daring crossed a fallen hemlock which bridges the chasm. All these attractions of Franconia we visited in small parties during one day, and returned near to Franconia village wearied with a walk of thirty miles.

After supper at a farm house, our team not arriving, we crawled into the hay without blankets and slept tolerably. The next morning the cap-

tain came up with Old Bones, and we went on over a very sandy road through Bethlehem. This town consists of one street a mile long, at each end of which is a sign board indicating seventeen miles to the White Mountains; we often observed the same accuracy. We now entered a wild country, with farm houses few and scattered and roads kept in tolerable repair by the stage company.

A sketch of our camp life, on this last night of our Anabasis, may furnish a fair sample of our camping in general. At half past six we stopped in a field by the roadside, cared for the wants of Old Bones, pitched our tent, which was eighteen feet long and twelve feet wide, cut bushes for bedding and transferred the luggage to the tent. Meanwhile one had gone to the nearest house for milk, our coffee man had that beverage smoking over the portable furnace and another was boiling a kettle of eggs. When the milk came, each, with tin plate, cup and spoon, "gobbled" his share of edibles and quickly indulged a vigorous appetite; supper ended, some journalized around a light suspended from the center tent pole, and others, reclining, talked themselves to sleep.

At five o'clock we were grumblingly awake, and after a hurried breakfast of potatoes and eggs, sending two ahead to prepare a final camp at the base of Mount Washington—whose summit was visible in the distance—we took the Brabrook road and went on as fast as could be expected with a dilapidated horse, thirteen hundred pounds of baggage and roads worse than anything this side of Ohio. The road extending mostly through forests, was lined with a luxuriant growth of berry bushes. Within eight miles of the summit, leaving one to get the team along, we turned a mile out of the way to see the noted Falls of the Ammonoosuc; we found many beautiful cascades, which have evidently made their way back several rods, leaving regular basins, fine samples of water-worn rocks. Returning to the road, we found our vehicle fast in the mud; taking hold we pulled it up the hill, while Old Bones was led on, and like the "carrier horse" in David Copperfield, "chuckled audibly," or was "troubled with a cough;" if the former he was soon over it when again between the shafts and with all our aid was only able to crawl along. After much effort, we arrived at "Camp Ammonoosuc," six miles from the summit, at the terminus of the old carriage road. We were soon settled in the camp, consisting of a bark wigwam and the tent, and when we had built two huge fires and formed hourly watches, we went to sleep with the design of seeing the sun rise on Mount Washington. But the next day it rained. We have been on the way nearly two weeks, with

ten days passable weather, and have walked two hundred and two miles from Hadley. We have been mistaken for peddlers, jail birds, Kanzas emigrants, circus performers, Canadians, gipsies, Irishmen, a detachment of Barnum, and a camp-meeting.

During the rain, the "hut men" sought shelter in the tent and the day passed in reading, lounging, talking and singing, "to drive dull care away." Next morning being pleasant, all took an early start up the mountain. The carriage road, a muddy path, ends three miles from the summit, and the further ascent is on foot or horseback. The mountain streams have made the path a deep gully; as we ascended it the trees became smaller and smaller, till thick firs, dwarfed by the snow and with interwoven branches, encircled the summit with an almost impenetrable hedge; all above was rock. It rained when we arrived here, but we felt our way along to the Tip Top House, with a prospect dull enough. The two houses on the summit, clasped to the rocks by cables and iron bolts, have been built but a few years. We registered ourselves as the "Bones Club," played checkers, named a huge boulder Old Bones, picked lichens and a few Arctic plants and held a social convention, with representatives from five colleges, all in so chilling an atmosphere that some were tired of waiting and descended in the storm. But those who remained were gloriously rewarded. A west wind breathed on the clouds and they vanished, giving such a view as is afforded nowhere else east of the Rocky Mountains.

From this summit we look down on fifty thousand acres of shattered mica,—on a sea of clouds surging hither and thither and dashing its noiseless waves against the rocks,—on the "gray old piles of eternity" around, with sides marked by the path of the avalanche,—on forests stunted and bleached by the frost king, and on a vast wilderness, silvered by mountain streams. Over the edge of fearful precipices, we vainly attempt to pierce the gloom of those deep abysses and wonder not that the savage imagined the storm king and his genii here had their home. Amply satisfied with the view, we descended with an overpowering sense of our own littleness. When nearly down, one of those sudden thunder storms arose, and we arrived at camp wet and weary.

The third Sabbath out was spent here and on Monday morning, after packing up, we joined hands around the camp fire, the choragus struck up "Auld Lang Syne," and we bid adieu to our brief mountain home and to a couple of the party who remained to see more grandeur and yet more bugs. We came down by the Crawford House, and entered the

narrow gateway of the Willey Notch. Two huge rocks, only twenty feet apart,

"Like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land."

On each side the rugged mountains rise abruptly a thousand feet; from one of these precipitous crags a rivulet leaps eight hundred feet in a silver cascade. The Notch is three miles long, and of a width barely sufficient for a narrow road and the bed of the Saco. Half way down is the Willey House, joined with another of later construction. Near here, on the awful night of August 28, 1826, a family of nine persons was entombed alive by the avalanche; just back of the house is a vast granite boulder that, dividing the slide, saved the house. This once fertile interval, buried from ten to twenty-five feet deep, is now a desert of rocks and splintered trees. The remains of some of this unfortunate family have never been found.

The valley gradually expands and after spending even so little time in "continuous wood," it was a relief to once more see a fence and school house, indicative of civilized life. The Saco, rising at the gateway of the Notch, and half covered with rocky fragments, has increased little by little, and now, thirteen miles from its source, it is a rapid river, ten rods wide. Such was the terrible tempest at the time of the "great disaster," that in Conway the Saco rose twenty-four feet in as many consecutive hours.

North Conway is one of the finest villages in New England, the wide valley is only surpassed by the Connecticut, and the mountain circlet of Kearsarge and others only equaled by the White Mountains proper. Here we were hospitably treated at the country seat of Dr. Channing of Boston. A merchant exhibited the last instance of cuteness by refusing a smooth cent.

After one more night at Madison and a walk of twenty-eight miles on September 2d,—when nearly three weeks out,—we came in sight of the beautiful Lake Winnepisaukie, and stopping at Center Harbor, its northern port, we dissolved the Bones Club and ended our White Mountain company trip. Next morning we took the two boats for Alton Bay and Weirs, leaving the captain to dispose of what remained of Old Bones and the wagon. Most of the party went on foot or otherwise to Boston; a trio took a jaunt across the State, through Concord and Keene. Those left on the mountain feasted their fancy on the magnificent scenery, till the provisions for the corporeal man failed and then followed on to Boston.

We have traversed the vallies of the Connecticut and Saco, and passed through every county in New Hampshire and several in Vermont. The least distance walked by any individual was two hundred and ninety, and the greatest five hundred and fifty miles. We found the people universally kind and intelligent, indeed no feature was more observable than the many school houses. The trip was one of profit in health and observation; the tangible results were some fifty mineralogical and thirteen geological specimens, a few fossil ferns, ichthyolites and bird tracks, an assortment of bugs, toads and snakes, and such lichens, mosses and Arctic flowers as bloom in those regions of awful loneliness. Much credit is due to the leader in originating the tour and caring for our material wants, to the χορηγὸς for songs, the leaven of sociality, to him who was acquainted with the region, for guiding us, and to all for striving to make it a never-to-be-forgotten, pleasant episode in the journal of life.

INTELLECTUAL EXCITEMENT.

THE intellectual condition of the age is one of excitement. Progress is sought to be made, not by slow and careful advances, but by rapid strides. It is an age fruitful of new theories and bold speculations. Ideas are advanced in scientific associations, startling from their novelity and tremendous in their results. And while the sage philosopher puts on his spectacles, and applies his well-balanced mind in testing the evidence for the data, and the mathematical accuracy of the formulæ by which the theorist has arrived at his results,—the mass of superficially educated minds either reject them without investigation, or as irrationally accept them. Thus the world is overrun with hobbies, and we are constantly meeting with theorists, in regard to whom it is difficult to decide whether they are empirics or visionaries.

True, it is better that it should be so, than that the spirit of the Dark Ages should be revived and persecution be the penalty of originality. It is better that the moral atmosphere should be agitated and cleared by

"every wind of doctrine," than that it should hang movelessly over us, inducing indolence and disease. It is better that the stagnant pool, thick and black beneath its slimy covering of green, unable to reflect one ray of light which the heavens shed upon it, should be stirred, even into a whirlpool, for it will then flash back a thousand stars for one. But it is better that the stream of thought should be continually running,—fast enough to keep itself clear, yet not too fast; steadily and distinctly to mirror on its bosom the orbs which glitter in the firmament of truth.

It is not wonderful, this prevailing desire for intellectual excitement, in this age and country of political and religious freedom. Where the landmarks which had for many ages defined the authority of priests and princes, have been broken down, it is not strange that the dykes which have restrained the free flow of thought should also have given way, and that the waters should riot and foam in their newly acquired liberty.

Among the dangers incident to this state of things, and against which it behooves those who have any influence in forming the mental habit of the age carefully to guard, is that of a growing distaste for the study of the exact sciences,—just as the remedy for any disease is distasteful to the sufferers. Demanding as they do, a rigid adherence to facts, and a careful avoidance of all mere hypotheses, however brilliant or plausible, the habit of mind which they induce is a sure safe-guard against exciting speculation.

There is also a danger which all who are interested in the intellectual and moral prosperity of the age are not slow to perceive, that of neglecting what is really solid and substantial in literature, for that which is merely stimulating. What a comment on this is the prevalence of a taste for novel-reading, and for reading spicy reviews of new works in preference to the works themselves.

Not the least unfortunate feature of this intellectual excitement is its influence on our literature. The supply of stimulus results from the demand. This is the origin of all that affected style, that attempted *fine-writing*, which contrasts so unfavorably with the plain, common-sense manner in which our fathers expressed their thoughts. The diction of Jeremy Taylor is not less splendid than that of Macaulay, but while you leave the modern essayist because you are tired, tired of his very elaborateness, you turn away from the "thought-weighted language" of the old divine because you are full. It is partly the cause and partly the effect of this craving for intellectual excitement, that a new style of composition has been called into existence within the last few years,—the

style of the popular lecturer. To get off his "airy nothings" in the best possible style and manner, to dazzle not feed his auditory,—to dress up some trite or common-place idea so that it may glitter for an hour by gas-light, like some withered duchess at a court-ball, whose flashing diamonds take off attention from her lusterless eyes, is the sole aim of many a popular lecturer. What will posterity say of these flimsy, glow-worm additions to our literature, standing, for the most part, on that doubtful line between the sublime and the ridiculous, the bombastic and the grand, the sentimental and the foolish,—but that they were the off-spring of an age craving excitement?

Another unhappy result of this state of mental excitement is a distaste for truth as such. It is too sober, too matter-of-fact to please the artificial taste of the age,—to suit the mental palate, palled by excessive stimulus. Here is our secret of the growing insensibility of mankind to religious truth. In the nature of the case, it is impossible that the preacher should clothe his thoughts with a splendor of expression commensurate with their importance,—nor can he elaborate and adorn his discourse so as to compare favorably with the week-day lecturer.

Besides the study of mathematical and physical science, and the cultivation of a conservative spirit, the only influence which can in any great degree tend to restrain this craving for intellectual excitement, and render it, like the other appetites of men, subservient to the promotion of a healthy activity, is a reverence for religion.

Can you point me, infidel, to any other principle than this, which in intellect as well as in morals, is a moving and at the same time a governing principle? Her sacred name has indeed been abused, and her authority assumed, in days of old, to check the progress of free enquiry,—the pioneers of thought have been shut up by her priests in the dungeons of the Inquisition,—but for these persecutions she herself is blameless. The power that stopped the mouth of Galileo, was the same also that burned the Bible,—and for the same reason. And you might as well attempt to stay the circlings of the orb, of which the great astronomer said "and yet it moves," as to stem the gathering tide of human thought and knowledge, or hinder the Divinely appointed influence of the Bible on the intellect. That transcript of the Divine mind, is the only power which will ever and inceasingly act on the human mind, stimulating to healthy action, but checking presumptive and unprofitable speculation,—in spite of all the unwillingness of infidels, and all the "oppositions of science, falsely so called."

LETTER FROM QUIS.

UP IN THE COUNTRY, November, 1857.

Mr. Editor:—The storm has at last cleared away, and the sun is able to be out again, and is looking as well as could be expected after being shut up so long! The sky is once more clear and bright, and I am not obliged to-day to wade about with overshoes in the mud, (or mud in the overshoes, for this rule works both ways,) or to cling with desperation to a weeping umbrella hoisted at main-mast head as a signal of distress; to-day a man can walk comfortably without taking a double reef in his shawl, and can look at things in general with a dry countenance (or throat.) At least I have done so in my regular morning walk. In this same walk, I obtained several things of importance; one or two new ideas, a bow across the street, a letter at the post office, and a bad cold; this last being a gratuity wholly unlooked for, and not exactly agreeable; still, in these hard times, a man should be thankful for anything. Having walked, I came in and meditated: having meditated I reached sundry sage conclusions, having reached sundry conclusions, I draw myself to the table to write to the QUARTERLY, and to make no use whatever of my meditations or conclusions, not wishing to be accused of malice prepense in anything I may write.

I believe, in a former letter, I made the statement that it was a very difficult thing to write a good letter. "All this I steadfastly believe," but, gentlemen, see how your humble servant will overcome difficulties! but being a modest man, he will not anticipate the agreeable matter before the reader, in truth so far before as not to be visible to the naked eye! The truth is, that the "hard times" are affecting men's brains, and it is extremely difficult to get ideas even at a great discount; it is utterly impossible to borrow one, and owners cannot get credit for those they issue. In this state of things, what can letter writers do, even such uncommon ones as my—hem!—my much admired Smith!

"Hard times" and politics absorb all other topics of conversation, and the house, the street, the bar, and the pulpit are vocal on the "dreffu state of things." Common people are failing, and the fashionable ones

are suspending; (a few being yet *unhung*—rogues for instance,) and if ever there was truth in "blessed be nothing," it is now. I mean so far as anything above real necessities is concerned. Fashion can adapt itself to all circumstances with the greatest ease. A few years ago, when business was transacted *crene granosalis*, it really was fashionable to pay honest debts, or when this was impossible, then to step down and travel on our own feet, instead of riding on other people's money. Even that meanest of all proverbs, "*honesty is the best policy*," induced men to be *honest*, *because*, and for no other reason, that it was *policy* for them to be so. There may have been ten in Sodom (the modern) who were really honest from principle. But in the progressive state of things, even this mean motto is made still worse by a reversion as bad as the business reversion, and transactions seem now to be based on the idea that "*policy* is the best *honesty!*" See how the new fashion works. I, a lonely Benedict, find, when pay day comes round, that an empty purse has not the ability to pay my wash woman, my tailor, or my landlord, and on my *failure* to meet these agreeable items, my character runs down the whole length of the tube of that thermometer, public opinion, and for the future a cypher at the left hand expresses my value in the eyes of community. My neighbor, a poor and worthy Irishman, is thrown out of employment, and is so hurt by being thrown, that he has not, nor can he possibly procure, the small pittance necessary to support himself, wife and orphan children. He fails to pay his butcher, who in turn immediately takes a strong attachment to all his earthly possessions, and perhaps boards him out at public expense through the season where his friends can call and see him as "business will not allow him to leave." Perhaps you will say, this is all as it should be. Be it so then—but take another instance. A man has a large sum, hundreds of thousands, coming due a month hence, in great and small payments; he finds that he cannot pay without making some sacrifice, and so through the newspapers, in a polite card, informs the hundreds who are depending on him, in order that they may make their payments, that he has *suspended*, and trusts that they will not expect him to pay the honest dues, at least, for the present, as it will be quite inconvenient for him to do so; consoling them at the same time with the announcement that he has a large surplus of property; that is, he *can* pay, but rather not; or, in plainer English, can, but won't! The creditors submit with creditable resignation, (resignation of their claims!), and the merchant postpones meeting his bills until "a more convenient season," which season will probably come to him about the same time it did to

Festus, when Paul presented the claim of another creditor. Now this is a very convenient way of getting rid of one's debts, and it brings very pleasing results too. The newspapers print complimentary editorial notices, calling attention to the honorable character of the *suspender* (a suspender without any buckle,) asserting that he has ample means, and hoping that his creditors will not trouble him, poor fellow, because, forsooth, it would be cruel to oblige *him* to curtail any of his expenses, to give up the coach and horses, house in town and in the country, and all the luxuries of his establishment which have been paid for out of the pockets of his creditors; better that his hundred creditors should suffer for the necessities of life rather than *he* should walk on his own legs instead of riding their horses; better that they should forgive him the debt than that he should be troubled! Is *this* all as it should be? O! *suspension* is a fashionable word now; common people fail, the upper ten suspend. The former get free tickets to the alms house, and the latter free tickets to the opera. So the rule operates. By this method, heavy firms make strong suspension bridges by which they will safely pass the financial crisis, and come out on the other side as strong as ever, while their creditors eating brown bread patiently wait for the "good time coming," easy souls!

All this you may deem rather sober talk for me, and yet, the subject forces itself upon my mind and will run from my pen. However, if you say so, I will *suspend*, merely saying that it is no foolish cry that times are hard, and the business community should learn some wholesome lessons from bitter experience. But of this there is not much hope; the United States is like a reckless Jehu, driving on heedless of consequences, until he finds himself tipped up by the roadside, and then wondering what frightened his horse, drives on to the second breaking up station. It is decidedly dangerous to drive *very fast with paper reins*, to *trust*, like "John P. Robinson, he," that

"All will go right if he hollers out gee."

The whole community is "hollerin" now, but on the same principle that makes us hallo and throw hats and umbrellas at a runaway horse; to do something, if nothing more than to make him run faster! This is no place to go into the whys and wherefores of the present monetary crisis; people are now busy in looking at the results, and engaged in picking up the fragments; but when a lull in the storm does come, I hope that paper, specie and credit, will find their appropriate places, and the balance be

better preserved. It is a bad state of things when paper thrown in the balance will outweigh gold and silver—business paper of course.

In one sense the town looks desolate, and gives painful evidence of the financial troubles; trucks and wagons stand idle, and the wharves are still; boxes and bundles do not fill the sidewalks as usual, and solid men have sober faces; but on the other hand, to a casual and perhaps to a careful observer, there is as much wealth traveling up and down the street as usual. I have no sympathy with that hue and cry about the extravagance of the ladies; granting that they are somewhat so, they as a general rule form no dead weight on community, and create as much and more than they consume; and I verily believe that in extravagance, persons of the *other persuasion* exceed them. I will not enter upon this point, simply wishing to record my opinion. I have no more sympathy with the hooped and flounced and filagreed female women who look like pedestrian three story hen-coops, than others have; neither have I a particle of sympathy towards the astonishing number of tight-panted, rainbow-cravated, checker-board vested young men, who, shingled all over with watch-keys, seals, rings and pins, and corners of handkerchiefs hanging out like tags on dry goods, and hauling away at one end of a cigar, spend their days in advertising some tailor by walking in the street, while their pockets are full of unpaid bills, and their nights in some other way not so easily recorded. If a woman is extravagant or vain, she generally has enough sterling sense left to preserve her, but from sappy and sleek, vain and showy men, "Good Lord deliver me." Now after expressing such an opinion as that, I trust your lady readers, if you have any such, will give me the benefit of their thanks, while I will congratulate myself in advance on the friends made by this frank avowal of honest opinion.

Having written thus far, I took a recess; put on another harness so that not a trace was left of my former outer man, and wrapping my lazy dignity about me, I mean my shawl, started for a concert. I have been and returned, and record for the benefit of mankind generally, that I now believe the human voice and human arms and fingers equal to any emergency. Any attempt at description would be useless; 'twere as easy to transfer zigzag lightning to paper. There was the man who sang *tenore*, whose voice was much too large for his body, and in its attempts to get out, twisted the poor man about most unmercifully; it was painful to see the struggle going on; to witness the evidence of intestine broils, the contortions of body and distress of face; the poor man was in an agony,

and fixing his wild eye on the northeast knot hole in the room, he aimed his voice at it and hit the mark with wonderful precision; it was a splendid shot, and he nerved himself for another trial, but it was too much for him; he must have suffered very much, for I never made such a noise when the dentist removed my last wisdom tooth! The audience was in a feverish state of anxiety; and all trembled when he made a desperate attempt to reach a very high note; he went towards it in cork-screw fashion, wiggling up in painful style, until at last with a scream of triumph he hit it, and then tumbled back the gamut, hitting every note a rap as he fell. As soon as he was safely over the difficulty, the sympathizing audience applauded him and well he deserved it. I would not so endanger throat, head and stomach for even the salary of an Editor of the QUARTERLY. And then a man sang *basso*. It was low stuff! He descended to lower depths than I had ever dreamed of, and brought up sounds which could come from nowhere else but the lower regions. He came to the aid of the *tenore* once or twice, and evidently tried to help him, and often interrupted him in the middle of a sentence; and then some ladies made such a noise I could not hear the music, and talked in one of the "unknown tongues," and were plainly in such agony that I could not endure the sight. Here I saw one effect of the hard times: neither of these ladies had sufficiency of dress to cover them, their garments coming not more than two-thirds of the way up. It is sad to think of such suffering; obliged to sing on a November evening with not enough clothing! Yet this is the naked truth, and I may as well make a clean breast of it. The subject never appeared to me in so plain a light as it did this evening, and the destitute condition of these half clad ladies attracted universal sympathy, especially as they seemed to bare the deprivation with Christian resignation. "Charity covereth a multitude of *sins*," and if we should add some other words, the saying would still have truth in it. Well, these singers, some of whom have had only a bare mention, were accompanied by some violinists, &c., who shook their arms, twiddled their fingers, and tested their compound blow-pipes, most admirably. The muscular ability displayed was wonderful, and the noise they made was alarming. The whole combination was fearful to the extreme. My only wonder is that they can go through so much suffering for so little money. Why, when it is so painful even to witness and hear, what *must* it be to be actually engaged in it! It is nothing less than double martyrdom on a new principle, for John Rogers at the stake, with his numerous wife and family suffered less than all of us have this evening. A new edition of

Fox is needed, with a list of martyrs to opera music. One thing was worthy of notice, that however much they ran into each other, or chased each other all about the octaves, or played tag among the notes, or made musical sounds always when no one was expecting them, or interrupted one another before their line was half finished, they all managed to come out together, all in one grand whoop, combining the steam whistle, peacock, half made thunder, and two juvenile earthquakes. I had almost omitted to mention that a prominent part of the programme was beard and mustache. Looking carefully over a large amount of hair, to my surprise, I discovered a man on the other side, apparently fastened to it, and I noticed the same fact on the other end of the stage. It seemed to me that the men must be a great burden to the mustache, still I presume they serve as means to carry the hair about. It occurs to me at this instant that this hair is worn over the mouth in order to secure fine strains of music! What think ye? It is singular what an effect music has upon the beard, or the beard upon music, I am not certain which; but certainly they often go together.

But I will not blame any one for allowing nature to take her own course on the face. Why not as much sense in shaving the *top* of the head as the *chin*? The Creator has made hair to grow in both places, and if either part is to be shaved, I should give my vote for drawing the razor over the *skull*. Various reasons exist why this part of the head should be shaved if any. There is a smooth surface to work on, free from indentation or wrinkle, and the cranium could be polished in a manner to reflect credit on its owner. How easily the blade would slide over the hard surface, and how conveniently, if desired, a little tuft could be left for a hat brush! Again, when in the open air, the top of the head is always protected, while the lower part is left defenceless. Other reasons might be mentioned to support this view, but the truth is, we ought not to shave. The Bible, the patriarchs, apostles, nature, economy, temper, and comfort, and John Smith, all declare in favor of the full beard. Who ever heard of Abraham getting up in the morning and shaving before breakfast! or of Paul going down to the barbers! or who ever thinks of Solomon strapping his razor and lathering his face previous to showing himself to the Queen of Sheba? Shaving is a barbarism, (I do not intend any pun there). We ridicule monks for shaving a part of their crown, and still cut the most fantastic figures on our cheeks and chins! We admire to see full flowing beards in paintings, and would be disgusted to see the prophet Samuel painted with a clean shaved face, and still, we

hack away at our tormented cheeks and lay waste a bleeding territory worse than Kanzas.

I began to say that I had been to a concert, and behold, my pen has run away into music and mustaches, and my letter is about long enough; if not, it will probably be long enough before you have another one.

Just here I recall the remark of a friend in the early part of the evening. It was to this effect: that it was vastly easy to sit down for an hour and write nonsense for a magazine, (what an ignorant person to be sure!) and that the better way would be instead of writing in a connected manner, (he evidently did not know how I had been writing) give all possible varieties of composition. The idea struck me favorably, and if this concert had not intervened, I should have attempted the task. As the case now is, a single specimen must suffice, and no apologies are necessary, although

I might begin with a greeting
  Of numerous weighty apologies,
  Or string them on as doxologies
At the end of an afternoon meeting,

but my letter being *sui generis*, no comments are necessary. The specimen shall be poetry and we will call it poetry:—

A cloud hangs o'er the mountain's peak,
  Its shadow dark it flings;
And in each dismal, lone retreat,
  Black images it brings.
Now raised, now lowered by the wind,
  It rests on rock and tree,
And at each motion, brings a kind
  Of mournful imagery.
Yet lower sinks it, gives its hands
  Cold, damp, in close embrace,
While black as guilt itself it stands
  And hugs the mountain's base.
But see, through that dark, gloomy cloud,
  The sunshine shoots its way;
No more those phantom's dire enshroud,
  Quick fled before that ray.
All beautiful that cloud doth seem
  As kissed by lips of light;
Once black, its ragged edges gleam
  With joyousness full bright.
Those shadowy forms that flitted round,
  Like demons of despair,

Are gone before the lightsome bound
Of brighter beings there.

So hung a cloud above my path;
Chilled my poor soul with fears,
And shrouding me with fearful wrath,
It froze my scalding tears.
Through my heart's chambers shadows crept,
All mournfully and slow,
And my heart strings with ice touch swept,
To dismal sounds of wo.
But to my heart hope's sunshine came,
On glittering pinion's borne;
Gloom fled away in very shame,
And I no longer mourn.

This must suffice; it is a "*quantum sufficit*," and it is time that honest people should be in bed, and I hope to be included in that number; at any rate, some of the family who sat up a while for me, waiting in vain, will conclude that I am a non-est inventus man! The mental effort developed in that pun has completely exhausted me, and in dread of a sudden collapse, I make all possible haste to subscribe myself,

Yours narcotically, QUIS.

Τό Αλγος.

HOWLS the storm upon the hills,
And the vallies groan below,
While the shrieking tempest shrills,
Like a heart-wrung wail of woe;
But a storm is in my breast,
And a tempest in my soul,
And the rivers of unrest,
All their dark tides o'er it roll.

For my anguished spirit sits,
Brooding over rayless gloom,
And the ghost of memory flits,
Like the shadows round a tomb!
O! these bitter griefs and fears!
O! the fire in heart and brain!
O! the hopes of life's young years,
That will never come again!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"He that writes,
Or makes a feast, more certainly invites
His judges than his friends."

We come again before the public, perhaps uninvited, (perhaps unheeded,) but at any rate here we come, and this time we hope in season. Several years since, a periodical was issued from this college entitled the "Williams Miscellany." This continued for a time, but was finally dropped, for what reason we know not, but probably for "lack of encouragement." A little more than four years since, a few enterprising individuals of the class of '54, started the "Quarterly," as an experiment; this, we are happy to state, has come to be no longer an experiment, but has become an institution, and a paying institution; not very profitable, indeed, to those who conduct it, but yet a source of much benefit to students in college, by furnishing a stimulus to literary exertion,—to graduates and all who feel an interest in the College, by furnishing a record of the current history of the College.

Our last Number was issued amid the dust and heat of July, a short time previous to Commencement. As we are now going to press, the winds and storms of November are howling among these New England mountains. The short space of three months has wrought a marked change: the verdant foliage and beautiful garb of nature which surrounds the summer home of our Alma Mater, have been superseded by chilling waste and dreary winds, betokening the approach of winter. Vacation came and went. The familiar faces of our friends of '57, are no longer seen among us, but their places are supplied by others, which are daily growing more familiar. The same peculiarities of character are displayed now as ever. Our numbers are about the same as usual. It has been stated in different newspapers that "several students have been obliged to leave Williams College on account of the monetary crisis. This in the main is incorrect, though it is true, indeed, that some of our number made rather an unsuccessful investment during the past season. We had intended to devote the greater part of our space to the more important matter of .

College Intelligence.

August. Preliminary to commencement—the great college event of the year—sundry events transpired worthy of note, as, for instance, a sub-Florida expedition to East Mountain. Those valiant knights who captured a live gopher, but daren't skin a dead alligator, sallied forth one dark evening, as if either about to capture the bear seen in these regions a year since, or to drag forth from the Taconic Formation the fossils of some antedeluvian monster. They said they had a grand time. We presume they did, for it rained all night, and about three o'clock the next morning they were heard in the college yard feebly attempting to give three cheers for "The Florida Expedition."

On Thursday evening, after the close of their Biennial examination, the class of '59 celebrated the Biennial Festival. Forming in procession at the Sophomore recitation

room, with lighted torches, and accompanied by Crosset's Cornet Band from Bennington, they marched to the residences of the respective Professors, under whose instructions they had mostly been, where they discoursed sweet music, and sang songs prepared for the occasion: they then proceeded to the Mansion House. What passed within our reporter did not learn, but as if not having heretofore sufficiently displayed the destructive propensities of Sophomore character, they concluded by a grand conflagration of biennial tables.

Commencement.

The morning services of the Sabbath preceding commencement were conducted by Rev. Dr. Andrews, President of Marietta College. In the afternoon of the same day, Dr. Hopkins delivered the usual Baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class; the large assemblage of strangers, of people of the town, and of the neighboring towns, listening for more than an hour with undivided attention, was a sufficient evidence of the interest felt in the preacher and in the occasion. In the evening the Mills Theological Society was addressed by Rev. Jno. Thompson, D.D., of New York City. His discourse was in every respect a finished and scholar-like production.

Monday was occupied by the Professors in the examination of candidates for admission to college; by former graduates in social greetings, and by students in "laying off." On Monday evening Dodworth's band, whose services had been engaged for commencement, gave a concert in the church. Many of the pieces were fine and finely performed, but often the frail old church seemed shaken to its very foundation, by the thunder-like sounds emanating from ponderous bass viols mingled with the clanging and rattling of instruments such as the vigorous belaboring of tin pans would produce. We do not wish to inveigh against established and approved customs, but really it seems strange that the same style of music should be sought for, to please an intelligent and refined audience, assembled on a commencement occasion, as is displayed at firemen's musters or military parades.

The Society of Alumni met in the College Chapel on Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock. Ex-Gov. Washburn being called to the chair, Hon. William C. Kittredge of Vermont, was elected President for the ensuing year; Hon. Abram B. Olin of Troy, Vice President; Prof. Griffin, Secretary; Prof. Morgan of Oberlin College, Orator for next commencement, and Martin I. Townsend, Esq., of Troy, his substitute. The following gentlemen were also elected as Executive Committee for the year: Rev. C. Durfee, Rev. Dr. Tatlock and James D. Colt, Esq.

While preliminary business was being dispatched, a few individuals were seen, near the door, eagerly grasping each other's hands and engaged in animated conversation. It was evident to all that they manifested a more than ordinary interest in each other. Upon inquiry it was found that they were members of the class of 1827, which had not met for thirty years. Preliminary business being concluded, Prof. Griffin proceeded to read brief notices of the Alumni who had died since the last commencement. They were as follows:

Class of 1796.—Rev. Thomas Robbins, D. D., born at Norfolk, Conn., August 11th, 1777, died at Hartford, September 13th, 1856.

We are happy to be able to place before our readers some fuller information with regard to the life of this eminently good man and distinguished antiquarian. Dr. ROBBINS entered Yale College September, 1792; was dismissed and entered Williams College, Senior Class, November, 1795; graduated at Williams and Yale Colleges, September, 1796; studied divinity under the care of Rev. Dr. WEST of Stockbridge; was licensed to preach September, 1799; was ordained at Norfolk, as a Missionary, July, 1803; went to Ohio in the service of the Connecticut Missionary Society; and returned in poor health, July, 1806; was installed at East Windsor, Conn, May, 1809; was installed at Rochester, 1833, and was appointed Librarian of the Connecticut Historical Society in 1844; in the same year of his installment at East Windsor, he began to collect a permanent library to be consecrated to the interest of the Church of Christ, aiming to add to it some hundred volumes yearly.

CLASS OF 1798.—Hon. AMOS DOUGLAS, died March 19th, 1857.

" " " BENJAMIN SKINNER, Esq., died at Watertown, N. Y., 1856.

" " 1799.—Rev. SAMUEL FISHER, D. D., born at Sunderland, Mass., died at Orange, N. J., January, 1857, aged 80.

CLASS OF 1804.—JOHN O'BRIEN, Esq., died at Great Barrington, November 10th, 1856, aged 72.

CLASS OF 1811.—Rev. EBER L. CLARK, born at Mansfield, Conn., and for many years pastor of the Congregational Church in Richmond, died at Becket, February 23d, 1857, aged 70.

CLASS OF 1814.—PHINEAS CHAPIN, Esq., died at Clarksburg, Va., June 18th, 1857, aged 65.

CLASS OF 1821.—Rev. SAMUEL N. SHEPARD, born at Lenox, died at Madison, Conn., September 30th, 1856, aged 56.

CLASS OF 1847.—Rev. CHARLES H. NORTON, died at North Becket, January 6th, 1857, aged 34.

CLASS OF 1856.—JOHN LAMBERTON, born February 22d, 1835, died at Springfield, June 28th, 1857.

After listening to brief remarks upon the characters of the deceased, the Alumni elected as Honorary Members of their Society, Hon. JAMES R. WHITING of New York City, Dr. J. G. HOLLAND of the Springfield Republican, Rev. Mr. NORTHRUP of Saxonville, and Rev. Mr. JENNINGS of Bennington. These gentlemen, severally accepted the proffered honor in the most felicitous manner. Gov. WASHBURN then gave some interesting reminiscences connected with the early history of the College, also of his own College life. He was followed by others in the same strain. At half-past ten the society adjourned to meet in the afternoon at the Church.

At eleven o'clock the convention of the Sigma Phi Fraternity assembled at the Church, and listened to a very polished oration by STEPHEN E. BURRALL, Esq., of New York City. E. W. B. CANNING, of Stockbridge, also, as substitute for Mr. J. J. INGALLS, of Haverhill, delivered a poem.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the Society of Alumni and others assembled in the church, when Rev. WILLIS LORD, D.D., delivered a most profound and masterly ora-

tion. His theme was the connection between natural and revealed religion. The poem which followed by WILLIAM PITT PALMER, Esq., describing a tour to the old world, was a characteristic production, full of wit and humor. The poem was listened to throughout with most intense pleasure as was shown by the frequent roars of laughter and bursts of applause. After the conclusion of the poem, the Alumni adjourned to meet at eight o'clock Wednesday morning in the chapel.

On Tuesday evening took place the Prize Rhetorical Exhibition. The following is the programme:—

Freshmen.

The Past,	ROBERT E. BEECHER,	North Brookfield.
Lyric Poetry,	JOHN E. BUSH,	Whitehall, N. Y.
The Argo and the Mayflower,	EDWARD HOOKER,	Fairhaven, Vt.

Sophomores.

The Poet's Mission,	CHARLES H. EVEREST,	New Lebanon Centre, N. Y.
Hero Worship,	JOHN C. OLMSTED,	Yonkers, N. Y.
The Emotions,	ROBERT WEEKS,	New York City.

Juniors.

"Winged Words,"	ARTHUR B. GRAVES,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Paul at Mars Hill,	ROBERT MEECH,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Struggles,	ROBERT P. WILSON,	Clinton, N. Y.

The speaking was all of it unusually good. The prizes were awarded to Messrs. HOOKER, OLMSTED and MEECH.

E. P. WHIPPLE, Esq., of Boston, next appeared upon the stage, and delivered an able and pointed address to the members of the Literary Societies, which form the Adelphic Union. Thus ended Tuesday.

Wednesday morning, at eight o'clock, the Alumni again met, pursuant to adjournment. Immediately upon coming to order, after the election of JOHN L. MERRILL of Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. THOMPSON of Roxbury, and Rev. JOHN G. SHAW as Honorary Members of the Alumni, Hon. D. D. FIELD stated that six thousand dollars had already been raised for building the new Chapel, and as six thousand more was needed he moved that the Alumni then and there proceed to raise that sum by subscription.

Having but an hour in which to accomplish the desired object, it was necessary to be expeditious. The wheel of benevolence, at first, seemed loth to move, but after being started by Mr. FIELD with a donation of five hundred dollars, (in addition to an equal sum previously subscribed,) another gentleman also adding five hundred dollars to a similar sum previously given the college—the wheel continued revolving, throwing off at the rate of one hundred dollars per minute, for more than an hour, until Judge ISHAM struck (off) the bell. As the Seniors were now beating to arms, the Alumni appointed a committee of three gentlemen of Williamstown, to secure a clock which is to adorn the tower of the proposed structure. After this the Society of Alumni adjourned for one year.

Commencement Exercises.

AT nine o'clock Wednesday morning, the procession formed, as usual, in front of East College and marched not *straight* into the church as formerly, for since the repairing of West College it is obliged to veer to the right or left of that venerable structure.

When order had been secured, prayer was offered by the President. The programme of the exercises was as follows:

MORNING.

Salutatory Oration,	HOMER B. STEVENS,	Huntington.
Oration—"Graduation,"	H. R. HOISINGTON, JR.,	Williamstown.
Oration—"Simplicity,"	GEORGE BLODGET.	Bucksport, Me.
Geological Oration—"Metamorphosis,"	F. L. MUNROE,	Medway.
Oration—"Republics,"	JOHN PRENTICE,	Brooklyn, L. I.
Oration—"Compensation,"	E. M. WIGHT,	Troy, N. Y.
Oration—"Confusion,"	BENTON W. COLE,	South Adams.
Ethical Oration—"Highest Good,"	G. D. GOODRICH,	East Windsor Hill, Ct.
Oration—"Kirby, the Christian Naturalist,"	S. H. SOUDDER,	Boston.
Oration—"The Lever of Life,"	J. E. TRIMBLE,	Pittsburg, Pa.
Poem—"Hidden Treasures,"	IRVING MAGEE,	Hudson, N. Y.
Mathematical Oration—"Asymptoter."	C. M. PIERCE,	Hinsdale.
Oration—"Unrest,"	E. S. ISHAM,	Bennington, Vt.
Oration—"Silence,"	EDWIN QUACKENBUSH,	Troy, N. Y.
Oration—"Unity,"	G. B. MANLY,	Potsdam, N. Y.
Æsthetical Oration—"Religion of Beauty,"	SAMUEL WOOD,	Albany, N. Y.
Oration—"Spirit vs. Thing,"	H. M. ALDEN,	Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
Oration—"Common People,"	JAMES DEANE,	Salisbury, Ct.
Historical Oration—"Gothic Eruption,"	ANDREW PARSONS,	Sharon Springs, N. Y.
Oration—"Money,"	S. E. ELMORE,	South Windsor, Ct.
Oration—"Beauty allied to Life,"	WILLIAM LANSING,	Albany, N. Y.
Philosophical Oration—"Ocean Currents,"	W. TATLOCK,	Liverpool, Eng.

AFTERNOON.

Oration—"The American Pulpit,"	V. B. CHAMBERLAIN,	New Britain, Ct.
Oration—"Man, not Men,"	D. S. JOHNSON,	Albany, N. Y.
Classical Oration—"Origin of the Latin,"	RUFUS APTHORP,	Hinsdale.
Oration—"Condition of Intellectual Production,"	E. C. HOOKER,	Fair Haven, Vt.
Oration—"Bigotry of Modern Science,"	W. G. HARDING,	Aburndale.
Oration—"The American College System,"	ROBERT MURRAY, JR.,	Waltham.
Metaphysical Oration—"Certainty,"	H. H. WELLS,	Upper Aquebogue, L. I.
Oration—"History and Destiny of Man,"	J. R. DEWEY,	Springfield.
Oration—	NORMAN SEAVER,	Boston.
Valedictory Oration—"The Labor of the Brain,"	ALEXANDER HUTCHINS,	Peekskill, N. Y.

The degree of A. B. was conferred upon the members of the graduating class, fifty-three in number. That of A. M. was conferred upon fifteen members of the class of 1854.

The following honorary degrees were also conferred:—L. L. D., JAMES R. WHITING, of New York City; D. D., REV. JOHN MORGAN, of Oberlin, Ohio; A. M., RANDOLPH TOWNSEND, Troy, N. Y.; REV. CHARLES S. RENSHAW, Richmond; REV. WATSON N. SMITH, Brooklyn; REV. GEORGE BECKWITH, President of Oahu College, Sandwich Islands; JAMES S. KNOWLSON, Troy, N. Y.

The concluding prayer was offered by REV. DR. COOLEY, Vice President of the College.

In the evening, the recent graduates and other Alumni, and others, assembled at President HOPKINS' for social greeting. Thus ended the sixty-third Commencement. Fifty-three polished minds went forth into the world. (How thankful we should be for having escaped a *mental* crisis!) By the close of the week, Williamstown had resumed its usual quiet. Strangers had left. Graduates had bid good-bye to their Alma Mater. Students had departed—some on pleasure excursions to the "White Hills"—some to the Adirondack regions—some to visit Canada and be present at the Scientific Convention—others to spend their vacation at home.

SEPTEMBER.—With the invariable punctuality of Students (!) the second week of September witnessed a great rush of young men over the different Railroads, Stage-Lines, &c., leading to Williamstown. By Thursday, nearly all had arrived, and the College grounds presented scenes as lively as ever. Venders of "College Furniture" were doing a good business,—whitewashers, painters, upholsterers, &c., were making fair wages at fifty cents per hour. By the close of the week, nearly every new comer had procured a "setting out," (usually consisting of a lounge, two chairs and a table,) and the great intellectual forge was again in full blast.

A Freshman class of fifty entered College,—one has since joined the class. Seven have joined the Sophomore class, three have joined the Junior Class, and one has joined the Senior Class, making in all two hundred and twelve, a number somewhat less than last year.

Several important changes have also occurred in College. Mr. J. L. T. PHILLIPS, a graduate of the class of 1847, and for several years a teacher at Williston Seminary, having been elected to fill the place made vacant by the resignation of Prof. Griffin, entered upon the discharge of his duties at the beginning of the term. There has also been an important change in the order of devotional exercise. Morning prayers are now held at fifteen minutes before eight o'clock, instead of being held at sunrise,—a change which all agree is conducive, not only to health and convenience, but also to the end for which such exercises were designed. There has also been a change in the time of Senior Examination, which will hereafter take place six weeks previous to Commencement.

OCTOBER.—The students, having been politely informed that the corporation would remove from their shoulders the onerous duty of graveling the walks, requested, as a matter of recreation, the privilege of visiting Bald Mountain, which request, being granted, was taken advantage of on the first Monday of October. The beautiful view presented by the gorgeously colored foliage of the hopper, is not surpassed by any in this region. After surveying with delight the scene beneath and around them, the youthful patriotism of "Williams" boys displayed itself by three times three hearty cheers for the Free State victory in Kansas.

The officers chosen at the usual Quarterly elections of the Literary Societies, were as follows:—

Philotechnian.

CHARLES C. C. PAINTER, *President.*
JOHN G. AMES, *Vice President.*
ROBERT P. WILSON, *Secretary.*
STEPHEN H. TYNG, JR., *Senior Editor.*
WALTER D. DAY, *Junior Editor.*

Philologian.

W. P. STRICKLAND, *President.*
JAMES M. ALEXANDER, *Vice President.*
S. R. BUTLER, *Secretary.*
WILLIAM S. HYDE, *Treasurer.*
THOMAS POST, *Reader.*

The Adelphic Union Debate came off in the Chapel on Wednesday evening, October —. The subject discussed was, "*Resolved*, That in the present state of the world, our Army and Navy ought to be abolished." Supported on the Affirmative by Philotechnians, on the Negative by Philologians.

The gentlemen representing the Societies were:—

Philotechnian.	Philologian.
Orator—DAVID M. HOLTON.	*Orator*—S. W. GLADDEN.
Debaters { B. T. PARSONS, HARRY HOPKINS, CHARLES C. C. PAINTER.	*Debaters* { JUSTIN DEWEY, JR. ROBERT E. ADAMS, JAMES M. ALEXANDER.

The debate was acknowledged by all to be of a high order, evincing thorough preparation: and furthermore, none of that disposition to quibble about expressions, misrepresent statements of an opponent, or indulge in Society personalities, was displayed, as has, too often, been the case heretofore.

SINCE the last Commencement, there has come to our notice, for record, the deaths of the following Alumni:—

CLASS OF 1796.—Rev. THOMAS ROMEYN—the last surviving classmate of Dr. ROBBINS—died at Amsterdam, Montgomery County, N. Y., August 9th, 1857, aged 80. He was born at a place called Caughnawago, now Mohawk, Montgomery County; graduated at Williams College, (together with an elder brother, BENJAMIN ROMEYN, whose death was the first among the Alumni,) September, 1796; studied theology with Dr. THEODERICK ROMEYN of Schenectady, N. Y.; was licensed to preach by the Classis of Albany, 1798; was settled over the Dutch Church of Florida, Montgomery County, 1800, where he remained five years; was then settled over the united churches of Amity and Niskayuna, where he remained twenty years. The closing years of his life were spent in Amsterdam.

CLASS OF 1800.—DANIEL COLLINS, M. D., died at Williamsburg, November 6th, 1857, aged 76. For the past fifty years he was in constant and active practice of his profession in Williamsburg. As a physician he was distinguished for his skill and devotion to the best interests of his patient; as a man for his liberality to the poor and destitute, and for his unflinching adherence to the principles of justice, truth and integrity.

CLASS OF 1814.—JOHN S. EASTMAN, M. D., died at Lodi, N. Y., February, 1857.

CLASS OF 1815.—Rev. ARETAS LOOMIS, died at Bennington, Vt., August 13th, 1857, aged 66. The following extract is from an obituary notice of him: "For nearly fifteen years he was pastor of the Second Congregational Church in Bennington, 'giving full proof of his ministry,' by devoting himself to its edification. As a christian he was eminently consistent; as a theologian, he was sound and biblical; as a preacher, he was earnest, perspicuous and evangelical. For

sometime previous to his death, whenever his expected decease was the subject of conversation, he invariably manifested the calm dignity of christian assurance.

CLASS OF 1822.—SILAS GARDNER, Esq., died at Hancock, September 4th, 1857, aged 50.

CLASS OF 1839.—Rev. WILLIAM H. MARSH, died at Schenectady, N. Y., September 20th, 1857, aged 39.

WE are authorized to state, that a sum ($13,000) sufficient for the erection of the new Chapel, has been secured, and the work is only temporarily delayed, on account of the monetary crisis.

WE are happy to be able to record one event, which, though not immediately connected with College, all the more recent graduates of Williams will be pleased to learn. REV. ADDISON G. BALLARD, formerly a Professor of Rhetoric in this College, more recently Professor of Mathematics, in Marietta College, Ohio, was installed as Pastor over the Congregational Church and Society of Williamstown, Tuesday, Sept. 15th. Installation Sermon by DR. HOPKINS.

THE readers of our Magazine will not fail to notice a change in its original quintette of Editors. Mr J. F. Platt, our much esteemed friend and co-laborer, whose connection with us, we had from the first considered would be not only a source of pleasure to ourselves, but also of great advantage to the Quarterly, being compelled, by reason of ill health, to leave College for a season, tendered his resignation during the early part of the present term. The class selected Mr. R. H. WARD as his successor.

PROF. CHADBOURNE is organizing a class, and making arrangements for an extended course of instruction in the Natural Sciences.

SEVERAL valuable communications have been handed us for publication, which we should have been happy to have placed upon our pages, but for want of room are obliged to exclude from this issue. They will appear in our next, if such is the desire of their authors.

Exchanges.

THE following exchanges have been received: THE YALE LITERARY; THE ICHNOLITE, or AMHERST COLLEGIATE; THE HARVARD MAGAZINE; THE WISCONSIN JOURNAL OF EDUCATION; THE STUDENT'S MISCELLANY OF WISCONSIN STATE UNIVERSITY; THE STYLUS OF BETHANY COLLEGE, VA.; THE KENYON COLLEGIAN; THE NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE; THE NASSAU LITERARY; THE BELOIT MONTHLY and THE ERSKINE COLLEGIATE RECORDER. We would also acknowledge the receipt of the "Dred Scott Decision," and a weekly, "The Glencoe Register," published at Glencoe, M. T.

THE Baccalaureate Sermon of President HOPKINS, delivered Aug. 2d, 1857, has been printed by MARVIN & SON, of Boston, and is for sale by N. F. Smith, Williamstown.

OUR next No. will be issued in March, 1858.

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THE

Williams Quarterly.

MARCH 1858.

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The Williams Quarterly.

Vol. V. WILLIAMSTOWN, MARCH, 1858. No. III.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1858.

HENRY M. LYMAN, | HORACE E. SCUDDER,
THOMAS POST, | R. HALSTED WARD,
WILLIAM WHITE.

ENGLAND AND ENGLISHMEN.*

There is no country which has to the American so many attractions as England. If for no higher motive, he yet visits it that he may make pilgrimages to spots hallowed through literary and historical associations; that he may view the English landscape which Wordsworth and Crabbe and Tennyson have painted; that he may walk the streets of the world's capital; that he may see English homes, and ivy-covered churches, and grey castles and ruins. To the thoughtful and observing American, a visit to England is valuable indeed. He visits it that he may see a people whose thoughts have so influenced his own opinions, and upon whose civilization he has been so dependent; that he may discover the principles which lie at the bottom of unexampled success; that he may understand the workings of a stable government upon all classes of people; that he may read the character of that nation from whom have sprung the teachers of all nations; that he may gather facts and deduce truths.

The former class gave us "Sunny Memories;" the latter, "English Traits." Both are valuable in their way, but both are not equally long-lived. The one has served its purpose; the other will be read and valued as long as the people, of whom it treats, continues.

* English Traits: by R. W. Emerson. Seventh thousand. Boston: Phillips, Sampson and Company, 1857.

This, the last of Mr. Emerson's productions, (with the exception of a few late magazine articles and poems) displays the best of his thought. The same power which enables him in so masterly a manner to analyze the soul of man, has guided him in the investigation of English character, while the outward circumstances which effect England's greatness have been closely but briefly examined. In "English Traits," as in his other works, the reader is struck with his remarkable perception of character. His insight into motive and causes is truly wonderful. He seems to arrive at the truth without any intermediate agency. By a kind of magic, he at once seizes quietly upon deep thoughts and holds them up to view in the clear light of his sparkling expression. So intuitive is he, and so confident in his own integrity, that his sharp, pungent sayings are perfectly oracular. There seems to be no escape from them. He speaks as one having authority, and his bold, emphatic manner challenges objection. Here are no modifying expressions, no explanatory parentheses, but straight-forward, plain speech. But this manner is expensive; for it is often indulged in at the cost of truth and consistency.

The reader will find in this book the most favorable example of Emerson's style. Terse and vigorous, with a refreshing newness, his words come upon you like a cold bath, surprising you, and at the end putting you into a most exhilarating glow. It is an impressive style. Its crisp and crackling expressions strike the ear with force, and fasten his ideas upon the mind, and you find yourself in your daily walks repeating his pithy sayings. A Tacitean brevity marks his style, though he lacks much of the dignity of the great Roman historian. The sentences are abbreviated, as if the unimportant words had all been erased, and the emphatic and absolutely necessary ones only retained. Great thoughts are always in the end aphoristic. Sometimes they may at first be buried in a mass of language, but one by one superfluous expressions are dropped away, and the thought comes out in its naked force and beauty. Perhaps Mr. Emerson, aware of this, has endeavored to clothe his thoughts altogether in such a garb, that if there be any jewels among them, they may be seen at once. Certainly, in aiming at singularity of diction, (if he has made that his aim) he has been successful in securing intelligibility and clearness. It is more natural to say that his words are the spontaneous necessity of his thoughts, which they so aptly accommodate.

"The problem," he says, "of the traveler landing at Liverpool is, 'Why England is England?'" This is the question which he has proposed to answer in the book before us; not by statistical accounts of her foreign

trade, nor by careful summaries of her Manchester traffic; nor by very careful enquiries into the adventitious advantages of climate and position, but by an examination of the characteristics of the people of England. He recognizes aright the grand source of national prosperity as resting in the people, who show themselves superior to all outward checks and circumstances. The analysis is conducted in a desultory manner, and although he has divided his book into chapters headed:—Race, ability, manners, truth, character, cockayne, aristocracy, wealth, religion, etc., he has not confined himself under these heads to their respective subjects. I shall not attempt, therefore, in considering this book, to take it up in the order of arrangement.

It is not easy to state fundamental traits of character in any man or body of men; so many exceptions are always springing up to cross your path and confound investigation. The English character is not the least difficult from the broad range which it comprises. Yet in some respects it is easy to read. The elements which compose it were long ago blended and crystallized. The Englishman of to-day does not differ essentially from the Englishman eight hundred years ago; a little more polish, but in substance the same. Allowing some latitude, I think that the English character may be resolved into Self-Reliance and Materialism. The former of these has induced in Englishmen that indomitable courage which has carried England through so many trials. Their manly and vigorous forms are fitted for this courage. They are true descendants of the Britons whom Tacitus describes. Plenty of animal food and hard out-door life, have made them a sturdy race. They have kept well the constitution inherited from their Norse and British ancestors. They hunt, fish, swim, row, walk and drive in good earnest. Having this strength and courage, they despise cowardice and love *pluck*.

On the day of my arrival at Liverpool, a gentleman in describing to me the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, happened to say, "Lord Clarendon has pluck like a cock, and will fight till he dies;" and what I heard first I heard last, and the one thing the English value is pluck. The cabmen have it; the merchants have it; the bishops have it; the women have it; the journals have it; the Times newspaper, they say, is the pluckiest thing in England, and Sidney Smith has made it a proverb, that little Lord John Russell, the minister, would take the command of the channel fleet to-morrow. p. 106.

This love of strength seems to be inoculated in them. The public schools of England, if we are to believe the London Times, are the nurseries of brutality and force. The system of fagging so long prevalent in these schools attests the fact, yet it found a supporter in Dr. Arnold. In after years the school-boy, whose greatest glory was to come off first best in a

fight, goes to the public executions and prize-fights, and enters into the scenes with a sportsman's delight.

The English uncultured are a brutal nation. The crimes recorded in their calendars leave nothing to be desired in the way of cold malignity. Dear to the English heart is a fair stand-up fight. The brutality of manners in the lower class appears in the boxing, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, love of executions, and in the readiness for a set-to in the streets, delightful to the English of all classes. p. 68.

When Charles Dickens published his "Nicholas Nickleby," twenty schoolmasters in the North of England brought separate suits against him for slander of their schools. George Borrow, who is a good specimen of an out and out Englishman, upholds the system of a "fisty combat" in questions of difficulty, and loudly declaims against any opposition of sentiment. * They love the motto which the same author places on the title-page of Romany Rye—Fear God, and take your own part. Charles Kingsley thinks there is something in human nature which renders fighting pleasant; something which is excited by physical strife, making one's blood flow more quickly, and his whole system restless with the eager desire to have his fist in. Kept within bounds, however, this admiration for strength has a good influence on thought and opinion. It gives a healthy tone to their writings, and I know of no better example of this than can be found in the "Sermons for the Times" by the author last quoted. This sturdiness of nature is apparent in their scholarship and mode of study. They will dig and plow in the fields of literature, but hate theories and generalizations. The Oxonian will work for the Senior Wrangler's place, just as he would work to bring his boat to the top of the river in a rowing match. No pale and thin-visaged man is the English Student. The theory of crackers and water for hard study finds no support with him. I wish the American Student might learn a lesson from the English Student. At Oxford and Cambridge there are traditional hours for exercise, two each day, at the close of the afternoon, and the collegian would no more think of putting them to another use, than he would think of going without his daily dinner. They row, box, ride and walk with a will, and go back to study, thoroughly refreshed and invigorated. The consequence is, that they emerge from the college walls stronger than they entered. They carry away with them no constitution broken down by shameless violation of the laws of health, and acquire no sedentary disease, slowly wasting their vital powers. Again, I say, I wish our American Students might learn of English Students, and cease

* Romany Rye. Appendix. ch. 8.

to think that the development of their mental powers is the sole object of existence, or rather that their mental power can at all be fairly developed, if the physical organization be uncared for. The whole opinion of the English nation is impregnated with this admiration of strength and pluck. The Manchester school of politics—the peace party—are made the subjects of the bitterest venom. The Times thunders against them, and Punch exhausts his satirical magazine on their devoted heads. Yet these men have the English daring in its noblest form, for they dare to brave public opinion and deep-seated prejudice.

This trait of Self-Reliance generates self-esteem. A consciousness of his position as a native of England seems to possess every Englishman's soul, and gives him the surly complacency which he exercises toward all foreigners.

I have found that Englishmen have such a good opinion of England, that the ordinary phrases, in all good society, of postponing or disparaging one's own things in talking with a stranger, are seriously mistaken by them for an insuppressible homage to the merits of their nation, and the New Yorker or Pennsylvanian who modestly laments the disadvantage of a new country, log-huts and savages, is surprised by the instant and unfeigned commiseration of the whole company, who plainly account all the world, out of England, a heap of rubbish. p. 148.

The American brags but with a certain good-humored air of allowance to other countries; the Englishman brags unreservedly, and while the former is constantly endeavoring to persuade the world of the greatness of his country, forcing orations and leaders down the throats of his hearers, the latter takes it for granted that the world acknowledges the supremacy of his country. Such conceit breeds ignorance, and the American traveler never returns without a budget of most absurd blunders concerning his country, which he has gathered from Englishmen.

With this national conceit, England is oblivious to all outward opinions, although each year witnesses the influence upon her government, of American legislation. Englishmen hate the French, as the world knows, and the same world laughs in its sleeve, to see the crown hob-a-nob with the low-born French Emperor. Such a dislike do they owe the French, that living but a few hours' ride from the Capital of Fashion, they will not wear French cut clothes, or adopt French cooked dinners; and the out and out Englishman in his continental travels, treats the French language as if it were good for nothing unless spoken with the cockney pronunciation.

France is, by its natural contrast, a kind of blackboard on which English character draws its own traits in chalk. This arrogance habitually exhibits itself in allusions to

the French. I suppose that all men of English blood, in America, Europe or Asia, have a secret feeling of joy that they are not French natives. Mr. Coleridge is said to have given public thanks to God, at the close of a lecture, that he had defended him from being able to utter a single sentence in the French language. p. 148.

The Democratic American notices first of all, in England as in all the old world countries, the distinction of classes. A caste not so blasting as that of India or Egypt, yet direful in its tendencies, cramps the activity of English mind. The aristocracy is the most cultivated and refined class of persons living. Everything is within their reach—society, science, art. They are upheld by the loyalty of the lower classes and by all public institutions. Their cumbrous titles have descended to them from distant ages, and the English people, lovers of the old and venerable, worship these titles, whatever meanness they may cover. Their position gives them good breeding, learning and power; and if a nobleman be truly great-hearted, he is in the best possible condition to develop his manliness and display his accomplishments. But the strength lies with the middle classes. They hold the wealth and the commercial power, and better than any other rank manifest the undisguised English character. If we wish to find the secret of England's power, we must look for it here. The lower classes groan under burdens and oppressions. They have not wealth, therefore they are despised, and the upper classes solemnly accept Malthus' doctrine and the principles of action it teaches. The English are thus divided into three classes, which is perhaps as fair a division as can be made, though it would be easy to sub-divide. The passage from one class to another is not impossible, though infrequent. A tone of address in accordance with this classification, characterizes all Englishmen. Punch hits it off well in his "Railway addresses on the subject of smoking."

RAILWAY GUARD to *Third Class.*—"Where's the man that has been smoking? He had better not let me catch him. I'll soon put his pipe out."

To Second Class.—"Now, gents, smoking isn't allowed—its a fine of forty shillings."

To First Class.—"If you please, gentlemen, smoking is against the rules. I must request you to put your cigars out."

This love of rank and sharply drawn distinction of classes is exhibited in the different systems of charity which have been called into being by the insufficiency of private beneficence, to meet the demands of the poor of England. The charity school children all over the kingdom are dressed in ugly uniform, to keep before them a remembrance of their obligation, and perhaps to serve in the minds of their benefactors, as a pleasant reminder of their own good deeds. Thus they are almost uni-

versally treated as of low caste; the only exception of which I know is in the case of Christ's Hospital, in London, where the magnificence of endowment and high standard of scholarship, have gained respect for its beneficiaries.

It is difficult to know the real value of the allegation which the English are so fond of making of themselves, that they are truth-loving. So loudly do they proclaim this, that we have a suspicion of its reality. They are blunt and out-spoken, and cannot conceal their plans. Defoe—quoted by Emerson—says of them:

> "In close intrigue, their faculty's but weak,
> For generally whate'er they know, they speak,
> And often their own counsels undermine
> By mere infirmity without design;
> From whence, the learned say, it doth proceed,
> That English treasons never can succeed;
> For they're so open-hearted, you may know
> Their own most secret thoughts, and others' too."

But their bluntness does not always or wholly arise from ingenuous ness, but much from conceit. To what are we to refer the deceit in manufactures and trade, which were so appalling to England's poet-laureate, as to wring from him a poem in which an honest nature struggles with deep emotion, and unnerved by his feelings, utters his indignation in lines so contrasting with his usual elegance?

> England is aghast at the disclosure of her fraud in the adulteration of food, of drugs, and of almost every fabric in her mills and shops; finding that milk will not nourish, nor sugar sweeten, nor bread satisfy, nor pepper bite the tongue, nor glue stick. In true England all is false and forged.

And then he endeavors to account for it without injuring the English reputation.

> This, too, is the reaction of machinery, but of the larger machinery of commerce. 'Tis not, I suppose, want of probity, so much as the tyranny of trade, which necessitates a perpetual competition of underselling, and that again a perpetual deterioration of the fabric. p. 170.

Does not probity extend to manufactures? does the "perpetual deterioration of the fabric" manifest no lack of honesty? But truth does reside in English hearts. The best of Englishmen *are* truth-loving. Hence the earnest language of Charles Kingsley, in his "Sermons for the Times." It was reserved for an Englishman to open a new era in art criticism, in which truth should be insisted upon as fundamentally necessary in art as

in life.* Yet this doctrine of truth called out bitter replies from scores of Englishmen. Truth does lie at the bottom of the English mind, unless that mind has greatly altered within the last one or two centuries. Everything old in England testifies to this. Stability and truth mark the ancient buildings and domestic works. The demands of competition may for a season have blunted sensibility of truth, but it is in them, and will eventually, even as it now often does, rise superior to all disadvantages.

A misapprehension of the truth, marks the chapter on Religion. Mr. Emerson has allowed his just abhorrence of cant to color all his observations of the established church. He acknowledges its former truth and piety, and gives it the benefit of his good opinion in a few lines:

> The English church has many certificates to show, of humble effective service in humanizing the people, in cheering and refining men, feeding, healing and educating. It has the seal of martyrs and confessors; the noblest books; a sublime architecture; a ritual marked by the same secular merits, nothing cheap or purchasable. p. 218.

Further on he says:

> Heats and genial periods arrive in history, or, shall we say, plenitudes of Divine Presence, by which high tides are caused in the human spirit, and great virtues and talents appear, as in the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and again in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the nation was full of genius and piety.
>
> But the age of the Wicliffes, Cobhams, Arundels, Beckets; of the Latimers, Mores, Cranmers; of the Taylors, Leightons, Herberts; of the Sherlocks and Butlers, is gone. Silent revolutions in opinion have made it impossible that men like these should return, or find a place in their once sacred stalls. The spirit that dwelt in this church has glided away to animate other activities; and they who come to the old shrines find apes and players rustling the old garments. p. 221.

Is it true, then, that the age of piety has gone? that we must wait for another high-tide from the plenitude of the Divine Presence, which we see not now, and which our children may not see after us? If there be any life, any good in Religion, it is not exhausted by any age or any set of men. Religion can no more be bound down by outward forms or church polity, than can the soul of man be forever fettered in the human system. But it does not follow that the spirit of religion cannot find an abode in any organization. There is a vitality in the church of England not induced by it, nor held fast by ceremonies, but permeating the whole mass, and making itself the condition of the stability of the church. True

* If the precedence in stating this can be disputed at all with Mr. Ruskin, it can be by our own Greenough. Emerson mentions that he published a paper on architecture in 1843, in which he announced in advance the leading thoughts of Mr. Ruskin on the *morality* in architecure.

religion did not die with the illustrious names he mentions; we may seek for it and find it in every hamlet in England. The churches, the cathedrals, the castles, in whose grey walls he reads the piety of their founders, do indeed express that piety; but not more truly than do the London Missionary House and the Bible House manifest to-day the piety of the English nation. It is no organization of church which lies back of these and supplies the means for carrying out their purposes. They are the necessary concomitants of aggressive religion and true christian zeal. He has not read arightly, if he has read more piety in the DOMINE DIRIGE NOS, upon the architrave of the old London buildings, than in those simple words which stand out upon the modest looking building in Aldgate—Society for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign Lands. The sneers which he casts at the efforts of Lord Shaftesbury and the Exeter Hall humanity are harmless, for they arise from ignorance of the subject. With the utter contempt for all christian organization which elsewhere in his writings* is more plainly stated, he refuses to believe that christian men are sincere, and actuated by holier motives than any that hypocrisy can offer, because they make use of means which they find at hand, to carry out their pious purposes. More just are his strictures on cant.

The English, (and I wish it were confined to them, but 'tis a taint in the Anglo-Saxon blood in both hemispheres,) the English and the Americans cant beyond all other nations. The French relinquish all that industry to them. *What* is so odious as the polite bows to God, in our books and newspapers? p. 229.

Enough of cant there is; the union of church and state tends to produce it; for the Englishman with his respect for the powers that be, and his inordinate good opinion of everything connected with the government and institutions of his country, would take off his hat to Religion for this only, that it was part of the government. Their laws require this outward respect. They forbid the opening of eating-houses on the Sabbath, but the ale-shops keep open doors, except during service. A policeman stands by every church while worship goes on within, and sees that omnibuses passing the door go no faster than a walk. In their funerals this outward respect is miserably laughable—the crape, the hired mourners clad in sombre garb, with faces in which seriousness has been cultivated as their stock in trade—the long black vehicles in which they parade their seriousness. The best example of cant, is one given in this chapter:

The Bishop is elected by the Dean and Prebends of the Cathedral. The Queen sends these gentlemen a *congé d' élire*, or leave to elect; but also sends them the name of the

* Essays: First Series. On Spiritual Laws.

person whom they are to elect. They go into the cathedral, chant and pray, and beseech the Holy Ghost to assist them in their choice; and, after these invocations, invariably find that the dictates of the Holy Ghost agree with the recommendations of the Queen. p. 228.

If a nation is to be judged of by its success, England is the best of nations. We have seen one element of this success in the self-reliance of the people, which makes them strong in their own resolves, independent, and oblivious to all outward influence. But the success of England is not wholly referable to this trait of character; it is strongly aided by the second of the traits which I have laid down as fundamental—Materialism. You can trace this characteristic in their life and literature. There is little spiritual about the Englishman. He looks at every subject from the stand-point of three per cent. Of what use? is his constant question. With them have originated great discoveries in practical science, while little has been achieved in art. "They are of the earth, earthy." Mr. Gradgrind is no ideal conception, but an every day Englishman. It is because they have been thus trained in the school of facts, and made to worship wealth, that Englishmen have held their own against the impetuosity and restlessness of other nations. They have self-reliance; they have unity of purpose; they look only to practical ends, and thus, "whilst they are some ages ahead of the rest of the world in the art of living; whilst in some directions they do not represent the modern spirit, but constitute it—this vanguard of civility and power they coldly hold, marching in phalanx, lock-step, foot after foot, file after file of heroes, ten thousand deep."

On their literature, this spirit of materialism has an iron hold, and I wish the whole chapter in "English Traits" devoted to this subject might be read and pondered. I give but a single extract.

Nothing comes to the book-shops but politics, travels, statistics, tabulation and engineering, and even what is called philosophy and letters is mechanical in its structure, as if inspiration had ceased, as if no vast hope, no religion, no song of joy, no wisdom, no analogy existed any more. The tone of colleges, and of scholars, and of literary societies has this mortal air. I seem to walk on a marble floor, where nothing will grow. * * Squalid contentment with conventions, satire at the names of philosophy and religion, parochial and shop-till politics, and idolatry of usage, betray the ebb of life and spirit. As they trample on nationalities to reproduce London and Londoners in Europe and Asia, so they fear the hostility of ideas, of poetry, of religion—ghosts which they cannot lay; and, having attempted to domesticate and dress the Blessed Soul itself in English broad-cloth and gaiters, they are tormented with fear that herein lurks a force that will sweep their system away. * * * * The practical and comfortable oppress them with inexorable claims, and the smallest fraction of power remains for heroism

and poetry. No poet dares murmur of beauty out of the precinct of his rhymes. No priest dares hint at a Providence which does not respect English utility. The island is a roaring volcano of fate, of material values, of tariffs and laws of oppression, glutted markets and low prices. pp. 251, 253, 254.

But the Englishman is great in his way; he has ability which bears him whither he will; dogged perseverance which no opposition can withstand; a steady purpose and iron will. I know of no better example of British thoroughness, ability and energy, than the case of the new Crystal Palace at Sydenham. That monument of British industry, the World's Fair of London, could no longer remain in Hyde Park. The government refused to purchase it, and the English people prizing it highly, regretted the necessity of its destruction. A few English gentlemen conceived the idea of turning the building into a vast treasure-house of art and science for the great population of London. They came forward and purchased the palace, formed a company, issued a prospectus announcing the proposed capital of £500,000 in one hundred thousand shares of five pounds each. *Within a fortnight from the issuing of the prospectus*, so many shares were subscribed that the Directors did not hesitate to go on with this gigantic work. They chose a site conveniently near to London, and removed thither the immense building. Traveling artists were sent to every gallery and shrine of art in Europe. Experienced artizans took casts in plaster, of every most famous work to which they had access: plants and shrubs were brought thither from every clime; the talent of Professors Forbes and Ansted, Dr. Latham, Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. Gould was employed to present a complete museum of geology, ethnology and zoology; Layard and Ferguson assisted in the erection of a court to illustrate the architecture of the buried cities of the East; Sir Joseph Paxton brought the experience of his situation at Chatsworth, to bear upon the conservatory of plants and flowers; Professor Owen superintended the reproduction of the antediluvian monsters, and other scientific men in England lent their aid to the scheme. The result was an institution, constructed and prepared in a wonderfully short time, the like of which the world has never before seen for completeness of illustration in art, science and manufacture. It is a monument to the energy, the ability, the will, and wisdom of the English People.

What is the country which this people inhabit? "Under an ash-colored sky, the fields have been combed and rolled until they appear to have been finished with a pencil instead of a plough." The American traveler looks with perfect delight upon the picture ever spread out be-

fore him in an English landscape; the ideas so vaguely communicated by books and conversation are here realized, and even from out the windows of an express train he is constantly seeking the gently-rolling hills, the nestling church and smooth-trimmed hedge-rows. No stone seems out of place; the whole country seems to have been laid out as if for exhibition. Even the station and switch houses on the railway are surrounded by rosaries and neat garden-patches. To one who has read with delight the sweet lines of English domestic poets, of Wordsworth, of Crabbe, of Goldsmith, of Tennyson, and later still, the exquisite pictures of Mrs. Browning,—the delicate landscape is like an old home for the first time revisited. Everything is to him picturesque and familiar, and he recognizes with real pleasure the originals whose likenesses he has so long enjoyed. The English have not to go from their own land to witness beautiful scenery.

In the variety of surface, Britain is a miniature of Europe, having plain, forest, marsh, river, seashore; mines in Cornwall; caves in Matloch and Derbyshire; delicious landscape in Dovedale; delicious sea-view at Tor Bay; Highlands in Scotland, Snowdon in Wales, and, in Westmoreland and Cumberland, a pocket Switzerland in which the lakes and mountains are on a sufficient scale to fill the eye and touch the imagination. It is a nation conveniently small. p. 48.

Thus have we glanced at a few of the truths which Mr. Emerson has so eloquently laid down in the "English Traits." We cannot, indeed, grant the validity of all his statements; easily dazzled as he himself admits, he seems too often to have formed hasty conclusions from solitary examples. But as a just and appreciative view of English character, it finds no equal. It is a book of which an English writer lately said "the best book ever written upon England, and which no brave young Englishman can read, and ever after commit either a mean or a bad action." And not only so, but it is a book which should make every American wiser; already he is measuring pace with his English brother, and no lesson is richer in worth to him, than the character which underlies the English success. When years have rolled by, and the American character has become solidified and stamped with nationality, we can desire no better gift for our own descendants, than that another Emerson may arise in England, be it, or France, who, endowed with the same brilliant genius, and keen perception, shall take up his pen and with a few masterly touches, delineate "American Traits."

PROPOSITION—(NOT FOUND IN EUCLID.)

"AS HIS HOUSE, SO IS THE MAN."

DEMONSTRATION.

THIS principle was recognized
  By the droll subject of a story
"Out West," where travelers are surprised
  By city lots, whose fabled glory
Lies all on paper, or beneath
  Some feet of water, swamped or flowing,
Whose atmosphere is plague and death,
  Whose streets afford you clever rowing.
Well, on a little higher ground
In such a precinct, once was found
A miserable shanty, built
On props, as 'twere, and all atilt,
Surrounded by a desolation
The most forlorn in all creation.
A swine or two stood round, so lean
It needed two for shadow clean;
With Shanghais half a score or so,
Whose rooster was too weak to crow.
From out a hole where used to be
A window's poor apology,
A passing traveler chanced to ken
A something you might call a man—
Shaggy and haggard, grim and pale,
As though just out of Turkish jail;
Plainly a well-convinced believer
In direful Western "shakes and fever."
Our traveler stopped his horse and gazed
With wonder and surprise, amazed
To see, in such a doleful den,
One wearing e'en the form of men.
Displeased at such an earnest stare,
And doubtless of his thoughts aware,
The manikin, with feeble roar,
Cried,—"Stranger, not so cursed poor
Am I, as you may think I be—
I don't own this locality."

  That man confessed, 'tis evident,
The owner's as his tenement. Q. E. D.

THE RELIGION OF ANCIENT PERSIA.

STABILITY, it is often said, is the main characteristic of the Oriental mind. Whether in philosophy, religion, or daily life, as their fathers were, so are the sons to-day.

But a greater mistake could hardly be committed, for while Oriental History reveals to us few changes as varied or as frequent as we are called to pass through, it does tell us of convulsions among kingdoms, of heavings in the social state, and of vital revolutions in religious faith, which find no parallel in modern times. And so we should expect to find it; it results from the very difference in the constitution of an Oriental and of a Western mind.

To become familiar with these changes, should be the desire of every earnest mind; for as a certain writer says, in answer to the question, "What are we aiming at"—"We are aiming at aiming." Progress in all things is our object, and there assuredly can be no rational progress, except it be founded upon a correct understanding and appreciation of all that has gone before. The *philosophy* of progress is one of the most difficult branches of study; for while it may be comparatively easy to describe the position of a people at any two successive periods, to state how the latter was developed from the former is not infrequently a difficult undertaking. This we do not attempt; but in respect to the Persian people, to bring into view, as well as we are able, their condition at the earliest known period. We say—their general condition—we might not improperly have said—their religious belief—for what Cousin so truly says of their philosophy, would apply with equal propriety to their government, their arts, their sciences:—namely, that none of them existed apart from their religion.

What study can claim so high regard from us as that relating to the first dwellers in the land of our nativity, Iran—the cradle of mankind. It is certainly remarkable to see how, starting from totally different points, and seeking to trace back to their origin the various paths of nations, we ever find ourselves insensibly drawing near one common centre; and if

we can go *quite* there, and bring before us the lives these patriarchs lived, shall we not feel amply repaid? How can this be done?

In A. D. 1771, Anquetil du Perron, a young and ardent Frenchman, published the first translation of the Zendavesta, and gained for himself the high honor of opening to European scholars the repository of the ancient faith of Persia. His work was laughed at by Sir Wm. Jones and his followers, who stigmatized it as a fabrication, palmed upon him by designing priests. Time, and more patient investigation, have both wiped away this calumny, and shewn that Anquetil was rather a bold adventurer than a ripe scholar, as indeed all first explorers must in a measure be. As is usual, early research was most positive, while as more mature investigation was brought to bear, less and less satisfaction was felt in the work already achieved; so that now all true scholars acknowledge that but the rudiments of these studies have been mastered, and that the real character of the Avesta can in a measure be only guessed at. Guessing, then, must suffice for us. The uncertainty which envelopes these studies, arises from the extreme difficulty of restoring to life a defunct language, but more especially from the almost utter impossibility of translating into one language words which express ideas known only to the other; a difficulty which may be appreciated, as De Quincey says—by one who attempts to translate *coquette* into Hebrew, or *post-office* into Greek.

The Parsis of the west coast of India, are almost the sole remnants of the ancient people of Persia—the few remaining in Persia being almost lost sight of. These Parsis were driven from their former homes, by the invasion of the Mohammedan—A. D. 636, and have gradually reached their present abode. The Zendavesta is their Bible—the repository, as they deem it of their ancient faith.

The canon of the Avesta is of different age, origin, and character: its origin has usually been ascribed to Zoroaster, but incorrectly, as is now admitted. As no chronology, or at least no reliable chronology, exists in early Eastern history, it seems an almost hopeless task to ascertain at what times the different portions of this work were put into writing and composed. But diligent research has at last fixed upon certain periods known in history, from which a partial chronology has been reconstructed, chiefly by the aid derived from Indian works. The date of Zoroaster himself is placed at B. C. 1000: the oldest portion of the Avesta is thought to have been written not long after his time, but was certainly not his own work. These documents are not identical with the ones we now possess, for we

have no evidence that the present text of the Avesta is of earlier origin than A. D. 226—the commencement of the Sarsanian dynasty.

Persian tradition declares that it was through the conquests of Alexander that the Zoroastrian religion received its first sore trial, and that by him the records of their faith were destroyed. However correct this may be, it is certain that the Parthian dynasty, which held sway over Persia from B. C. 240, to A. D. 226, never favored the religion of the people, and upon its overthrow, and the establishment of the following dynasty, the Persian nationality and with it, its peculiar institutions, was restored. Then king Ardeshir, so tradition assures us, summoned the great men of the kingdom, and collected and committed to writing such of their religious works as their wise men could recall from memory. The present fragmentary character of the sacred text tallies well with such a supposition.

The most important parts of the Zendavesta are the Yashna—the Persian Liturgy, and the Vendidad, the ceremonial code—the latter evidently of later origin. But the Zendavesta is not the only source of our knowledge respecting the early Iranian faith, nor indeed is it the most authoritative—for the Indian Vedas are also at our command, dating in composition a thousand years back of the Avesta. Of these two sources of our knowledge, Max Muller says, quoting Prof. Roth:—"The Veda and the Zendavesta are two rivers flowing from one fountain head; the stream of the Veda is fuller and purer, and has remained truer to its original character; that of the Zendavesta has been in various ways polluted, has altered its course, and cannot with certainty be traced back to its source." The Vedas are four in number; the Rig, the Sama, the Yajur and the Atharva. Of these, the Rig is the oldest and by far the most important, having been composed probably during the earlier half of the second thousand years before Christ. It is a historical collection, comprising the ancient and inspired songs, which the Indian nation had brought with them as their most precious possession from the earliest seats of the race. The Atharva Veda, though later in origin than either of the others, and by some not accepted as a Veda is perhaps next in importance to the Rig, being also a historical collection. The other two are liturgical in character; the Sama, being mostly composed of verses taken from the Rig, and arranged in such a way as to be available in religious worship. We have then the Zendavesta and the four Vedas, to assist us in our inquiry.

We will premise, however, what should ever be remembered, that Zo-

roaster was of course not at all the founder of the Iranian faith, living as he did but B. C. 1000. We wish especially to treat of the *earliest* faith of Persia; Zoroaster appeared solely as a reformer, to impress upon his people a purer faith, and the Avestan is his religion. But as was seen from the remark of Prof. Roth, it will be manifestly necessary to consider both the Zendavesta and the Vedas in their bearing upon our subject.

In what language were these works written? The Vedas are in Sanskrit; but Sanskrit of a peculiar character, rude, unpolished, so different from the mere modern and classical form, as to receive the distinctive title of Vedic Sanskrit.

In the language of Persia, there have been three general stages: the first represented by the language of the Avesta, (not its character,) the last by the modern Persian—the second is not so clearly ascertained, though it may perhaps be said to be represented by the Pehlevi—the language of translations of the Avesta. The Avestan language itself, is allied on the one side to the Vedic Sanskrit, and on the other to that of the cuneiform inscriptions, rendered so famous by the labors of Layard and Rawlinson. It was spoken, probably, during the first half of the first thousand years before Christ. The character in which it is written is of Semitic origin, corresponding to that upon coins of the earliest Sassanids.

The material for our investigation being thus brought before us, it remains to be seen what it will disclose. And here we must say, that it is by no means easy to ascertain with certainty what the pure, early faith was, this faith has become so modified by continual additions and corruptions, and it is the more difficult for us, owing to the fact that the full extent of this corruption has not been clearly seen by writers upon this subject, until lately, they having derived most of their information at second-hand, through Greek and later Persian authors. They have for example, confounded together the earlier Persian faith, and the Magian religion, whereas the truth is, that the Zendavesta makes no mention of the Magi whatever. The earliest religions are always the most simple and unartificial, and hence if one is presented to us as ancient,—arrayed in a robe of many colors, intricate in its theology and cosmogony, and elaborate and gorgeous in its ceremonial, minute and we may say consistent in its character throughout, we may at once brand it as modern, and cast it aside, as unworthy our consideration. Hence, to present the belief of an early period in any systematic form, it will be necessary to borrow somewhat from its modern dress, else all

may appear contradictory even; for system is not the natural product of the mind, either of a child, or of a youthful people; theology can only *follow* religion, as reflection can only follow spontaneous thought.

> "Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
> With its roses the brightest the earth ever gave?"

That beauteous Vale is indeed the Eden of our world: and in all that region, Heaven and Earth unite their powers, to produce all that can be pleasing to the heart of man. Nature, boundless in her resources, stops not to measure what she gives, but bestows it gladsomely, and man and beast rejoice. The brute can but revel in his delights, but man adores. He looks beneath his feet, and the earth teems with her ever-blooming gifts, and Earth is at once his God. He looks above him in the stillness of a Persian night, and sees in their bright bodies but the Shechinah of his Deity.

These were simple, happy times. They chanced upon a certain plant, partaking of whose juice, they found imparted to them superhuman power—a sort of God-like inspiration; they viewed, they wondered, they adored, and straightway the liquid Soma became to them a god, the plant, the king of plants, the process of preparing it a holy sacrifice. And thus like happy children in a new world, their fruitful fancy was ever suggesting to them new objects of worship.

They were, alas! depraved; and yet, not so that all kind-heartedness, all love for others was excluded. They were sympathizing beings, and as such could not but be painfully conscious of misery about them. No gorgeously apparelled earth or spotless heaven could shut out Evil, and they felt its terrible weight resting heavy on their hearts. They tried to throw it off, but could not,—and then they asked that fearful question, proposed by every son of Adam: "Whence comes this Evil?" They pondered long and earnestly; surely, they thought, this evil cannot come from him who made this fair world in which we dwell—these forms of beauty all around us; and it is the exception, too, in this world where happiness and harmony so strikingly prevail. They gave an answer, and as we believe, the very best which unassisted, sinful men could give; they acknowledged two great gods. Ormuzd, the God of Good—and Ahriman the God of Evil. Still, this bold dualism was not the earliest phase. They felt that evil was but rebellion against the good, and as such could only be inferior, and hence at first, Ahriman was but the head of what were styled the lower gods; gradually receiving a higher position, he at last was placed upon an equality with Ormuzd. So, also, as men re-

flected more and more, they began to ask how sin and holiness could exist together. Could a good God permit sin? This problem they professed to solve, but they solved it only by throwing the difficulty a step further back: for, said they, first of all existed Zervan—Kronos—Time without bounds—from whom sprung forth these two. Now, it must ever be borne in mind, and most especially when seeking to develop from this early faith, the Hindû creed of later years, that this doctrine of Zervan was wholly the creation of a modern theology, striving to combine in a compact and harmonious system the various doctrines of an unreflective age. It was introduced according to some, through the Greek philosophers, but however that may be, it is sufficient to say, that the Zendavesta itself makes no mention either of the doctrine or of the name of Zervan.

Ormuzd, then, is the God supreme—Ormuzd "the Spiritual mighty one." He is the great creator of this world and all its good; it is for him that nature blooms and bears her fruit. The main idea which ran through all their daily life was that of a constant struggle between the evil and the good. Necessarily, all that was evil grouped itself about Ahriman; all good, about Ormuzd. Every noxious plant was an enemy to Ormuzd, every venomous animal, a deadly foe. As nature is his handmaid, every one who aids nature, offers homage unto him. Hence, men are urged to cultivate the soil, that it bring forth more abundantly of good, and thus expel the evil. War against the enemies of Ormuzd was wholly virtuous; man was Ormuzd's noblest work; hence, every birth a triumph. The hosts of heaven were not forgotten. Order implies mind, but more than that, they said it implies benevolent mind, and confusion is but sin. Erratic comets then, are but the hirelings of Ahriman, while all the planets in their course perform the will of Ormuzd. Of all the elements, no one would so forcibly impress the beholder as Fire, at once the lord and slave of men; it consequently received the greater homage. As has been said, consistency was to them no jewel; while adoring Ormuzd as supreme, they were still but polytheists. The sun was the source of fire, and hence the Sun was to them a god—or perhaps more properly, the manifestation of a god—a god, too, who held an exceedingly prominent position. His name was Agni. "Indra was the god of the clear blue sky," and his position, if anything, was above Agni, though his peculiar worship is rather of Hindû than of Persian growth. In his company are the storm-winds, the "Rudras" who do his bidding.

"They ride on spotted stags, wear shining armor, and carry spears in their hands; no one knows whence they come, nor whither they go; their

voice is heard aloud as they come rushing on; the earth trembles, and the mountains shake before them." The seven Amshaspands figure largely as the guardians of all terrestrial things; they are seven planets.

Living as the Persians did, so much in the open air, we should naturally expect that the worship of the heavenly bodies would occupy an important place in their religion. Like the Magi they would conjure up some mystic union between the stars and men, and thus they did. But still it is not easy to say how much of this which we now profess as their faith, did really belong to them. In the present nicely balanced system, all the hosts of heaven are marshalled in array, as captains of the great army of Ormuzd, awaiting his command.

And so their cosmogony, and their belief in regard to the future history of the universe are so well arranged and fitted in all their parts, that we cannot readily accept them as the products of an early age. This world, say they, will last in all, twelve thousand years. The first three thousand Ormuzd will alone prevail, and be engaged in making preparations to meet his expected foe, by creating the heavenly host; this of course is passed. The next three thousand years Ahriman will issue forth to battle, but at the sight of Ormuzd slink back affrighted, and leave him to complete his holy work. The third three thousand years neither shall prevail; in the last three thousand Ahriman will be triumphant, and last of all—shall occur the great catastrophe—Ormuzd shall be conqueror—all bad men be converted—Ahriman imprisoned—and the final resurrection of the dead take place; when, after suffering the torture of fire for three awful days and nights, equal to an agony of three thousand years, the sinful men, and even Ahriman himself shall all be restored to purity and peace to dwell forever with the saints in light. But all this, we need hardly say, formed no portion of an early faith.

We see that the Persian's life was no vague, dreamy one; no airy contemplation; he lived *on* earth and not above it. His was a struggle, long and stern; a constant warfare against the powers of evil. This idea shuts out at once all notions of relentless fate, of changing births, of doubtful rest in absorption into Deity, as the later Hindû held.

He is a man, and as a man enough for him it is that a life-conflict is before him, a conflict demanding all his strength of body and of soul. Why then trouble himself about a world to come? And his conflict is no heartless one; every blow struck against the common foe receives a smile from Ormuzd. What if the sweat of his brow was needed to obtain bread? that bread was sweet; nature rewarded his labors with no sparing

hand; and even if there be a life beyond, thought he, He who has so long provided for me here, will not forsake me there.

Sickness and death were of course no work of Ormuzd; Ahriman alone could be thus cruel; and hence the dead body was unclean. What should they do with it? Pure earth should not receive it; holy fire should not consume it; they exposed it in the open air, and the foul birds of Ahriman devoured it. Bad men, for all men even they felt were not good servants of Ormuzd, bad men died; with them they charitably hoped, the death of the body was the death of the soul; while the souls of the good mounted up and away, beyond the mountains where the sun rises, to Paradise, the dwelling of the holy and benevolent gods.

And now we naturally inquire, what was all this worth? Was this faith, professed by the fathers of mankind, and retained by so many of their descendants an operative faith? Prof. Roth, in an article on the Morality of the Vedas pleads strongly the affirmative. The truth would seem to be, that at first it was thus active; that this consciousness of a continual struggle wrought out for them a practical manliness of character, which forms a pleasing contrast to that of most followers of an erroneous faith. But the shame as well as the glory of man is seen in their departure from the purity of the pristine life to the debasing inan ities of their ceremonial code.

The religion of Zoroaster has almost wholly passed away. How sad a commentary upon the wisdom of man! And yet it is not dead; its essence yet lives and breathes in the religions of all the great nations of the East. It is the vital principle of both Budhism and Brahmanism, and if destroyed, will necessitate their fall.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

I REMEMBER when I was a very small boy, and first set out upon the road to eminence, that there was put into my hands a very interesting little book called "The Elementary Spelling Book," which, aside from the exciting legends that enlivened its pages, was embellished with several attractive pictures. One of these represented a small boy but little larger than myself, luxuriating in the forked limb of an apple-tree, whilst a rather bellicose looking individual at the foot of the tree had assumed a rather striking attitude, as though about to propagate a stone at him. We often longed for the apples, but utterly repudiated the manner of obtaining them, especially after the stoning operation commenced.

On the opposite page was the unfortunate milk-maid, who spilled her milk whilst she was endeavoring to decide whether her new gown should or should not be green, and contemplating a dangerous dash among the youthful swains. Then you just turned one leaf, and came to a squirrel with a bushy tail, and a stag with branching antlers, and just under these that "*long* spelling," commencing: Sign-er-ed-ing. On the page opposite these, there was a picture, and quite an affecting story of a farmer, a lawyer, and a bull fight, in which fight one of the bulls, which turned out to be only a steer, was gored to death; you could see the farmer talking to the lawyer in his study, and at the same time look around the corner of the house and see the bull "driving full chisel" into the steer, in a manner quite distressing to behold.

These exquisite productions of the fine arts excited my profoundest admiration, and caused me anxiously to count the pages I must turn over, before I would get to them—the goal of my youthful ambition. But it was the frontispiece that particularly attracted my attention. In the back ground of this picture could be seen dark rolling clouds, above which towered a lofty temple glittering in the sunlight, with that simple word "Fame," which has thrilled so many hearts, and nerved so many arms, engraved upon its front.

In the shadow of this temple, where the sunlight could not reach it,

and, apparently, only as a stepping stone to it, stood an humbler one upon whose sunless, cheerless summit was written "Knowledge."

Upon this stood a young man with a rod in one hand, and, as it appeared to me, an apple in the other, who seemed about to make an easy step from the temple of Knowledge to that of Fame. [I suppose the process by which I connected the rod in the hand of him who stood at the top of the temple of Knowledge, with the one used upon me at its foot, would legitimately fall under the principle of the association of ideas, but I had not studied Stewart then.]

In the foreground stood a tall, masculine looking woman, who had something that looked like a pair of tongs, or pot hooks, twisted around her right leg, and whose name, I have since heard, was Minerva. She held a little shaver by the hand, whom she seemed to have aroused out of bed, for he had on only a long shirt, from which fact I inferred that we must start early on the road to fame. She was pointing to the man on the temple of Knowledge as though she would persuade him to climb up. The little fellow held a book in his hand, which bore a family likeness to the "Elementary," and gazed boldly at the cold cliff which raised its precipitous sides far above him; I thought he did well to leave off his breeches, if he was going up there.

I could see no other possible way to reach the temple of Fame, but up the beetling cliff upon which stood that of Knowledge, and my doubts were great as to my ability ever to make the ascent, as I had never been expert at climbing trees and robbing birds' nests. But those were my days of innocent simplicity, and on arriving at more mature years, I learned that the genius of man had made this temple more easy of access, by erecting four successive flights of steps, up which, by easy gradations, one may pass from the verdant plain called "Freshman" to the summit of "Senioric Swell," which, though not the eminence upon which stands the temple of Knowledge, is hard by, and of almost equal height.

After toiling up three flights, and almost to the top of the last of these steps, I am chagrined to find that Fame has removed her temple from this hill, because it was too easy of access: in fact, some enterprising Yankee has made a graded road to its very summit, and erected a livery stable at its foot, where fine trotting "ponies" can be had for a mere trifle, warranted to carry you safely up; though I understand they *do* sometimes become restive at the half way house, and several very *bold* riders have been thrown off at the *slough biennial*, as that ugly place in the road has not been bridged yet.

This same temple of Fame, by the way, seems to be a sort of "Jack-o'-the-lantern" without any permanent locality. Formerly it could be reached only on the strong war horse, urged on by the indomitable courage of his fiery rider, but soon almost any coward, on never so small an ass, could mount to it. Its position was then changed, and the only road lay through "political preferment," and none but those of pure heart and burning eloquence could obtain admission to its sacred portals; but soon almost any lying demagogue could write his name upon its topmost stone; then it was that for the first time that little pre-fix "in" was written before "famous," slightly modifying its original signification.

Since she has removed her shrine from the hill of Science, I have been anxiously waiting to see where Fame will next erect it. I think the time is even now rapidly approaching, when the road to this temple will be found to lead only through the small wicket gate that Bunyan saw; then, and not until then, will its position be permanent as it will be glorious.

BOHN'N CLASSICS.

"THERE is no royal road to Geometry," is a saying as old as the days of Euclid. The paraphrase of the proverb, is this:—By no path of indolence or luxury, can a man arrive at proficiency, in any branch of science or literature: that self-indulgence, and excellence in scholarship, are things incompatible; and that persevering personal exertion is the only key which will unlock the treasure-house of knowledge. These are truths, not only little short of axioms, but also borne out by the experience of the world for thousands of years. No man has ever yet attained *substantial* success in law, politics, or divinity, or in any department of literature, but by the laborious exertions of his own mind. And so we would be justified in supposing that any attempt to reach such success in

any other way, would be futile; that since there has been no "royal road to learning," there never can be any, should the earth revolve forever. We wish to notice briefly, the disastrous result of a recent attempt to construct a royal road to classical learning; a department, in which, on account of the requirement of a constant, patient exercise of the memory in the acquisition of words, and ingenuity in the construction of sentences, proficiency is attained, by perhaps unusual exertions.

There has within a few years past, appeared a set of literal translations of the Classics, published by H. G. Bohn, an eminent bookseller in London; which obviate the necessity of the exercise of energy and ingenuity on the part of the student, since there is furnished him in these translations, a solution of the problems of the Greek and Latin texts. These books were certainly primarily designed, we think, for sale among students in College; since not only do they find among them their greatest market, (being now found, we have no doubt, in the library of almost every college student in the land,) but so far as they are works of a general literary character, and as such alone could they interest the general reader, they are destitute of all merit. These translations, seized upon as it was to be expected they would be, by the students of our colleges, have greatly injured the individual scholarship of those who use them, and thus have lowered the general classical acquirements of the community.

Ever since the revival of learning, the classics have occupied a prominent place in the course of study, usually thought necessary to be pursued by all who would acquire a liberal education. Their use has been commended by the universal testimony of the greatest scholars and wisest men the world has seen, and by arguments irrefutable, so often published and so well known, in college at least, that we will not detain the reader by any recapitulation of them. Suffice it then to say, a course of Latin and Greek classics is now found in the schedule of study of every college in the land. No voice has till recently been raised in opposition to their use, and is now raised, only because it is believed they fail of their object.

A comparison between the acquirements of the students of the present day, and the students of seventy or more years ago, in this country, will show the vast superiority of the former days in classical learning. An applicant for admission into college now, need have but a smattering of grammar, be able to read a book or two of Anabasis, and in Virgil or Cicero's Orations; a sort of knowledge of which has been beaten into him as it were by the birch stick. An applicant for admission into college a century ago, had to sustain an examination that a *senior* of the

present day might well shrink from. Now, orations in Latin and Greek are unknown, except the Latin Salutatory at Commencement, and the Greek and Latin orations in Junior exhibitions; then, orations could not be delivered in English, except by special permission, but were required to be in Latin, Greek or Hebrew. Examinations now, are held solely in the text books read; then, students were supposed to be acquainted with the Latin and Greek *languages*, and were required to be ready to sustain an examination in *any* text book in these languages. Besides, long "original compositions," or compositions in Latin, and original versification in Greek and Latin, were among the common requirements. In fact, Latin came to be used as the vernacular tongue, and the use of the English was prohibited. Consequently, a classical tone was given to the literature and habits of those days. Not only do the writings of the scholars of that time abound in classical quotations and allusions, and their styles seemed formed in the purest moulds, but the men themselves, seemed to have imbibed the spirit of the ancient authors, with which they were so conversant. Hence that great acuteness of expression and richness of illustration, which nothing can more promote, than an acquaintance with the precise and exuberant Greek. And we have sometimes thought, that that great urbanity and firmness of purpose, so markedly characteristic of the "gentleman of the old school," was gained in a great degree, from an intimacy with the dignified and masculine Latin, the language of Brutus and of the "unshorn Cato." The general state of Classical acquirements at the present time, can be fairly shown from this. It is a common remark among college students, that the greater portion of under-graduates know less of Latin and Greek at the time they take their diplomas, than they did when they entered as Freshmen. This testimony is the strongest possible, and so far as we know has no exceptions. It is a lamentable truth. And there are few in the better half, who if called upon to translate off-hand some Greek sentence which they had not seen before, would not be obliged to decline. We are not croaking, when we say what we believe to be a general feeling in college, that Greek and Latin scholarship is not now what it should be.

Now we feel warranted to assert, that this state of things has been brought about in a very great degree, by the introduction and use in college, of literal translations of the classics,—warranted by the nature of the case; for these translations hold out an inducement to the student for indulgence in indolence and carelessness,—they lead him to think that the road to learning has been, in the progress of all things, made a road of

ease and luxury—that there is a "royal road to learning;" warranted also, by the confessions we daily hear from those who have been taken in the trap, of the great injury the use of these translations has been to their scholarship. And if we have given the true reason, then is Mr. Bohn, by the publication of the "Classical Library," especially guilty. But there are two special pleas which Mr. Bohn may put in, either of which, if true, will exonerate him from the charge of making money by the "vending of noxious drugs," destructive of scholarship. He is not guilty, if he can show that these "literal translations" are a *real* assistance to scholars, or else that he publishes them as mere literary works, for the general reader, and that their present use in colleges was not his design.

Now the first point has been discussed too often to require much notice here. It would be strange if a translation, which furnishes at hand to the student, the whole construction of the text, and thus destroys the necessity of his *own* exertions, should be of any benefit. But if it be said that he needs some guide to correct his own translations, *free* translations will serve as such a guide, so far as to tell him if he have the right idea, and yet *not* give him the construction. Moreover we have able Professors and teachers, competent to correct our mistranslations. Besides, if Mr. Bohn has regard to the opinion of those competent to judge, he broaches this idea (if he does broach it) in the face of the judgment of the best scholars in England; among whom may be named that great champion of true scholarship, Dr. Arnold.

As to the second point, we do not intend to go into a long review of Mr. Bohn's Translations, but will give the reader one or two short extracts from the translation of Sophocles' Tragedies, as specimens of the literary beauties of these works. The opening of Oedipus Tyrannus is translated thus:—

"Oedipus, my children, youthful generation of Cadmus of old, what can be (the meaning of) these sittings ye are thronging hither before me, decorated with suppliant branches? whilst the city is at the same time fraught with incense-offerings, and at the same time with both pæan-hymns and wailings. Which things, I thinking it my duty not to hear from others, and those messengers, my children, have myself come hither; I, Oedipus, styled by all the illustrious. But, O aged man, say, since it naturally becomes thee to speak in behalf of these, in what mood ye stand affected; fearing, or earnestly seeking; since I would willingly give you every succour; for I were unfeeling not to compassionate a meeting such as this."

But we especially admire the translation of the first *chorus* in Antigone. At the one hundreth line of the original, the translation goes thus:

Chorus.—"Beam of the sun, that hath shone the fairest light of all before to seven-gated Thebes, thou hast at length gleamed forth, oh eye of golden day! coming above the channels of Dirce's streams, having driven a hasty onward fugitive with keener urged rein the chief of the silver shield, who came from Argos with all his panoply,—whom, shrilly clamoring, against our land, uproused by a doubtful contest, Polynices, like an eagle hovered over the earth covered with the wing of white snow, with many a shield, and with plumed helms. And having taken his stand above our palaces, ravening all around with bloody spears the outlets of the seven gates, he departed before that he had gorged his jaws with our blood, and pitchy flame had seized the coronet of our towers: such a martial clatter was raised in his rear by the dragon his match, as could not be overcome. For Jove beyond measure hates the vaunts of a haughty tongue; and seeing them rushing on in a mighty stream, with the clangor of gold, and in the pride of armor, he dashes down with brandished flame, him, who was already hastening to shout forth the strain of victory on the summits of the battlements. And the bearer of the fire fell shattered with rebound on earth, he who then raging with frantic spirit, blew upon us with the blasts of most hateful winds. And in one quarter a different fortune indeed prevailed, but mighty Mars leading the right wing and thickening the fray, directed other evils against others," &c., &c.

These are fair samples of the "style" of the whole book, and so far as we know, of the whole "Classical (?) Library;" at least so far as the literal translations go, for it is of these we are speaking. Now Sophocles has a great reputation as a poet of unusual pathos and beauty. The original Greek, in its smooth Iambics, is pleasant to the ear; and some of its poetic translations are exceedingly fine reading. But we leave it to the reader, we leave it to Mr. Bohn, who is said to be a gentleman of liberal education, if the reputation of Sophocles would not suffer greatly, were we to take this translation as a fair sample of his poetry? The choruses have been represented to us by critics, as remarkable for fine metaphors, and beautiful and exuberant imagery; and indeed we behold the metaphors and the imagery, but they so greatly lack a happy combination, that we feel little pleasure in finding them; indeed, to us the chief concern is to make sensible English of the mass of words. As when the traveler gazes upon the ruins of some mighty temple, and finds here but a broken buttress, and there but a prostrate column, yet gains no idea of the *temple* itself, in its noble proportions, so much famed.

The translators of Bohn's Classics display a thorough knowledge of the syntax of the Greek text; and we have doubtless in these volumes, good word for word translations. But it seems to have been overlooked, that there is a *poetic* element to be taken into consideration—that any translation, which does not transfer the Latin or Greek idiom into the English, but retains the original idiom in the English version, as do almost all of Bohn's books, will be a failure—that, that which conveys to the reader the author's idea and spirit most perfectly, is really the most correct translation.

So we think that the idea of these books ever becoming popular reading, is absurd. But they pay Mr. Bohn. Sold at a low price, numbers being constantly published, students will be purchasers, though it be, as with the users of opium, to their own great injury. But let the question be, can nothing be done to offset the bad influence of these books on the general classical education of the country. It may be replied, that the student should exercise self-control, and not use translations. It is very well to say, but well in theory only. If placed before him, it is human nature to use them, and use them he will. The Freshman, indeed, during his first term, shuns the sight of a translation to Livy, as of some venomous serpent; during the second term he steals cautious glances at a Smart's Horace, or translation of Homer, but keeps it most of the time under lock and key; the third term, his class boldly send for Bohn's Thucydides, which is generally sent in the same package with Owen's; and the Sophomore takes a sort of delight in reviewing the marshaled array of blue backs on his library shelves.

We are aware, that in penning the above, we are exposing ourselves to the satire of our college readers. They will apply to us the "*Argumentum* ad *hominum*," and tell us we had better have headed this article, "Confessions of a Reformed Pony-User," or some such expressive title. Very well—we do not intend to discuss how much *we* have used translations, but so far as we may have used them, we have received only injury; and so far as the above statements may be our "confessions," they are entitled to the more weight.

It is now openly debated, whether we had not better strike out the Classics from our course of instruction, as failing to attain their object. But we trust that our seats of learning, will ever be sacred to the Muses. We firmly believe that a classical education, is the very best discipline for the mind; and certainly, the road to classical learning is one strewn with flowers. We have found beauty in the varied metres of Horace, and in

his graceful and felicitous odes; whether he sings of his love for Lydia, the death of the youthful Mystes, or the "firm mind of Cato;" there is certainly pleasure to be found in reading the bold invectives of Cicero, or the terse, yet full descriptions of Tacitus; and no one who has a tolerable acquaintance with it, can fail of admiring the Latin language, for its noted masculine dignity. And if there is so much to be admired in the Latin, what shall be said of the Greek, "the language of the Gods?" All of our college readers have doubtless seen the beautiful eulogy of Coleridge, which Crosby has prefixed to his grammar, to invite, as it were, a study of a not very interesting book, but which serves as a path to a "promised land."

"Greek, the shrine of the genius of the old world; as universal as our race, as individual as ourselves; of infinite flexibility, of indefatigable strength, with the complication and the distinctness of nature herself; to which nothing was vulgar, from which nothing was excluded; speaking to the ear like Italian, speaking to the mind like English; with words like pictures; with words like the gossamer film of the summer; at once the variety and picturesqueness of Homer, the gloom and intensity of Aeschylus; not compressed to the closest by Thucydides, not fathomed to the bottom by Plato, nor sounded with all its thunders, nor lit up with all its ardors, even under the Promethian touch of Demosthenes!"

Our fathers wandered in the Enchanted Land, where the Muses hold their seats. We also would sit by their fountains, and listen to their oracles.

THE PORTUGUESE IN INDIA.

WHEN Sesostris, in the infancy of the world, extended his arms to the Hydaspes, he established a precedent which has been eagerly adopted by succeeding conquerors. While each fortunate expedition to the Indian peninsular inflamed the cupidity of the West by spreading the fame of its exhaustless riches, it also proved the defenceless state of those riches and the indolence of the tropical nations. Accordingly, Hindostan, up to the commencement of the fifteenth century, had suffered no less than twenty-eight conquests, or rather inroads, inflicted by eight of the boasted heroes of antiquity and the middle ages, omitting the allegorical progress of Bacchus. But the Portuguese were the first Europeans who acquired any clear knowledge of, or permanent sway in those remote regions.

Before entering on the narrative of their eastern dominion, a few descriptive remarks might be of use in guiding the reader. Hindostan on the north is defended by the sublime natural bulwarks of the Himalayas. This ridge, as it gradually descends to the vast level region at its base, presents in its stupendous ranges the various growth and temperature of the poles and the tropics. From founts concealed within the eternal glaciers of those mountains, where the eye of man has never penetrated, numerous streams descend to the plains lying between the Punjab and Bengal, called the Plains of the Ganges and the Indus, fertilizing a tract many hundred miles in extent. Notwithstanding the oft repeated ravages of pestilence and war, cultivation has in all ages rendered this vast plateau smiling as the garden of the Lord. This has been the battle ground of India's invaders; this has been the seat of the magnificent Patan and Mogûl dynasties; and this, to come down to our times, is the arena where Islamism is making an expiring struggle against English aggression.

The Deccan, or peninsular India, presents a totally different aspect. Its northern boundary is defined by a series of heights, at both extremities of which commence the Ghauts, which girdle the seaboard of Coromandel and Malabar. These ranges are clothed with all the vegetable luxuriance of the tropics. The feathery palm, the acacia, the cocoa and the

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cinnamon blend their foliage with numerous parasitic plants, while above all towers the majestic Teak, the oak of the Indies. The table-land of the interior, rising alternately from three to eight thousand feet above the sea, has ever been occupied by numerous ephemeral principalities, which have risen and decayed with a rapidity that finds no parallel, except beyond the Persian gulf. Here are found the gold and diamond mines which have been the source of oriental splendor. The climate of this lofty country, displays near the Equator the salubrity of the temperate zone.

Its rolling expanse is swept on either hand by gentle gales, which blow periodically, perfuming the atmosphere with the fragrance of the aromatic groves, which diversify the landscape. Here the soul, refreshed by the amenity of the scenery, the softness of the air, and the purity of the spangling firmament, finds realized the Elysium of Virgil, the *Atlantis* of Plato, and the visions of the poet of all ages.

The profound abysses and perilous defiles of the Himalayah, although surmounted by the boundless ambition of conquerors, have hitherto presented a sufficient barrier to the passage of caravans, the Eastern method of transporting merchandise. The expeditions of Scylax and Nearchus, demonstrated the possibility of maintaining intercourse between the West and the East by sea, and this has been the course adopted to the present day. The tedious coasting voyage was fortunately at an early period, considerably shortened by the sagacity and boldness of one Hippalus, who observed the steady return of the monsoon, and steered before it directly across the ocean from the Red Sea.

Myos Hormos, on the Red Sea, and Ormus on the Persian Gulf have at different times been the favored emporiums of Indian trade. During the prosperity of the former, the gems, the silk and the spices wafted to its port, were conveyed to the Nile, down which they reached Alexandria, from whence they enriched imperial Rome. So great was this traffic, that, since the Indians accepted chiefly silver and gold in return for their wares, "it was deemed," observes Gibbon, "a complaint worthy of the gravity of the senate, that in the purchase of female ornaments, the wealth of the state was irrecoverably given away to foreign and hostile nations." When the Roman Empire was dissolved Ormus attracted the fleets sailing from the Malabar coast. And the gallies of Italy, communicating with the caravans proceeding to the shores of the Mediterranean, founded in the middle ages the power and magnificence of Pisa, Venice and Genoa, on the riches of the remote East.

As a long intervening space of time between us and antiquity tends to throw an air of romance over the events of past ages; so the difficulty of access to India, and its distance from the nations of the Occident contributed to diffuse an air of enchantment over its spice-bearing regions. This exalted opinion of the Indies was increased by the obscure and marvelous tales disseminated throughout Europe by the Crusaders. Travelers, whose native enterprise and inquisitiveness had induced them to penetrate to the extremities of the Asiatic continent, occasionally returned to the West, laden with treasure and confirming the reported opulence of the Orient. Such were Sir John Mandeville and the Polos. The ignorance of the age confounded the names of Kambalu, Cipango and Kathay with the Indies, and the Indies were supposed to be of such extent, that a few days sail to the westward of Europe would discover a speedy method of transit for the merchandise of the East. The visionary temperament of Columbus kindled at this conjecture, and it was with the hope of such a discovery that he sailed from Palos. The phantom renown of Prester John was now at its height; but like a meteor of the Fenlands he incessantly eluded the search of Christendom.

At this epoch, a series of able and patriotic monarchs enabled the small kingdom of Portugal to rise above mediocrity, and emboldened her navies to assert the sovereignty of the seas. The whole nation was moved by that lofty enthusiasm, that spirit of chivalry, which was inspired by their long and successful contests with the Moors. The strains of Portugal's most illustrious bards were now heard on the banks of the Tagus, the martial youth burned to emulate their fathers' glory, and spread the fame of their country by conquest, and a generous policy distinguished the sway of the Burgundian line. But the growing power of Spain on the eastern frontier, and the sturdy resistance of the Mohommedans beyond the Pillars of Hercules, seemed to present insurmountable obstacles to extending the dominion of this miniature kingdom. It was to the ocean alone that the national ardor could turn with any hope of success. At this juncture, the thousand and one legends concerning St. Brandan's isle, Kathay, and Cipango, allured the Portuguese to follow the path of maritime discovery, and they boldly launched their caravals on the unexplored Atlantic, in search of these shadowy realms.

The enterprise of the Lisbon pilots was soon crowned by the sight of the Madeiras. Their daring skill urged them past the stormy headland of Bojador, and rewarded them after a few years with the ivory and gold of Senegambia; thus guiding them beyond the utmost limits assigned to

Phœnician and Carthagenian discovery. Finally, after the mouth of the Congo had been attained, John II, the noblest of the Portuguese monarchs, determined by a grand effort to achieve the circuit of Africa. Bartholomew Diaz was the commander of this expedition. After losing sight of the Congo, a terrific tempest overtook his vessel, and swept it into the frozen seas of the Antartic zone; his was

"the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

When a change of wind restored him to milder latitudes, the clamors of his crew obliged him to steer for the North, and in the course of a few days, the mighty Cape, which had throughout the ages baffled the pursuit of the nations, loomed up before him, awful in its solitude. Camoen's description of the Spirit of the Cape appearing in threatening grandeur before the venturous navigators, is one of the sublimest conceptions that has been produced by the human intellect.

It is interesting to observe how in a nation's prosperous era, genius assumes her authority, ushering before the world in crowds, individuals of distinguished character whose shining qualities at a less favorable period, might have remained dormant or unnoticed. So was it with Athens in the time of Pericles, and with Rome during the reign of Augustus; and thus was it with Portugal in her palmiest days. The enlightened court of King John attracted a constellation of illustrious men, that might have graced the annals of the proudest people. Foremost among these was Vasco De Gama, a name always associated with that of India. He sailed in 1497, five years subsequent to the discovery of the western continent, and reached the Cape of Good Hope after a voyage of four months. Various curious and startling adventures attended his progress up the Eastern coast of Africa. Among other events, he heard on this coast of the semi-christian but barbaric sovereign of Abyssinia; with a liveliness of fancy peculiar to the discoverers of that age, he at once concluded that this could be no other than the far famed Prester John. A little reflection might have convinced him of his fallacy, since Prester John, if ever he existed, was universally allowed to be an Asiatic monarch. Having procured a pilot at Melinda, De Gama finally turned his prow towards India, and performed the voyage in safety, anchoring in the port of Calicut. The Zamorin of that city was the first Indian prince who suffered from European aggression.

The expedition immediately succeeding that of Vasco De Gama was fitted out on a formidable scale, but it is chiefly important as the one which

discovered and took possession of Brazil. It never occurred to the Portuguese, then arrogant with success, that this region would in after times afford an asylum to the house of Braganza. After performing prodigies of valor, the Portuguese succeeded in gaining possession of various important points on the Malabar coast. A vice-royalty was soon established, and Almeida was the first who assumed that office. He was followed by Albuquerque, whose celebrity still resounds throughout the East.

On the coast of Canara, in the Deccan, lies the small island of Goa. It was early in the sixteenth century governed by a sovereign who had thrown off the yoke of the Mogûls. No sooner had Albuquerque attained to the viceroyalty, than he determined on the acquisition of Goa, which, from its central and insular position, might well become a station for his fleets, a place of general rendezvous for his forces, and a starting point from whence to set out on his vast schemes of conquest. In a word, he here determined to found the capital of the Portuguese empire in the Indies. With consummate skill he twice carried the fortifications of the island, and twice sustained there with a handful of heroes, the overwhelming hosts of the injured monarch, who was finally obliged in despair to leave his capital in the hands of the invader. Goa, the first secure possession of Portugal in India, is the last which remains to her in her decline.

Malacca in the East, and Ormus in the West, next allured the ambition of the Portuguese Cortez. Malacca was the Key to the islands of Malaysia, which lay indefinitely to the eastward, the fabled source of all wealth, luxuriance and prosperity. When Malacca fell, the doom of Ormus was sealed, "that great city wherein were made rich all that had ships on the sea, by reason of her costliness." Although when she first came under the rule of her new masters, Ormus retained much of her pristine glory, she never recovered from the blow. Within the last century she has fallen rapidly to decay, only an insignificant town surviving to mark the site of a magnificence which rivaled that of Aradus and Tyre. The fisherman spreads his net where the palaces of princes arose, and the scream of the seabird is heard there, instead of the melodious refrains of viol and of dulcimar, that once floated over the moonlight billow.

At the death of Albuquerque in 1515, the standard of Portugal was feared and respected from Babelmandel to Tidore. The career of the Portuguese in India bears a close resemblance to the Spanish conquests in America. For the ardent energy of Columbus, we find a parallel in the enthusiastic enterprise of Bartholomew Diaz. To the desperate valor

of Cortez and Ojeda, corresponds the heroism of Pucheco and Almeida. To the visionary aspirations of Ponce De Leon and Nunez de Balboa, is opposed the romantic and successful ambition of Vasco De Gama and Albuquerque. The almost superhuman exploits achieved by the Spaniards in the New World, were rivaled by the deeds performed by the victorious Portuguese, with whom it seemed as if one could "chase a thousand." Whatever may have been their spirit in after ages in the East Indies, the conquerors of the Moors entirely vindicated their race from the imputation of pusillanimity.

The Spaniards intermarried with the weak-minded Aborigines of the West Indies, thus degenerating their European stock. The Portuguese also intermarried with the females of Hindostan, producing a mixed race, which is still found in India, and is there considered as the lowest order of mankind. We state the fact, leaving it to physiologists to explain the cause of such degeneracy.

An amusing instance of matrimony is recorded in the chronicles of the Portuguese colonies, resembling a similar event in the history of infant Rome. Having taken a number of female captives, the viceroy of Goa was desirous of turning them to account; he accordingly made search in his garrison, and found an equal number of bachelors who were anxious to swear allegiance to Hymen. The happy individuals were accordingly assembled in the cathedral and the ceremony was performed once for all. At this juncture the sacristan most unfortunately extinguished the lights, thereby rendering recognition between the parties impossible. When morning at length arrived, it was decided, after mature reflection, that each cabalero should be content with the wife allotted to him by accident.

Like most nations of mushroom growth, Portugal was soon scorched by the very excess of her glory. Her enterprise decreased, her kings ceased to inherit with the crown the wisdom of their ancestors, and the introduction of the Jesuits and the Inquisition into the kingdom, completed her downfall. The languor of the mother country was communicated to her remotest provinces, and when the Dutch appeared in the East Indies, at the opening of the 17th century, they found it a comparatively easy matter to deprive the Portuguese of their possessions. They applied themselves to the task with that dogged resolution which has always characterized Dutch aggression in foreign lands. Above all they had for their ally a very easy conscience, which allowed them to slaughter, pillage, and break treaties without the slightest pangs of remorse. The Dutch have been in their day by no means such comical and inoffensive beings as Ir-

ving and other mock satirists would have us believe. No invaders of India have equaled their treachery and bloodthirstiness.

Goa still continues in appearance one of the noblest cities beyond the Red Sea. But the Inquisition, that scourge of Christendom invented by the modern Babylon, which, like the serpent of the fable, has mortally stung the vitals of every nation that has taken it into its bosom, displays its insidious power even here, at the ends of the earth. For nearly three centuries, in spite of the neighboring influence of the English East India Company, the dungeons of the Holy Office, with their two hundred living tombs, stood triumphant by the side of the viceroy's palace. The statue of Vasco De Gama, standing for ages over the portal of that palace, if it had a tongue could relate a tale of horror that would freeze the blood. The influence of this terrible tribunal was felt, like the shadow of the deadly Upas, over the whole of India, and even Englishmen have repeatedly experienced its tender mercies. Pietro Della Valli, a distinguished traveler of the seventeenth century, and a Roman Catholic, bears testimony, "that there was more security and pleasure among pagans, or even among heretics, than in this Portuguese city, where all strangers were regarded with horror, and met with nothing but baseness and treachery." So completely did the Jesuits assert their authority in Goa, that the governor and the Portuguese residents removed many years since to New Goa, ten miles distant. Thus a republic of priests was virtually formed, who adorned their capital with no less than two hundred churches, built and lavishly beautified with the accumulated wealth of provinces. In the church of St. Francis, in a monument glittering with precious stones, repose the ashes of St. Francis Xavier, the evangelist of India, to whose prayers the Portuguese attribute the preservation of Goa, while most of their other colonies have fallen away. It is a pleasant task to state that in the year 1815 this hot bed of iniquity was abolished forever, but it has left traces that ages can hardly efface.

The Portuguese dominion in the East Indies presents one of those brilliant phenomena in the career of the human race, which have occasionally appeared during the lapse of ages, dazzling the world for a time, and then vanishing in eternal gloom. Imagine for a moment that Portugal, a little strip on the seaboard of Europe, should once have exercised sovereignty beyond the rising of the sun, over regions extending from Africa to the Pacific; imagine Albuquerque seated on his throne at Goa, assuming the courtly magnificence of an Indian potentate, and deciding the fate of nations; behold him navigating superb armaments over the Indian ocean,

and storming, at the head of a veteran band, cities coeval with the rise of civilization in the East. Contemplate such spectacles as these, and then compare them with the condition of Portugal and her colonies of the present day. The contrast would be contemptible were it not productive of profitable reflections on the transitory nature of human glory. And here we leave the reader, hoping as opportunity may offer, to stray again with him through India's garden of the Hesperides—to dream by Gunga's fairy waters—to watch the sunset gleaming on the gilded spires of the Taj Mahâl—to listen to the silver bells of Benares' bayadères, and there take a glance at the rise of the British power in the East.

FOPPERY.

Weak man is beset by a troop of insidious foes, which do not attack him openly, nor strive to overcome him by sudden assault, but lurk around him, gain his favor by fair promises, and finally overwhelm with mortification and chagrin, nay, oftentimes effect his ruin mentally and morally. These foes are the attributes of human nature itself. Foremost among them is the innate love of show, of display, which some possess. I do not mean that laudable pride or ambition which impels a man to raise himself above the level of mediocrity, and to seek for preëminence and excellence, but the folly which would build for the admiration of others a superstructure of dazzling but superficial attainments, upon the rotten foundation of ignorance and shallowness. It is indicative of slothfulness, of vanity, and of deceit; of slothfulness, for its possessor would escape the laborious and slow but certain acquirement of desired powers, content with a slight and easy exertion; of vanity, because he seeks to parade a host of glittering appearances; and of deceit, because he would conceal the cheap material of which he is made, with the shining varnish of superficial acquirements, a varnish which any contact with a more solid and enduring substance, will instantly deface. This spirit of Foppery is, unhappily, universally prevalent. It

exists in every state of society and in every country, and is even now advancing in our own. It here plainly manifests itself in dress, learning and literature.

Foppery in dress, however, is comparatively of little consequence. If people delight to deck themselves with every variety of tinsel and ornament, if they regard a fine coat or a handsome dress as objects of study and pursuit, and their personal appearance as one of the most important matters in the world, they perhaps are merely deserving of contempt; but when one does not confine his foppery to his dress or manners, but carries it into his learning and accomplishments, he becomes an object of pity as well as of scorn. There are those who do not seek for a profound or even moderately extensive knowledge of any subject, but, desirous of obtaining the reputation of men of versatile talents, and of varied knowledge, acquire a smattering of almost every branch of science and of art. All the beneficial training which deep study gives, power of application, pleasure in having mastered a subject and vigor of thought, they throw away, because they wish merely to shine in society as men of brilliant parts. In a land so notoriously "fast" as this, men cannot afford *time* to plow up the soil of the mind in deep furrows with laborious process, but allow the plow of education to skim lightly over its surface, and thus a thin and scanty crop is produced. Fops in study are abundant at College. Caring nothing for the acquirement of knowledge, wishing for no profundity of character, they aim at showy recitations and the reputation of "smart fellows." They despise a "grub;" unwilling to undergo the labor of severe study, but desiring the admiration of their professors and classmates, they rely upon the aid of translations to enable them to pass with credit through College, and to enter the world utterly devoid of any soundness, or energy of mind. This is Foppery indeed. It is the same spirit which prompts a man to clothe his perishable body in "purple and fine linen," only manifested in a far more dangerous degree, and here causing him to array his mind with a garment, shining it is true, but thin and weak of texture.

The books, which now emanate from the Press, are proofs that this foppish spirit extends to that numerous class which feeds the mental appetite of the people. Many of the writers of the present day offer food fair to the eye, sweet to the taste, but affording no healthful nutriment. It soon cloys and sickens, nay, often injures the mental constitution. The ideas, which these authors convey to their numerous readers, are clothed in pretty language, and have the appearance of bright and pleasing things,

but they are mere nothings, or are old and worn, though so seemingly new. We would suppose that their real character would soon be seen through, and that, although people might at first be pleased, they would soon be disgusted, with them. But real merit is too often unnoticed, and showy emptiness too often lauded and sought after. While this is so—while all that glitters is valued as gold, and foppery in learning and literature will pass for true worth, we may expect, not only in College but everywhere, absence of all true excellence and real attainments. A race of shallow philosophers, ignorant statesmen and of superficial writers, we may soon witness a decay of that greatness so preeminently our own. The common sense of the people should foresee these disasters, and provide for them a remedy by permitting only the thorough and energetic to meet with success and distinction.

OUR LIBRARIES.

We remember a certain Saturday afternoon, many years ago, when, under the guidance of an affable Junior, we ascended the gorgeous staircases of South College, and entered, for the first time, the halls of the Literary Societies. We were young and fresh in those days; the sun shone brighter than it does in these later times; the colors of the rainbow were more brilliant than now; and the Philotechnian carpet was newer than it is to-day. Well do we remember the delight with which we viewed those far-reaching lines of books that adorned the walls with the splendors of the binder's art, and the pleasure we promised to ourselves during the coming years in which *we* should enjoy the privilege of *drawing books* from the '*Technian Library*. Alas, for the anticipations of youth; how hardly have they been realized!

Our libraries (we mean not the three-decker bookcases before which every student is, by an elegant hypothesis, supposed to pass the majority of his time, but those larger bibliothecal aggregations whose portals semi-weekly,

"Open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,")

are known to all the college world; and it may, with some degree of plausibility, be doubted whether we can impart any information concerning such notorious institutions. Nothing intimidated, however, by the difficulty of the task, we have proposed to ourselves the example set forth by those ingenious committees appointed of Congress, to investigate abuses about which all the world is already informed; and herewith present our "Report."

Ascending, then, the aforementioned staircases of South College, and turning to the right, as the law directs, we find ourselves among the books belonging to the Philotechnian Society. In default of a separate apartment, the cases which contain the library are ranged around the room in which the society holds its weekly meetings. This is a bad arrangement; for the sombre stiffness of the cases and their contents takes away much from the appearance of the room. The hall of a literary society should be *got up* in an æsthetic manner, and should not be made to resemble a carpenter's shop by having the tools of the trade sticking up all around its walls. Then the additional wear and tear of the carpets and furniture occasioned by the semi-weekly admission of the members to the privileges of the library, is in itself a sufficient reason why the bookcases should be ejected forthwith from their present quarters.

Across the passage, and directly opposite the Philotechnian Hall, is situated the Hall of the Philologian Society. The two societies, their halls, and their libraries, are as nearly alike as two peas in a pod;—the vices and excellences of the one are the vices and excellences of the other; so that, for the purposes of this investigation, we may consider the two in a lump.

In the first place, then, the libraries, as we have already urged, should be accommodated with a room, or rooms, exclusively set apart for that purpose. It is, perhaps, well, for the sake of convenience, that they should remain separate, and under the control of their respective owners; but we can see no good reason why the members of the two societies should not be allowed to draw books from either library without payment of any additional fees. The present exclusive system necessitates the purchase of very nearly the same books for the one library as for the other; whereas, if both were free to all, the number of duplicate volumes might be very much lessened, and all the society members would enjoy the benefits of nine thousand volumes, instead of only four or five thousand, as now.

It is in some respects unfortunate that these libraries have been formed by slow accretions. There is a consequent want of symmetry in the

aggregate. When such a thing is possible, a library should be selected as a whole by competent persons, for then all the departments of literature will be equally represented. But when a library grows out of nothing at the rate of two hundred volumes a year, and when those two hundred volumes are liable to be selected by some official whose control over the matter expires after twelve months' incumbency, the result, after the lapse of a few years, is a collection of books more resembling a Nassau street second-hand bookstore than the library of an association of scholars. It is, however, useless to sigh for a change in this respect; but we do wish to suggest the hope that some method may be adopted by which the owners of these libraries, to wit, the students, can have a voice in the selection and purchase of books whenever additions are made. An open list should be kept in some convenient place, and every member of the association should be allowed the privilege of entering the titles of such works as he considers desirable for the increase of the library. In this way the libraries would profit by the multitude of counsellors, and we should see, upon the shelves, more works of a high order—such as students need—and fewer specimens of that ephemeral literature which now obstructs so much space with trash like "The Memoirs of the Elephant Club;" "My Courtship and its Consequences;" &c., &c.

With reverential air and solemn step we approach that venerable, fossil collection known among men as the *College Library*. Here, in the pillared alcoves, and under the spacious dome of Lawrence Hall, are mouldering some nine thousand volumes; of which, the majority, we believe, are coeval with the foundation of the college itself. We do not hesitate to say that our college library is a full century behind the wants of the present age. Its moth-eaten encyclopedias and magazines were printed when modern science was in its infancy; and are, therefore, of very little value as works of reference. Its volumes of history, travel, and classical literature, are worn and tattered with age; so much so, indeed, that fully one-half the contents of the alcoves are valuable to the antiquarian alone.

This is a bad state of things; but it might be endured if the books, such as they are, were accessible. On the contrary, however, the powers that be, out of their tender regard, no doubt, for the dilapidated condition of their charges, have rendered so difficult the search for treasures in Lawrence Hall, that it is only as a last resort that undergraduates can muster courage for the exploration of the college library. We never pass

the grim gate-way which crowns the head of the winding stairs, without seeming to see inscribed above our pates the awful words:

"Who enters here, leaves hope behind;"

and full often has that been our literal fate. The only catalogue of the library is one that was printed years ago, so that we are kept in utter ignorance of all recent additions; for, barred out of the alcoves where alone could we become acquainted with the contents of the shelves, it is impossible to read the titles of the books; and one, consequently, knows not what to ask from the librarian. We do not complain of being shut away from the books, for they should be carefully guarded against misuse; but we do complain of the imperfect catalogues, from which alone, under the present arrangement is any information to be obtained concerning the contents of the library.*

It is a commonly received tradition that, in a dismal vault, under the library, where profane collegiate eyes have never penetrated the gloom which shrouds the inquisitorial sessions of the Trustees at commencement time, there are laid up many rare and valuable tomes—the gift of the late Amos Lawrence. If this be true, why are they kept where they can be of no possible use to those for whose benefit they were presented! Surely, books were made to be seen and read. If there are any students not fit to be trusted with a valuable book, let them be at once eliminated from college; but let the rest of us enjoy the privileges of manhood. The seniors, at least, ought to be treated with some degree of consideration; and, if there are indeed any books too costly for transportation from the hall, a place should be provided where such works can be inspected at pleasure.

Our college library greatly needs an addition to its present diminutive proportions. No department of the institution is more in want of aid than this: and, now that funds have been obtained for the new chapel, we trust that no efforts will be spared until the library has been made worthy of our Alma Mater.

From Lawrence Hall we proceed to No. 8 East College. Are there yet lower depths, and darkness more profound, than those from which we have but just emerged! Yea, even so; for here, in a narrow closet, is located the Franklin Library—a collection of text books, which are loaned

* Since penning the above, we have been informed that a manuscript catalogue of all the books in Lawrence Hall has been seen on the table of the librarian; but such a work, if it really exists, can, of necessity, be of real service only to the officials of the library.

to students whose limited means preclude the purchase of such works as are required for the proper elucidation of the college curriculum. It was once, no doubt, a valuable resource; but now, alas, how are its glories departed! Piles of books without covers; covers without books; here a volume without beginning or end; there another with only the preface and conclusion, *membra disjecta*; such is the Franklin Library. Not a single volume on its shelves has escaped the general mutilation and disfigurement. Surely, if this hard usage is indicative of the mental activity of the users, old Williams has reason to be proud of her sons. We rather question the propriety of furnishing students with text books in this manner. If the idle young gentleman who has just disappeared with that armful of "Franklin Library books" had been obliged to pay a dollar for each of the dozen volumes which fell to his lot, he would not so often search his book-case for a missile wherewith to slay the unoffending mice which ramble over his carpet, and his shelves would be less frequently disfigured by those fragmentary relics of the binder's art, which are now so common.

Next on the list of our libraries, is the collection belonging to the Mills Theological Society. This numbers nearly two thousand volumes,—all of a valuable character, and at any moment accessible to the members of college. A library like this is of great service, especially to those studying for the ministry, and is worthy of more attention from the Alumni than it has hitherto received. Like all our other libraries, it should be greatly enlarged; and we cannot but hope that the friends of the cause will promptly take measures for the supplying of the deficiences which now exist.

It was our intention to make some statements concerning the library of the Natural History Society; but, on visiting Jackson Hall for the purpose of making a preliminary examination, we found that the books were all "out;" from which fact we infer that the collection is yet in its infancy. Where are the works of Cuvier and of Buffon! Where is the name of Williams College on the list of subscribers to Agassiz's great work! Echo answers, "Where!"

SCENE.—*The College Chapel.* TIME,—*Nine o'clock, A. M., Aug.* 4, 1858. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,—*Alumni on the floor of the house,—applauding spectators in the galleries.—Curtain rises, and discloses to view a distinguished gentleman, also rising, with a copy of The Williams Quarterly for March in his hand.*

1*st Dist. Gent.* Mr. President—I hold in my hand a copy of The

Williams Quarterly. By your leave I shall read a few short extracts from an article entitled, "Our Libraries." *(Reads, and after reading continues:)* Now, Mr. President, this is a wretched state of things, and one that can be suffered no longer. We must do something more for our Alma Mater than has yet been done. Lawrence Hall must be filled up,—must be enlarged; our sons must have better advantages than their fathers enjoyed. Mr. Secretary, put me down for a thousand dollars worth of new books. *(Immense cheering.)*

2*d Dist. Gent.* Mr. President—I have not been here for thirty years. I have never in my life given a dollar to Williams College, excepting when under compulsion at the treasurer's office, more than thirty years ago. I lost fifty thousand dollars last year. I am getting old, and can't afford to lose any more money. I must invest where there is better security than we can get now-a-days in Wall Street. Put me down for *two* thousand. *(Tremendous cheers, during which the curtain, breaking loose, falls, and cannot be raised again for several minutes. When it is once more rolled up, the meeting appears highly excited; the secretary is adding up several long columns of figures; after which the president announces that fifteen thousand five hundred and twenty dollars have been subscribed towards the proposed enlargement of the library. Renewed cheering, and martial music in the distance.* EXEUNT OMNES, *greatly delighted.)*

FAIRIES.

"O HARK, O hear! how thin and clear,—
And thinner, clearer, farther going:
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying!
Blow bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying."

WILL philosophers deign to wander for a few moments in the very shadowy and undefined regions of fairy-land? To us, who are only the common herd, it would seem to be full of charms for philosophers; for there are mysteries here which call for revelation, and analogies which invite pursuit, and dissimilitudes which demand reconciliation or explanation. But alas! these analogies and dissimilitudes, and mysteries, show too great promise of a certain truth to be reached. If there were only a moderate probability that fairy-land had no boundaries, that its streams had no source and no outlet, but flowed on forever, effecting nothing in particular, except to reflect the image of the gazer,—that its forests were boundless, tangled labyrinths, whence there was no possibility of escaping, then fairy-land would be full of philosophers. In their absence, a little common sense may be tolerated.

There seem to be two great fields for the human imagination—the field of probability and the field of improbability. In the one it is bound entirely by the laws of imitation, and must bring its productions all to the judgment of a severe conventional taste; in the other it knows no limitation. Among the fruits of the former are the plastic arts and poetry; in the latter we find scattered with wild profusion, all those stories of giants, and ghosts, and fairies, which in our childhood puzzled our "inquiring minds" by day, and haunted us past churchyards by night.

Connected with this there is something interesting in the geography of fairy-land. In the East, where the very surface of the earth is a magnificent romance, with its mountains and jungles, its Saharas and Paradises so wierdly thrown together, where the government is a disorganization, and the law is feared not half so much as the brigand, the most wild and gorgeous fairy tales have had their origin.

In Greece there was less territory and more need of systematic labor; less anarchy and more inhabitativeness, and so less of the purer sort of imagination, and more of the mimetic arts.

Roman character is clearly mirrored in Roman mythology. Utilitarianism, national pride, passion for conquest, and a most Ciceronian pomposity are at the basis of it all, and the superstructure is nothing but a haughty narration of the exploits of the fabled god-fathers and baby lovers of the "mistress of the world."

But farther northward, among the forests of Germany, where there is a freer air and a wilder, grander country, there is a freshness and uniqueness in the fairy tales which are sure to convince the credulous ignorant, and captivate everybody. We find here fairies, whose sole merit and occupation and interest is in *being* fairies; fairies who do not bother their spirits with military affairs, nor make assignations with petty governors to talk politics like Egeria with Numa Pompilius—right-frolicsome, unearthly sprites, who haunt the caves and the air, and the waters, and play their wayward pranks for the sole amusement of the common people.

Hogg has a charming little ballad entitled "The Origin of the Fairies," the substance of which I will give, at the risk of robbing it of all its charms in the metamorphosis into prose. The Knight of Dumblane went a hunting, and found in the forest what he was not seeking—a beautiful maiden.

"That maiden's eyes were the pearls of dew,
And her cheek the moss-rose opening new;
Her smile was the sun-blink on the brae,
When the shower is past and the cloud away.
And then her form was so light and fair
That it seemed to lean on the ambient air;
So very blithesome and so boon
That the knight was afraid it would fade too soon;
Mount on the ether from human ken,
Or melt away in the breeze of the glen."

This unexpected vision, so perfectly enchanting, was too much for the Knight, and, strange as it may seem, he fell in a swoon. When he recovered, he found the beauty applying caresses as restoratives. This was so bewilderingly delicious that the Knight fainted again,—lost himself to mankind for a "twelvemonth and a day," and awoke in an unknown land.

"And every night in his ears there rung
The accents sweet of the female tongue
Light sounds of joy through the domes were ringing,
There was laughing, dancing, harping, singing,

But foot of man in the halls was none,
Nor sound of voice but his own alone;
While every night his beloved dame
In new array to his chamber came,
And, save herself, by day or night,
No other form ever met his sight."

But these blissful times were intruded upon by the fear of multiplying cares; and ere he knew it he was wishing himself home again. "To wish and to have" in that region seemed to be identical—and in an exceedingly short space of time he found himself where he wished to be. Very naturally he soon began to pine for the happiness he had left behind him, till at length his lady fair appeared to him, leading two beautiful twin babies. Hardly were their greetings over before another lady entered precisely like the first—then a third, and a fourth, and so on till seven dames stood before him, all resembling one another so closely that the Knight could not distinguish them, and each with the same offering in her hands! The Knight was nonplused, but his mother discovered that these were "the seven weird sisters" who had been doomed to perpetual virginity,

"Unless a mortal Knight should fall
In their love snares and wed them all."

Frightened at the fate of her son the old lady proposed a christening, when the trios vanished, rejoicing in their freedom, and bestowing on the babes their parting blessing. I have quoted largely already, but I cannot resist the temptation to add a part of this benediction.

"Adieu, our sweet little babies for ever!
Blithe be your lives, and sinful never;
You may play your pranks on the wicked and wild,
But wrong not virtue's sacred child.—
So shall your frolics be lightsome and boon,
On the bridge of the rainbow or beam of the moon;
And so shall your loves in the bridal bowers
Be sweeter still than your father's and ours;
And the breezes shall rock you to sweet repose
In the lap of the lily or breast of the rose,
And your beauty every eve renew,
As you bathe your forms in the fragrant dew,
That stands a heavenly crystal bell
In the lovely dew-drops lovely well;
Your drink be the haze on the moonlight rill,
And your food be the odor which flowers distil,
And never let robes your forms adorn,
That are not from the web of the rainbow shorn,

Or the purple and green that shines afar
In the breast of the Eastern harvest star.
And then you shall ride o'er land and o'er tide,
O'er cloud and o'er foam of the firmament wide;
O'er tree and o'er torrent, o'er flood and o'er flame,
And THE FAIRIES shall be your earthly name."

So much for the Ettrick Shepherd's fanciful history. There is a theory more rational. One of the fields of the province of imagination was called the field of improbability; yet this seems to be rather an objective than a subjective improbability. With less pomp of metaphysics it may be said that very many of these creations of the imagination were solutions of philosophical and practical questions; and so of course not merely *probable*, but *real*, to those who invented and believed them. It is to us that they seem improbable. With no knowledge at all of the laws of the material world, and with the consciousness of some supreme power, it was perfectly natural that barbarous and half-civilized men should assign to every effect which was beyond their limited comprehension some preternatural or supernatural cause. Tell a savage that a mountain was the result of some irregularity in the cooling process by which the world was formed from molten matter, and he will neither comprehend nor believe you. Tell him that a mighty giant, stalking towards the sea with his apron full of earth, dropped it there, and you give him a solution at which his superstitious mind will grasp with belief and admiration. You cannot convince him that the little whirlwind is produced by the meeting of two currents of air; but he will readily attribute it to sprites of the breeze, dancing in aspiral, and tossing up the leaves in their elfish glee.

The injunction which the weird sisters placed upon their fairy babes, that they should take the part of virtue against the "wicked and wild" seems to have been heeded. Honor and good faith, chastity and modesty, have always obtained their patronage and grace, while gay deceivers and inconstant maidens have been vexed, and haunted unmercifully:—have been decoyed away, through fens and brakes, and forests, in pursuit of some fleeing apparition which turned out to be shadow just as they were in an inextricable maze; have always found their malicious designs thwarted, and have been impressed with the stern truth that the way of transgressors is hard.

In the fairy mythology of the Scandinavians we find four kinds of fairies: *Elves*, who live in the air and among the leaves; *Trolls*, whose stature is not ascertained, but who live underground in gorgeous mansions

and carry on an extensive kidnapping of women and children; *Nisses*, who are the clodhoppers of the fairy race—doomed to do all the dirty work and sleep in the barns; and *Necks* (written *nökke* in Danish) who answer to the mermen and mermaids of England.

The elf-women have a peculiarity worth mentioning. They are said to appear very blooming and beautiful, but when seen from behind prove to be "hollow like a dough-trough." With a shrewd coquetry worthy of their sex, they always contrive to present the best side to spectators.

The *Nis* must have been an invisible Irishman. The following story, which illustrates his character and occupation, smacks strongly of the Hibernian:—

"There lived a man at Thyrsting, in Jutland, who had a Nis in his barn. This Nis used to attend to the cattle, and at night he would steal fodder for them from the neighbors, so that his farmer had the best fed and most thriving cattle in the country.

"One time the boy went along with the Nis to Fugleriis to steal corn. The Nis took as much as he could well carry, but the boy was more covetous, and said 'Oh, take more; sure we can rest now and then!' 'Rest!' said the Nis; 'rest! and what is rest?' 'Do what I tell you,' replied the boy; 'take more, and we shall find rest when we get out of this.' The Nis then took more and they went away with it. But when they were come to the lands of Thrysting the Nis grew tired, and the boy said to him, 'Here, now, is rest;' and they both sat down on the side of a little hill. 'If I had known,' said the Nis, as they were sitting there, 'If I had known that rest was so good, I'd have carried off all that was in the barn!'"

It must be borne in mind that these depredations were all committed against those who were guilty of some iniquity. The Trolls and Nisses established a ghostly chancery, and punished offenders in the loss of property or the abduction of wives or children; so that while no evidence was called for by them in support of their summary visitations, these visitations were regarded by men as clear proof of the open or secret guilt of the sufferer.

The popular fairies of Germany are very nearly akin to those of Scandinavia. *Dwarfs* in Germany correspond to Trolls in Denmark, *Kobolds* to Nisses, and *Nixes* to Elves. The German people, though religiously believing in them, never stood in profound awe of them, as the story shows:—

"It was the custom of the Dwarfs to seat themselves on a large piece

of rock, and thence to look on the haymakers when at work. But some mischievous people lighted a fire on the rock and made it quite hot, and then swept off all the coals. In the morning the little people coming to take their usual station burned themselves in a lamentable manner. Full of anger they cried out, 'O wicked world! O wicked world!' and disappeared forever."

We may have thought Puck quite cruel as a practical little joker, but do not outrages flagrant as this call upon him for revenge?

But the fairies of England—what are they? The fairies who throw such a charm into the music of the lute of quaint old Spenser, who dance to the soft voluptuous melody of the Midsummer Night's Dream, and whom Tom Hood, with kindly hand, has "booked for immortality!" The fairies who sported ages ago in the fields and forests of merry England, and whose stories have always been told in pure, picturesque Anglo Saxon!

If any man think that our fathers were stupid, soulless clods, in whose breasts a subtle and vivid imagination never found a resting place, let him study our fairy mythology. Its pages are covered with conceits the most grotesque, and fancies the most etherial. Beings of the tiniest stature, robed in the sheen of the rainbow, and fed with the perfume of flowers, sleeping in the lily-bells, and making to themselves castles of defence in the cups of acorns, leading the rivulets in meandering paths, and flinging up the silver spray from the fountains and the waterfalls, watching the birth of the buds, and weaving the fanciful web of the foliage,—with

"The mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl
On a throne,"

——came all these forth, clad in this raiment, from the brains of prosy, passionless men? These are not the creations of our poets. They are twilight pictures, whose shadowy outlines lingered for years in the fancies of a people, and now, transferred to a more enduring canvas, and touched with a livelier coloring, shall live forever in the memory of men. In their memory alone.

Belief has spurned them and their home in the fancy, "leased on the sufferance of fickle men," is filled with imaginings more modern and less poetical. There was truth in the old notion of the Danes that the Trolls

could not abide the sound of church bells. Ignorance can never abide them; superstition slinks away, affrighted at their melody.

Ring on then forever, welcome bells! Ring till phantom shapes of folly shall flee away to return no more! Ring not a knell, but a jubilee over the grave of vanquished error!

> "Ring in the valiant man and free,
> The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
> Ring out the darkness of the land,
> Ring in the Christ that is to be."

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF FLORIDA.

TRAVELERS who would find in this country the dreamy atmosphere and luxuriant scenery of the tropics, beneath a sky of Italian clearness, turn their footsteps southward; nor do they stop until they have reached the most southern of our States, that peninsular jutting boldly into the Gulf of Mexico, amidst the everglades of whose southern portion, the wild Seminole still roams, bidding defiance to all attempts at removal or conquest. On no portion of its Eastern coast does the Atlantic wave dash against its shore, for along its whole extent is stretched a narrow chain of islands, broken here and there by inlets, whose waters find their way throughout a large extent of marshy flats, in tortuous and intricate estuaries, called Lagoons, which form almost the only separation of these islands from the main land.

From St. Augustine, southward, for half the length of the Peninsula, a narrow belt of easily decomposed rock, called Coquina,—a mere concretion of recent shells—forms here and there quite a high bluff, over looking the sea, and commanding quite an extended view inland. At Mukoso or Musquito* Inlet, about 70 miles South of St. Augustine, the

*So called from the inconceivable numbers of this little pest found there. It is said that a regiment of soldiers, stationed at an outpost a little farther down the coast, were fairly driven away by them, and the outpost deserted.

tropical plants begin to luxuriate, and a spot more beautiful can scarcely be imagined. Mingled with the dark green of the magnolia, may be seen the stiff, oriental-looking Palmetto; and here and there a cypress sending its branchless trunk from buttress-like roots, high above its neighbors' heads, crowned at its summit with foliage so dense that the sun can scarcely penetrate to the delicate plants, which love its grateful shade; vines loaded with flowers of the most brilliant hues leap from tree to tree, weaving the whole forest into a network of living green; and over all sways in the languid breeze the long grey moss from every branch of the spreading live-oak. Odors from groves of orange and magnolia blossoms fill the air, and the note of the mocking bird and whip-poor-will answer to the shrill cry of the cuckoo and the roar of the alligator.

It was in this lovely place, that in 1767 two English gentlemen planted a colony, the government of which exhibited oppression and disregard of rights, as flagrant as any the annals of tyranny could ever show, and a short account of which we would here record.

After the peace of 1763, the government of Florida—which then first came under the control of England—for the purpose of settling the province, offered grants of land, in the proportion of one hundred acres to every person who would, within ten years settle there. These offers were eagerly accepted, and many speculators introduced colonies from all portions of the world. Foremost among these was Dr. Andrew Thornbull, assisted at home by Sir William Duncan, who, having obtained a grant of fifty-three thousand acres, sailed early in 1767 for the Mediterranean, and at the expense of $166,000 and a great deal of trouble, brought, under indentures, from the Peloponessus and the island of Minorca, some fifteen hundred persons of all ages, of whom about seventy-five were Greeks, nearly thirty Italians, and the rest Minorcans. He promised to carry them free of expense, to furnish them with good provisions and clothing, and at the end of three years to give fifty acres of land to every head of a family, and twenty-five to each child; and should they become dissatisfied, in six months, he agreed to carry them home again.

After a long and stormy passage of four months, during which many of the old people died,—they arrived late in the fall, and landed safely at their place of destination, which was about four miles to the south of Mukoso Inlet, where Thornbull had located his grant. He called the place New Smyrna or Smirnea. They built themselves palmetto huts for proection through the winter, during which they suffered severely from want of provisions, since much dependence had been placed on large droves of

cattle, which had been purchased to supply their wants, as there were here pastures sufficient to keep them in good order; but they proved of no service, since the milk and flesh of the cattle in the winter season, when, being near the sea-side they cannot find any other food than that obtained from the salt-marshes, are of so horrible a taste and odor, that no stranger to the country can make use of them.

In the spring they sowed their crops—but instead of fulfilling his promises, Thornbull granted them each but a pitiful portion of land for ten years, somewhat on the plan of the feudal system; when this had been improved and brought into a good state of cultivation it again reverted to the granter, and he might then, if he chose, begin a new state of vassalage on the same condition. Many were denied even this *privilege*, and were obliged to work in the field, like negroes, under inhuman overseers. They received, at first, one blanket apiece, and for the men one pair of shoes each, the women being obliged to go barefoot; receiving besides one suit of coarse clothing yearly. Their provisions at the best of times were only one quart of corn per day and two ounces of pork per week—half of this quantity to the sick. This would have sufficed, had they been allowed to obtain fish for themselves in the Lagoon, which abounded in them, but even this was refused them; and instead of each family being allowed to do as they pleased with their homely fare, they were forced to join all together in one mess, and "at the beat of a vile drum to come to one common copper," whence their hominy was ladled out to them. Even this scanty allowance was shortened through the knavery and avariciousness of a dishonest proveditor. Masters of vessels were forbidden to give any of them even so much as a piece of bread or meat, and the generous sailors suffered much abuse for charitably sharing with them their own allowance, while the miserable objects of their pity frequently underwent bodily punishment, for thus satisfying the cravings of a long disappointed appetite; men were frequently obliged to whip their own wives in public, for pilfering bread to relieve their well nigh helpless families.

Thus matters went on for two or three years, till the insupportable severities of their taskmasters nearly driving them to despair, they resolved to escape to Havana. To execute their designs, they broke into the provision store, and seized upon some shipping in the harbor; but being destitute of any man fit to take the post of leader, their proceedings were necessarily much confused; but at last an Italian of some note among them, though of very bad principles, assumed a sort of command. Think-

ing themselves secure where they were, they delayed their departure so long, that a body of soldiers, under the sheriff, Thomas Woolredge, had time to arrive from St. Augustine, and to him they were obliged to submit. The case was carried to court; after sitting fifteen days, bills were brought in by the grand jury against five persons—against one for maiming one of the principal overseers, who afterwards died,—against a second for shooting a cow, a capital offence, while the other three were proven guilty of burglary on the provision store. They were all condemned to death; but public opinion was so much in their favor, that Governor Grant, though strong suspicion rested upon him as being connected with Turnbull in a share of the profits accruing from the slavery of the Minorcans—pardoned two of them, and a third, who was obliged to be the executioner of the remaining two. Most moving was the scene which followed; long and obstinate was the struggle in this man's breast; he asserted that he had rather himself die than be the executioner of his own friends in misfortune, till finally the entreaties of the condemned themselves encouraged him to the act; mounting the ladder, he took an affectionate leave of them, kissing them the moment before consigning them to an ignominious death.

This rising of the oppressed people, instead of intimidating Turnbull, seemed rather to arouse a spirit of revenge within him, while its result nearly drove the wretched Minorcans to despair. Having selected a few Italians, he made them overseers and drivers over the others, to whom tasks were assigned, as large as they could possibly perform. No clothing at all was given them, but they were obliged to buy it at a public store, and the debt thus incurred was assigned as a reason for their retention. For the most trifling reasons they were severely beaten. Those who had not fully performed their tasks, the negroes were often compelled to lash and lacerate, till they died. Sometimes, after having the skin scourged from their backs, they were tied to a tree, and left naked all night for the musquitoes to suck their blood. If despair urged any to seek safety in flight, they were stopped and brought back by the negroes on the neighboring plantations, who were well paid for their services. Some wandered off and died in the forests and swamps. By this treatment, after nine years, six hundred only were left of the original fifteen hundred and their natural increase.

Such were the wrongs of this down-trodden, simple-hearted people. Enticed away from homes, where all were happy, and many living in affluence, to this place where instead of plenty they found want, and in

addition were subjected to treatment the most cruel and inhuman which man has ever experienced. Without the least semblance of right, and upon the most shallow pretences, every advantage was taken of their simplicity and inborn aptness to be governed, and not only were they stripped of all the property they once enjoyed, but were made to bow to the will of a heartless tyrant, that he might live in affluence and power. They knew not how to escape from their evils. The overseers were spies upon their every action and movement, and they dared not set foot out of the settlement, for fear they would be overtaken, and put to a lingering death by over-working and cruel treatment.

But a day of deliverance was at hand. A little boy overhearing a remark dropped in conversation by one of two English gentleman visiting the place, to the effect that if the people knew their rights they would not suffer under such slavery, told it to his mother, who immediately gathered together some of her friends, and they quickly devised a plan to gain more intelligence. Three of them asked for a long task, ostensibly to gain time to go down the coast to catch turtle, which was granted them as a special favor; their companions assisted them in performing their tasks, and when these were completed, they set off for St. Augustine by way of the coast, fearing discovery should they take the road, which runs a few miles inland; They were obliged to swim Matanzas inlet, but arrived safely at the city, and told their mournful story to the first man they met, who chanced to be the Attorney General, and he promised to protect them. Fortunately, too, Gov. Grant was now superseded by a more impartial Governor.

They returned with the gladsome tidings that deliverance was near. Turnbull was away, but the overseers they held in great terror. So they met in secret, under cover of the night, and learning wisdom from experience, chose the head carpenter, one Pallicier, as their leader; made hasty preparations for departure, and placing the old men, with the women and children in the center of a column, arranged the men on the outside, the stoutest in front and rear, armed with wooden spears. Thus arrayed and equipped, this motley army set forth toward St. Augustine before break of day. So secret and orderly were they in the development of their plan, that it was sometime before the overseers discovered that the place was deserted. They immediately informed Turnbull, who was some distance off. He rode after them in hot haste, overtaking them shortly before they reached St. Augustine, and used every possible exertion to persuade or intimidate them to return, but they kept steadily on. On the

third day they reached St. Augustine, where provisions were given them by order of the Governor, and the case being tried before the judges, where Mr. Younge, the Attorney General, fulfilled his promise of assistance. Turnbull could show no valid reason for detaining them, and thus their freedom was fully established.

Lands were given them in the northern part of the city, where their descendants still reside, forming nearly one-half the population of the city, and gaining for themselves from their regular mode of life and industrious habits, the good opinion of all.

The Seminole wanders now over the deserted settlement where the cries of the wretched emigrant were once heard, and only some stacks of chimneys, the remnants of two or three wharves, and a few other scattered ruins remain, telling to the poor Indian a sad tale of the white man's tyranny.

THE NIEBELUNGENLIED.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136.

THE terrible Hagen, as soon as they arrive at Worms in the night time, carries the dead body and leaves it before the door of the house in which Kriemhild was staying, well knowing that she would find it there in the morning, where she went, after her custom, to matins. The wanton, wicked trick succeeded. A chamberlain goes before her with a light, and sees the corpse: "lady," he cries, "stand still; a slain Knight lies on the threshold." A loud shriek of terror is Kriemhild's answer; she knows who lies there slain, without the need of their words; and when she sees the body, though disfigured by blood, she knows well in the pale torchlight the heroic form, and the noble, death-stiffened features. "Thou art *murdered*," she cried, "for thy shield is not hacked! It shall be death to the

man who has done it!" The father and vassals of Sigfried are awaked; loud lamentation fills the halls and the court-yards; the faithful vassals of the slain hero are thirsting for revenge: hardly can Kriemhild restrain them by urging that the time for vengeance is not come yet, but that it will come.

While the dead man is lying on his bier, the kings, her brothers approach, and her relatives; also Hagen comes up without shame. But Kriemhild is watching at the bier for the sign—the old sign which the people believed in—that when the murderer comes near the bier of the murdered, or touches his body, the wounds will open and the blood flow afresh; and while Gunther is trying to persuade her that foreign murderers had slain him, Hagen steps near *and the wounds bleed anew.* "I know the robbers well," cries the poor woman, "and God will avenge on them their deed." The corpse is coffined, and is borne to the grave; Kriemhild follows in indescribable sorrow. Once more she desires to see the beautiful head of her beloved, and the costly coffin adorned with gold and silver, is broken open. They lead her to it, and with her white hand she raises the heroic head once more, and imprints a kiss upon the pale lips. They then bear her away, and the great hero is buried.

To the places where her love had commenced, and where it had ended in grim sorrow, Kriemhild was chained. Sigmund withdraws to his home with his vassals in order to care for his grandson, the heir to the Kingdom; Kriemhild remains in Worms;—dominion in the Netherlands, the kingdom of the Niebelungs with its treasures, had only value in her eyes in connection with Sigfried; her life was wholly absorbed in the glorious hero her husband. After his death she has only two thoughts, two feelings, SORROW and REVENGE. At first sorrow overwhelms all thought of revenge, but afterwards revenge claims its right.

In deep sorrow Kriemhild tarries thirteen years at Worms; for three years after Sigfried's bloody death, she exchanges with her blood guilty brother Gunther no word, with Hagen no look. In order to reconcile the sisters again to each other, the brothers order to be brought the endless treasure of yellow gold and precious stones, which in the land of the Niebelungs was concealed under *Alberichts Hat*, and had been given by Sigfried to Kriemhild as a marriage gift. Twelve wagons are occupied four days and four nights in bringing the gleaming jewels from the hollow mountain where they are kept, down to the ship. They arrive at Worms, are given over to Kriemhild, and a reconciliation takes place, yet only between her and her brothers, not between her and Hagen. After the

old German regal manner, Kriemhild dispenses her treasures to rich and poor; *giving* is to her a consolation in sorrow. But again the grim Hagen steps with hostile intent across her path. He fears lest her genial generosity win to her service so many, that the authority of the kings of the land would be injured. In opposition to Gunther and his brothers, Hagen gets the key and takes away her treasure. Gernot counsels to sink the gold in the Rhine so that it shall belong to no one. Those concerned took an oath that so long as one of them lived, they would reveal to no one where the treasure was concealed. So Hagen sunk the Niebelungen treasure in the Rhine, and there, according to the tradition of the people, it lies to-day between Worms and Lorsch.

Now begins the time of *vengeance;* and here we enter on the second part of our Epic. Thirteen years as we have said, Kriemhild had mourned for Sigfried; at that time there died in distant Hungary, or the land of the Huns, *Frau Helche*, the famous wife of Etzel [Attila] the King of the Huns, and mother of two young heroes, who, in the retinue of Dietrich of Berne [Theodoric the Ostrogoth] had already fallen in the dreadful battle of Ravenna. Etzel wishes to marry again, and Sigfried's widow, Kriemhild of Burgundy is recommended to him.

After some doubts whether he can properly marry a Christian, he determined to make the proposals, especially as his most faithful vassal the Margrave Rudiger of Bechlarn counsels it. The latter undertakes to conduct the wooing himself at the Burgundian court, and departs from Etzelsburg in Hungary [the modern Ofen] westward to Bechlarn in Austria, his home, where he is received joyfully by his wife Gotelind and their blooming daughter. When he tells his wife Gotelind the object of his coming and of his further journey, she rejoices in the arrival and honorable employment of her husband, but is sad at the the thought of her dear dead mistress, Helche, into whose place another must come.

Rudiger proceeds on his journey, and arrives at Worms unknown to the Kings and their retinue; only Hagen exclaims, "I have not seen Rudiger for a long time, but the bearing of this messenger is such that I can only believe it must be Rudiger himself, the bold and mighty swordsman from the land of the Huns." "How" inquires the King astonished, "should the hero of Bechlarn come here to the Rhine?" But in the instant Hagen recognizes his old friend, with whom in his youth, as also with Walter of Wasichenstein, he had been associated at Etzel's court; then follows great rejoicing at the resumption of acquaintance; Rudiger receives a hospitable welcome, and on his part delivers his

proposals. The King and his brothers are not disinclined to accept them, only Hagen dissents; "You do not know Etzel; if you knew him as I do, you would reject the proposals, even if Kriemhild should accept them; great sorrow may come of it, I tell you." "Friend Hagen," answers Gunther, "now you can show your vassal faith; make through your good offices for Kriemhild's present happiness some amends for the sorrow you have caused her." But Hagen remains immovable; "If Kriemhild wears the crown of Helche, you will see that she will do us all the hurt she can. It becomes heroes to take precautions."

So the dark foreboding wings of a new dreadful mischief begin to expand over our song, and to cover it with a deeper and still deeper tinge, till it ends in horror.

But into the hearts of the Burgundy Kings this foreboding of destruction has not entered; only he who did the murder, on whose steps vengeance has already begun to follow, only Hagen carries the dark presages, and they abide with him to the last. The brothers suppose that Hagen wishes no good to their sister, and so they have the proposals carried to her. "God forbid it you that you should mock me! What have I to do with a man who has once had the heart's love of a noble matron?" was the sorrowful lady's reply. Yet she suffers herself to be persuaded to see Rudiger; but after she has consented to this, her heart-rending lamentations over the unforgotten one, of whom the murderer's hand had robbed her, commence anew.

Rudiger appears the second day, and brings his proposals. But Kriemhild answers, "Margrave Rudiger, he who has known my sharp grief will not ask me again to love a husband. I lost more in that one than a woman ever again can win." In answer to the persuasions and arguments of the skillful Rudiger, she desires till morning to think of it. In the mean time her brothers Giselher and Gernot persuade her;—"If any one can assuage thy grief it is Etzel: from the Rhone to the Rhine, from the Elbe to the sea there is no king so mighty as he; thou mayest rejoice that he chooses thee to share with him his glorious dominion." "Weeping and mourning become me," answers Kriemhild, "better than royal state: I can no more appear at court as becomes a queen; if I were once beautiful, my beauty has long since departed."

Thoughtfully and with moistened eyes Kriemhild lies upon her bed till the day dawns. Then appears Rudiger to receive her final answer, but each renewed request of the noble Margrave fails to move her, until Rudiger makes her this promise, and says, "Should you have no one

in the land of the Huns but myself, my faithful men and vassels, any one who does you a wrong shall pay for it dearly through my hand." Then the sorrowful Kriemhild arises, for the thought of vengeance suddenly animates her;—"Then swear me an oath that whoever shall do me an injury, whatever it may be, you will be the first to avenge it." And Rudiger swore the oath. What bloody thoughts lurk in the torn heart of the unhappy woman he has no suspicion; he has no suspicion that in that oath he has sworn an inextinguishable sorrow to his child, death to all his vassals, and a twofold death to himself.

Then Kriemhild reaches to him the hand of consent, and in a short time starts with him on the long journey to the distant East, to the land of the Huns. Her brothers accompany her as far as the town of Veringen, on the Danube; thence she proceeds in Rudiger's train, separated from her home and from her dear mother, separated from her brothers and relatives, but not separated from the *remembrance* of what she had experienced at home among her brothers and kinsman, to the Castle Bechlarn on the Danube, where Frau Gotelind Rudiger's wife cordially receives her as her new mistress. After a short repose, the train already grown numerous, proceeds with their new queen over the Mölk to Mutam and as far as the Castle of Zeigermauer, where numberless hordes of strange people who obey Attilas' sceptre, join themselves to the retinue of the Queen of the Huns. At Tulna, in Austria, she is received by Etzel, who comes attended by twenty-four kings and mighty princes. Then render their homage to their new mistress, Blodel, Etzel's brother; Howart the bold, king of the Danes, and his vassal man, the faithful Iring; the historical Hermanfrid, Landgrave of Thuringia, son-in-law of Theodoric the Great; the Saxon lords Gibeke and Homboge; and who is he that stands yonder at the head of a host of heroes, whose faces look forth so defiant from under their helmets of wolf skin? Of lofty, almost giant stature, he stands, like a lion in the strength of his shoulders and loins which look as if they were molten of brass; of noble and proud visage, he looks like Sigfried in the bold clear gaze of his eye, and in the royal brow; only Sigfried's serene youth is transformed in him into the stern, deep earnestness of a mature man, over whose head already the storms of inflexible Fate have thundered; through the thick locks of his hair a king's fillet is wreathed, his sinewy left hand grasps his sword hilt, his strong right hand rests upon his shield of lion skin—it is the king of the Goths, it is Dietrich of Bern, (Theodoric) the mightiest hero of his time, next to Sigfried the greatest mythical character of old Germany. Dietrich of

Bern, the head of the Almungs, with Hildebrand and the rest of the Wolfskin band. He was then still a guest at Etzel's court, for this was before his victorious return to the land and dominion of his fathers.

All these hosts, together an innumerable multitude, proceed now, arranged around the royal pair, down towards Vienna. A marriage feast of seventeen days continuance is celebrated with lavish pomp and endless presents in Vienna. And Kriemhild? Kriemhild in the midst of this splendor, this festivity, these jubilant crowds, whose central point of interest she was? Alas! she thought of her home on the Rhine, of her former noble husband, and the tears *will* come, but she conceals them from all eyes. Thus she sadly descends the Danube, till the boats land at Etzel's Castle, and the queen under great splendor, concealing her deep anguish enters into her new home.

Yet it never became home to her. Seven years she sits with Etzel on the throne of the Huns, and then she bears him a son, who at his baptism is called Ortlieb; then six years more glide away, so that twenty-six years have now passed since Sigfried fell at the spring under the lindens in the Odenwald—and now comes her time for vengeance. "For long years have I been," so spoke she one day to Etzel, "for long years have I been here in this foreign land, and no one of my noble relatives has visited me here; I can no longer bear separation from my kinsfolk, for already people say here, since no one of my friends visits me, that I am a fugitive and an exile, without relatives or home. Etzel is ready to assist her to a meeting with her brothers, kinsmen, and vassals, and she begs him to invite her brothers in Worms to a feast. The king sends without delay, the two heralds of his court, Werbel and Swemlin, skilled in tradition and song, as messengers to Worms to invite the Burgundian Kings, with their vassals, to come and celebrate the next solstice in Hungary, at Etzelsburg. Kriemhild commends to them especially to insist upon this, that *all* her relatives should come.

When the messengers arrive at Worms, a seven days consideration takes place, whether the invitation shall be accepted. Only Hagen earnestly opposes the acceptance. "You have yourselves provoked hostility, you know full well what we have done to Kriemhild, that I slew her husband with my own hand. How can we then dare to travel into Etzel's country? We shall there lose honor and life. Long time has king Etzel's wife been brooding revenge." But this warning which one other hero, Runold seconds, is overruled. "If you do fear death in the land of the Huns, Hagen, we will go thither notwithstanding," says Gernot, and Ha-

gen now counsels at least not to undertake the journey without precautions. So then all the vassals in Burgundy are summoned. Joyfully they collect from all quarters, never surmising what a grim death they are running to meet. Among them comes a hero who now steps into the foreground of the poem, the bold, joyous Folker of Alsace, a minstrel who is skilled in the fiddle and in song; and besides him Dankwart, brother of the fierce Hagen.

The messengers of Etzel return to Hungary and announce the success of their mission. Kriemhild in almost frantic joy at seeing her aim about to be reached, says to Etzel:—"how do these tidings please you, my dear husband? What I have long and long desired, that will now be accomplished." "Thy will is mine," answers Etzel, "I have never rejoiced over the arrival of my own relatives, as I shall over the arrival of thine."

Once more at the Burgundian Court, the dim anticipation of a dreadful and now imminent future is stirred. The mother of the Burgundian kings, Ute, the mother of Kriemhild, still lives, though gray with years; and she dreams just as they were ready for departure, that all the birds in the land lie dead upon field and moor. Hagen wavers again; he would have spoken once more against the journey, but Gernot mocks him; Hagen thinks of Sigfried, and therefore he wishes to give up the expedition to the land of the Huns. "I do nothing through fear," answers Hagen, "give the order to start, and willingly will I ride with you to Etzel's country."

The journey is commenced, up the Maine through Franconia, and then down towards the Danube, under the lead of Hagen, who is acquainted with the roads of the nations. Then the Danube is reached, and there is no ferry at hand to take over the heroes and their hosts. Hagen wanders up and down the river to find a ford; then he hears in the solitary forest waters gushing down in a strong cascade; lo! there are spirits of the deep, two mermaids or swan virgins who are bathing, and Hagen, to whom it is well known that such maidens know the future, and how men must learn it from them, takes away their garments. Like sea-birds the fairies of the deep hover over the flood towards him, and in order to get their clothes again, one of them says, "Great honor awaits you in Etzel's land." The wile succeeds; Hagen gives back the garments. But the other form rises, and out of the rushing of the water the presaging voice is heard; "Hagen, I will warn you. Return, since there is yet time. No one of your mighty host will cross the Danube again, except one man, the King's chaplain."

Yet Hagen has a fierce quarrel with the ferryman whom he finds just after the announcement of the mermaids. He kills him, and hurls the corpse into the stream, but the Burgundian Kings come up at the moment and see the blood still smoking in the bottom of the boat. Hagen himself now ferries over the whole host few by few, but when in the last boat full he has the chaplain, he seizes him, while the lattter is leaning with his hand on the sacred vessels, and hurls him into the flowing Danube; the poor priest tries first to swim to the boat, but Hagen pitilessly pushes him back into the deep water. Then he turns about, and happily reaches the shore they had just left, and shakes his dripping garments. Then Hagen sees that their destruction is certain, and he breaks the boat in pieces, on which no one of them will return, on the pretext of taking away from any who might be cowardly among them all hope of flight.

After a battle principally fought by Dankwart, with Gelfert prince of Bavaria, through whose country they pass, they arrive at the boundaries of Rudiger of Bechlarn, who receives the whole great host of the Burgundian Kings with their three thousand vassals and nine thousand servants with princely hospitality, and entertains them nearly a week. As it often happens in life that before a crushing sorrow breaks in upon us, before death, for example, strides through the family circle, and desolates forever the places of love and joy, the serenest joy and the most tender love knits such a circle more closely and dearly than ever; such a picture of life our poem presents us with, together with the deep German love of home and the sentiment of family, in the stay of the Burgundian Kings with the faithful, frank and noble Rudiger, with his wife the gentle Gotelind, and their daughter then blooming in virgin beauty, just before its representation of the dreadful death of all those who were collected in peace and joy at the castle of Bechlarn.

With the German kiss the matron and daughter receive their guests, old friends of the family, the brothers and relations of their queen; and in childish innocence the gentle maiden goes down to the ranks of heroes to offer to them the kiss of welcome,—but when she comes to Hagen, Dietlinde shudders before the grisly features, and only at the persuasion of her father reaches to him her pale cheek.

Joy prevails at the festive board, at which the beautiful and noble matron herself presides, joy in the hours after dinner when the household collected to hear the excellent playing and the entertaining comic songs of Folker of Alsace. But joy crowns the visit with her most charming wreath, when the Burgundian vassals sue for the lovely daughter of Ru-

diger for their youngest king Giselher, and the betrothal of the young pair takes place by universal and joyous consent. On the return of the Burgundians to the Rhine the father is to give away his dear child Dietlinde. Once more Folker causes the sweet tones of his instrument to resound through the halls, and sings his serious and comic songs which move all hearts, and then the time of departure arrives. As proof of intimate alliance and life long friendship, Rudiger presents to Gernot his sword, a faithful weapon, which he had borne in many a stormy battle. Alas! that very sword in Gernot's hand dealt the last mortal blow it ever served upon Rudiger's own noble head! Hagen receives from Frau Gotelind the shield for a keepsake which her father Nodung carried, and had hung as a dear remembrance of the early fallen in the armorial hall of Rudiger. The hero hosts depart for Hungary, to meet an unavoidable destiny.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THOUGHT-FUGUE.

I FANCY, I fancy, I hardly know what!
  My thoughts into space are taking their flight,
  And soaring aloft with a bold delight
They quickly fly starward like arrows shot,
Then they glide down the azure, and dive in the sea,
They visit the glacier, and slender palm-tree,
Such continents of fairy-land are open to me!

In dreaminess floating, I leave them to wing
  Their prosperous voyages over the deep,—
  The riches that Ind and the Orient keep,
Can ill be compared with the tidings they bring.
And their strange zigzag courses seem fully as clear,
As the lines on a large, painted hemisphere,
Such distinctness of vision to me doth appear.

With light-footed bounds, my fantasies run
  In search after Seasons long absent and fled,
  Which shrink from remembrance with a tremor of dread,
As the shadow forever hides away from the sun.
Then I wander, recalling the stories of Eld,
And encounter gray ghosts which were long ago felled,
And fight the mock-battles my boyhood beheld.

And now, sheeted Hopes start out of the gloom,
  And at me they stare, forever the same,
  Like the eyes of the boy in the picture-frame
That follow me always about my room,
While along the bright ages of the golden and fair,
The old whispers of Fortune are still lingering there,
'Mid fickle chimeras and temples of air.

Now entering the palace that stands in the Past,
  I gaze at the starry thresholds near,
  Where pictured alcoves in beauty appear,
And trembling with wonder, I stand aghast!
Whilst the festooned ivy that is flung up on high
Interweaving the tapestry, seems to the eye
Like the web of my life already passed by.

And faces start out from the gilded frames
  That out from the pilastered walls depend;
  Now welcomes arise like the voice of a friend,
And the arches re-echo familiar names.
Quickly hands are extended, eyes sparkle and meet,
E'en the cold marble statues leap on their feet
As they witness my ecstacy, full and complete.

Then guiding my footsteps past fresco and bust,
  And gazing entranced on the spacious dome,
  I gather old thoughts of my childhood home
Which long have been hid in oblivion's dust!
And the echoes that answer whenever I call,
And every strange figment that clings to the wall,
Brings with it a memory from the ancestral hall.

Through vistas contracting, and meeting the sight,
  High-walled by huge columns deep-fluted and crowned
  With friezes in which carven garlands abound,
The wide-vaulted entrances hang in the light.
On the tablet of thought are the records of old,
For the columns are graven with letters of gold,
And the leaves of my Life's-Book here unfold.

Now facing the gallery, richly embossed
  With cunning reliefs, and containing landscapes
  Embellished on canvas and peopled with shapes,
The artist has thither so tastefully tossed,
I think me of meadow and lone ferny slope,
Of glen, grot and woodland; of the elms lofty cope,
Beneath which my young heart first caught after Hope.

Delighted, I hold on my wondersome way,
  Still feasting my soul from historical urn,
  And finding choice relics at every turn,
'Till Care drives my gossamer visions astray.
Thus the charm is soon broken; my thoughts lose their train,
Slowly sighing and piping a tender refrain,
I move on in the world of the Real again.

PERNAMBUCO.

THE AUTHORITIES.

THE man who will deliberately enter a strange city, as a sight-seer, without having previously learned something thereof by consultation of his gazetteer, is in all probability a man from whom little good can be expected. Revolving this truth in our mind, we gazed shoreward from our sea-wearied ship upon the glistening walls of Pernambuco, and the terraced edifices of Olinda, distant and tree-embosomed. Also, we considered the fact that no Lippincott or Appleton stood upon the shelves of our ship's library. From some little treatises of our own, however, we elicited the following items of information.

1. That the Recife, commonly known as the city of Pernambuco, contained thirty-seven thousand inhabitants. 2. That it was an important commercial town of Brazil. 3. That it contained twenty-five thousand inhabitants. 4. That it occupied nearly the easternmost point of South

America, and was five hundred miles south of the equator. 5. That its population was eighteen thousand.

Here, then, were the facts. We took the average of the population statistics; and though somewhat startled to find that the calculation assigned 26,666⅔ as the population of the place, we carefully committed the number to memory, with the remaining statements of our authorities—and incontinently embarked for the shore in the quarter-boat.

BETWEEN SHIP AND SHORE.

Strangely beautiful appeared the low-lying country that with tropical exuberance of green afforded pleasant rest for eyes weary of endless Atlantic and Pacific billows. But before reaching either quay or sand-beach we must first pass the grim barrier reef which forms the harbor—a black ledge of rocks lying parallel to the shore, light-house mounted and eternally buffeted of Atlantic surf. Then enter we the canal-shaped harbor behind the reef,—through kelpy entrance-channel commanded by the batteries of Forts Bruno and Buraco, which seem remarkably grim and dilapidated. A crowd of vessels fills the harbor—sea-worn craft of all rigs and models,—from the primitive periagua of the fisherman, and the outlandish catamaran, moss-invaded and barnacled along every seam of its timbers, through which the wavelets lap and gurgle,—most undesirable of craft, for all the strange fondness of the sea, and a thing without form and void of beauty!—to unpicturesque but formidable war-steamers, Brazilian and foreign, that with defiant broadsides sprung to bear upon Bruno and Buraco, swing idly by cables drooping in long catenary curves. Then the seaboard of the strange city—the fronts of many venerable and rusty whitewashed edifices of the most irregular architecture, abounding in airy balconies and high lattice windows, and roofed with the inevitable clay tiles which cover the dwellings of every Brazilian coast-town. Past our boat, as we appoached the landing, dashed a heavy, full-modeled barge, pulled by a score of oarsmen—all black as night, poor fellows!—and apparently just arrived from Yarriba-Borgoo, or possibly from the hippopotamiferous shores of reedy Lake Ngami—slaves, every soul of them. Afar off they announced their coming, by a wild boat-song, timed to their stroke; the words in the Congo dialect, as nearly as we could judge. Only a short time since a slaver had been captured near the port—the importation of Africans is no less a crime than piracy in the eyes of the Brazilian government—and might not some of the rakish fore-and-afters crouching upon the water near us be slavers in disguise?

Passing the war-steamers, we were stopped by a hail from a guard-boat moored in the midst of the harbor; alongside of which craft we were detained for an inconceivable length of time by an emissary of evil, clothed in the uniform of a revenue officer. Our boat was detained, ostensibly, for the purpose of making search therein for smuggled goods, and for the exaction of harbor-fees; but we well knew that the delay was wholly due to the malignity of the port officer—were we not confident at first sight of him, that he was one of those individuals who indulge the habit of smiling, and smiling, and being a villain still?

But escaping, at last, from the toils of this official, we shoot with a few strokes to the landing; and leaping from the bow thwarts, we beach with saluting feet upon the sand of South America.

IN POINT OF FACT—WITHOUT REFLECTIONS.

We repaired at once to the establishment of an American merchant hard by the landing; where our immediate inquiry was, "How large is the population of Pernambuco?" "Somewhat over 100,000," was the startling answer. We dropped the subject at once. It will only be necessary to state in this place, that ever since that day we have found it difficult to receive testimony, in cases similar to this, as a ground of moral certainty.

STREETS AND SOUTH AMERICANS.

Alone, as all bold adventurers go, we set out for the crowded centre of the city, noting as a point of departure the open plaza, near our landing place,—but feeling withal inclined to ensure our safe return by means of guiding-thread, as do travelers in "antres vast," or to blaze our path after the manner of merry foresters. Aside from their lack of trees, however, the streets of Pernambuco could not be effectively marked without removing many of the airy balconies that cover the fronts of the edifices, thereby involving some little difficulty with the armed guards who patrol the streets for the preservation of the public peace. For to these balconies the ladies of the city most resort, when they would appear in public rather than to the plebeian sidewalks. Here the belles display themselves—dark-eyed and dreamy-faced senoritas, as described in all standard cataloguing of charms in tales of the Peninsula,—peering down listlessly among the street-goers half the idle day long. And thickly the street-goers throng,—Brazilian-born Portuguese, of every calling, slaves and strangers—yet not hurriedly, as in Broadway, race-course of impatient

New Yorkers—but with a certain dignity, as if their Emperor watched them. There is no end of comfortable-looking merchants, shielded from the torrid sun with broad-brimmed straw hats, impervious to solar influence—no end of half-naked slaves, tramping sweatily under the cruel weight of their owner's cotton-bales and sacks of sugar—no end of dapper clerks, walking on errands with the most philosophic calmness, nor of troops of schoolboys and collegians, at certain hours of the day; walking with counterfeited slowness of gait, which they appear to think confers dignity upon their bearing, as they wend their way to or from the Latin schools and the haunts of their professors, text-books in hand; themselves invariably terminated upward by a structure vulgarly known among the irreverent as a "plug;" but indeed a habiliment transcending in altitude the stateliest forms of the fabric, as known among us—in sooth, a plug preternatural. If you be wise you will not look a second time upon such shameless invasion of the exclusive rights of Doctors of Divinity, but glance upward to the balconies, clustered before door-opening windows in front of second, third, and fourth stories; where appear the gentle fair, as heretofore set forth—sometimes veiled, but always bonnetless, and equipped with that universal feminine arm, the fan. But think yourself favored of fortune, if during an afternoon's wandering, though it extend far beyond Ponta Boa Vista, the thronged Bridge of the Delectable Prospect, and through the midst of the finest quarter of the city, before returning to the Plaza, where scores of caged parrots will chatter at you upon your return, you set eye but for a moment upon the "little head, sunning over with curls," of which we caught a moment's vision, peering out upon us through half lowered blinds,—as a cluster of orange-blossoms, dwelt upon by a pencil of sunlight, appears through swaying foliage.

THE CATHEDRALS.

Pernambuco is a Catholic city, and abounds in temples of worship. Papists require a large quantity of religious apparatus. Several of these edifices we caused to shelter a heretic; no inquisitor appeared, however, to avenge the profanation of our entrance. Within was painting and gilding in abundance, and carved images filled the niches of the walls. One of the interiors which we entered would have been splendid but for the gaudiness of the decorations. We waited and longed to hear music from the choir and from the richly carved organs—but as the officiating abbots, arrayed in chasuble and mitre, were evidently offering the full quota of matutinal devotion, in the shape of Latin masses, no music was to be

heard—it being probably reserved far more important, as the higher raptures of this sect are periodically intermittent, and excitable only at long intervals. While watching the entrance of the morning worshipers, we observed, in the diminutive stature of a youthful believer, a novel but material hindrance to edification. This young gentleman, when we noticed him, was leaping from the floor, in repeated and fervent aspiration toward the holy water that stood in a carved stone basin near the door; but failing, through extreme shortness of stature, to reach even with finger-tips its surface, he breathed a self-consoling curse, discontinued his devout saltation, and passed in unblessed by any drop of consecrated oxyd of hydrogen.

VIA OLINDA.

It is a beautiful prospect that the inhabitant of Pernambuco enjoys in gazing upon the hill-builded town of Olinda, distant about four miles to the northward. After finishing our visits to the cathedrals, we strolled out of town in that direction, with intent to explore the town, if time should permit, and to make near inspection of its ruinous splendors. For, long time since, Olinda was the capital of the district of Pernambuco, and prided itself upon its public institutions, and especially upon a nunnery, large enough to immure half the females of the province—but now, it is only a half deserted town, quiet and slumberous, though much contended for by valiantly-encroaching weeds. But on our way thitherward we were continually delayed by the novel forms of vegetation and of animal life which we must needs stop to examine—and before long we were brought to a dead halt by a partial view of a beautiful building upon our left, and apparently half a mile distant from our path—an edifice built after the Moorish style of architecture, crowned with white domes and pointed minarets, and apparently surrounded with beautiful grounds. This attractive apparition dispelled our desire of immediately visiting ruinous Olinda. We at once made an excursion Paradise-ward, from our road. But after a few minutes' walk, Eden proved to be more distant than we had anticipated; and after accomplishing half a mile toward its gardens and fountains, our course was obstructed by that of the muddy river Capibaribe. There was no means of ferriage. In a state of mind which, as we think some philosopher has said, may be imagined but not described, we turned away from the inaccessible palace, only to notice that the day was too far gone to permit our visiting Olinda in as leisurely a style as desirable. Abandoning, therefore, the project,

we determined to cross the river in a boat. For this purpose we returned to the outskirts of Pernambuco; but never again came in sight of Eden.

TRANS-CAPIBARIBARIAN.

Immediately above the city, the river we have mentioned spreads into a broad lagoon, haunted of frogs, fish, and small boys, who cast ineffectual hook and line for the latter. Not desirous of making a long detour through the city, where massive stone bridges cross the river, there divided into two estuaries, we determined to cross this lagoon; and with such intent, engaged a youthful representative of the rising generation of fishermen to convey us in his periagua to the opposite shore, distant about two-thirds of a mile; indicating, by means of the most masterly combination of signs and fragmentary vocables of the Portuguese tongue, the precise point at which we desired to be landed—a point in the immediate vicinity of a large iron foundry, the monument-like chimney of which formed one of the most conspicuous objects in the neighborhood. Then did we intrust ourselves to the most unseaworthy craft that ever yet bore veracious historian. Had our pilot not possessed skill beyond his years, we should then and there have become disqualified for recording his exploits. Our craft was a clumsily hollowed log of wood, entirely destitute of any such grace of form as the most savage Pacific Islanders impart to their canoes,—outriggerless also, and remarkably crank. Reaching, however, our point of debarkation uncapsized, we dismissed our enterprising ferryman to his wonted hook and line, with an injunction to be in readiness for our return to San Pedro Goncalos, whence we had come, at a particular hour of the day—which we indicated by a hypothetical solar observation, conducted according to a method which no other observer, to our knowledge, has employed, and which in this case was attended with complete success. Having thus come to an understanding with our nautical acquaintance, we proceeded to reconnoitre the works near by us. They formed an establishment of great size; were fenced around on three sides, and appeared impregnable; but, after due circumambulation, we concluded to make essay of the closed and massive front doors of the main building. We entered incontinently thereby, and beheld the flourishing proprietor of the establishment—surely an American—and more —a specimen of the ubiquitous and inevitable Yankee. Thus much we perceived at once. Advancing, we introduced ourselves, in our blandest style, as recently arrived from abroad, and desirous of viewing the processes of iron-manufacturing;—whereat the cunning craftsman received

us with the greatest affability, and offered immediate invitation to enter and survey his establishment. In his company, or in that of his son, the junior partner in the business, we examined the works throughout; and in so doing, learned a new lesson of Yankee thrift. The present senior partner had there commenced business a few years before, having purchased the establishment from the former owners; who, after ruining themselves by mismanagement, had left it, a broken down concern; and under his thriftier control, the business had so grown and prospered, that at the time of our visit he appeared to be well nigh a millionaire. Such a success was a wonder to the Brazilians.

But not only iron works were shown to us. After going over the whole of the establishment we were invited into the flower garden of our courteous friend, and there treated to such luxury of flower-seeing as few ever enjoy—for with skillful cultivation, the flowers of the tropics are the most abundantly gorgeous of all growing things. In this garden we saw more exuberance of flower-growth and splendor of color than ever at one time before. Nor were we permitted to depart empty-handed from such profusion of beauty. When we left, we carried a magnificent present of flowers—flowers for which any proprietor of acres of hot-houses would exchange armfuls of his forced growth of tropical exotics.

After leaving the kindly threshold of the iron founder, we made a short exploring tour in the vicinity of the works, which, however, revealed no facts of interest, unless it be that the country thereabout is populated by an inexcusably great number of active specimens of the genus Rana. We cannot conceive how the inhabitants of that locality can avoid a diuturnal Egyptian plague—they must have some special contrivance for keeping the animals out of their kneading troughs and trenchers. At the beach we found our ferryman and his unstable craft in waiting; emboldened by experience, we embarked without any preparatory shuddering on the brink, and during the passage indulged in several daring changes of attitude, without any narrower escape from oversetting than before. Arrived, undrowned and hungry, in town, we found the captain of our ship about returning on board to a late dinner; and accompanying him, were soon engaged upon the meal in question.

AN EVENING.

Late in the afternoon, with two of our cabin company, beside our gentlemanly captain, we left the ship once more and returned shoreward. We took rooms at the "French and American Hotel," and

there remained until a carriage came to convey our party to the residence of the American merchant of whom mention has been made in an early part of this veracious history. Our way led us for a mile through the denser part of the city, and finally emerged among the pleasant dwellings of the suburbs—among which, as we turned down a lane hedged with thick shrubbery, appeared the residence of our entertainer. As we left the carriage for a twilight stroll in the garden, the fire-flies were just beginning to appear; more brilliant than we remember to have seen them elsewhere, and here doubly beautiful, sailing among thick, crowding orange boughs and tremulous palm-branches. The gardens, beautiful by daylight, would have appeared that evening like some scene of the Arabian Nights,—no vision of Schezerade could have been more luxurious and fragrant,—had it not been, alas! for the insatiable croaking of frogs innumerable in the neighboring stream. We are not naturally disposed to fault-finding; but we must say that herein appeared a great want of fitness —that frogs, stridulous-voiced, and of all animals the most unpoetical, in spite of Homer-attributed epic of unpronounceable name, should prevail where the beauty of all other things was so nearly perfect.

When tired of admiring the luxuriant garden, we entered the drawing room and spent a pleasant evening with our host and his family. The passer in the street might have heard the outfloating sound of music at a late hour upon that evening. Finally the carriage waited at the door; and we returned to the hotel through narrow and winding streets, unevenly yet often brilliantly lighted,—a different way from that by which we had come,—and with the close of the day came the end of the pleasure of novelty. Great is the delight of a first day's exploration of a strange city abroad. There is one fuller pleasure—that of exploring the innermost forest of some far off island of the South Seas, coral-reefed, cocoanut-girdled, and eternally murmured over by Pacific surf, sweeter-voiced by far than the less deeply toned surges of the Atlantic; and a more solemn joy—to stand in hypœthral temples of tree-columns, whereof the votive incense is the perfume of tropical flowers, thick-springing around their bases, and the minstrelsy that of birds calling from their branched capitals: and though the melody of their song may seem unfamiliar, yet it is nowhere less mysterious. "For the birds fly up near the heavens, wherefore they learn droppings of the speech of angels." But the moment when the traveler first gazes upon a foreign land, dimly visible through evening twilight and the reverent vail of evening mist, is to him the

most notable moment of all—for then the highest flush of expectation unites with the first pleasure of experience, as the light of a bright star with that of a brighter planet, when approaching a conjunction which will not happen again during a lifetime.

COMIC HISTORY.*

Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat? HOR. SAT. 1. 1. 24.

Laughing, to teach the truth,
What hinders? MILTON.

THE very name of a Comic History may seem inconsistent with itself, chiefly because we fail carefully to distinguish between the means and the end, between the ornament and the object to be adorned. So long, however, as Comedy is made subordinate to History, they may be profitably united. A description or narration need not be perverted when given in a humorous manner; while the Comic Historian has the advantage of being able to subject to ridicule those deeds and men, who, though meriting contempt, have been formerly held up as objects of admiration. To unite pleasure with profit has always been a desideratum, and we see no reason why History should be made an exception to the general rule. But even granting that the introduction of the Comic element into all History, would cause confusion, it is not to be feared; for few writers have the power or inclination to avail themselves of the privilege, while

"Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;"

And this distinction we claim for the author of the *Comic History of Rome*. We do not expect those to like this book who look only to practical use,—

* *The Comic History of Rome, from the founding of the City to the end of the commonwealth.* By GILBERT ABBOTT A'BECKETT. Illustrated by John Leech. London: Bradbury and Evans.

like the person who, after reading Paradise Lost, asked very innocently what it proved,—or like those who regard with contempt such "childish" works as Don Quixote, Gulliver's Travels and the Arabian Nights. Those who have no active imagination, and envy others the pleasure of its enjoyment, no humor and therefore cannot appreciate the humor of others, are not expected to like fairy-tales, jocose descriptions, or indeed anything else which they cannot wear or eat.

Nothing is more fashionable at present than to talk and write against puns. On the well-known principle that everybody is willing to assist one "going down hill," nearly every one who hears a pun affects to ridicule it, perhaps attempts a play on its name, thus, very appropriately, fighting it with its own weapons. But we can always more safely judge of the opinions of men from their actions than from their words; and judging by this standard, we should say that men were very fond of puns. Those use them who can, and those who cannot, wish they could. Those who slander them most freely, often enjoy them most heartily; for it is with good puns as with good satire, "No man can be heartily angry with what pleases him against his will." Authors, with a notable inconsistency, have almost without exception joined in the popular invective. One of the most prominent and able leaders in the crusade against puns was the Dean of St. Patrick's; yet Swift, often assisted by his friend Sheridan, spent hours and even days in the ingenious trifling, and was not ashamed to publish the result of his labors; and even his *Ars Pun-ica*, professedly a satire, was written rather to display his wit and to afford an opportunity to publish a collection of puns which he did not know how else to dispose of, than for any other reason. That they are often out of place does not imply that they are always so. Milton may have lowered the dignity of Epic by the introduction of his second-rate puns, but no one accuses Hood of a crime in filling volumes with the same persecuted objects. There is a time for everything—punning included.

The object of History is either to store the mind with facts and information, which gratifies a natural curiosity and gives that pleasure which the acquirement of knowledge always gives, or to furnish, by the experience of the past, principles of action which shall be of use in directing our future course, by giving us a deeper insight into human nature. To both these ends the Comic style is admirably adapted. One will never forget a fact or story which is related in a pleasing, comic way, which by its unexpected and surprising analogies and relations makes a lasting impression on the mind; and there is surely no way in which a judicious

author can so well overthrow firm prejudices, and assist a reader in that most difficult of all things—to look at a well-known person or action impartially, as by exposing to just ridicule the objects of our mistaken veneration.

Not only is the history of Rome a favorable field for the display of such an ingenious kind of argument; but it is one where something of the kind is very necessary. We may admire with pleasure and profit the wild creations of an author's imagination, Ariel or Titania,—follow with interest the wanderings of an imaginary hero, some Don Quixote or Robinson Crusoe, which we read with wonder years ago but with no less pleasure now, or read the workings of a people's early mind in their popular legends and fairy tales, such as the well-known Arabian Night's Entertainment, or the collection by our American poet in his charming song of Hiawatha. We often derive pleasure from a representation which we do not believe, pleased by the very ingenuity which once deceived us. We need not believe in all the wonderful tricks and transformations of pantomime to enjoy it; nor would we on any account reject the machinery of Homer's and Virgil's poetry because we know that no Jupiter could drive his chariot over the sides of Olympus, nor spray-born Venus charm the gods with her magic girdle. Only when the ideal mixes with, and loses itself in the real, is it to be feared. Romance must be less dangerous than fiction, so long as pure imagination is less likely to mislead, than distorted facts. And if any credit is to be given to the accusations which have been made against the influence of the study of classical literature, it is not the gods and goddesses, but the heroes and sages of Greece and Rome who are to be feared: we may wonder at, or even admire, the former, but are tempted to imitate only the latter. To remove such influences, to break the power of such associations, argument is powerless, wit irresistible.

As it would be superfluous to attempt a regular analysis of a History of Rome, we shall merely give a few brief extracts, illustrating the author's style of writing, with particular reference to his wit. Speaking of the children of Rhea Silvia, who had been turned adrift on the river in a basket, he says:

It happened that there had been such a run on the banks of the Tiber, that its coffers or coffer-dams had poured out their contents all over the adjacent plains, and caused a very extensive distribution of its currency. Among other valuable deposits, it chanced to lodge for security, in a branch connected with the bank, the children of Rhea Silvia, who, by the way, must have been very fortunate under the circumstances, in being able to keep a balance.

He gives the legendary origin of the little island in the Tiber opposite Rome, as follows:

The corn on the confiscated property was ripe; but the people felt a conscientious objection to consuming the produce which no labor of their own had reared; and they did not allow the tyrant's grain to outweigh their honest scruple. Throwing all idea of profit overboard, they cast the corn into the Tiber, which, it is said, was so shallow, that the sheaves stuck in the mud, and formed the small island known as the Insula Tiberina. * * But the story of the wheat can only find reception from the very longest ears; for common sense will admit that in the effort to give credit to the tale, it must go thoroughly against the grain, on a proper sifting of all the evidence.

During the early part of Roman History the patricians and plebeians had existed as two separate *castes*, entirely distinct from each other. And for a long time the patricians firmly opposed any law permitting intermarriage between the two classes:

The greater number of them (the patricians,) believed themselves to be the essence of all that was rare and refined, until the more sensible portion of them perceived that the essence was growing rarer every day, and that unless it formed a combination with something more solid, it would all very soon evaporate. The law was accordingly allowed to pass; and by the timely application of some common clay, the roots of aristocracy were saved from the decay that had threatened them. Many of the patricians who had long been wedded to old prejudices, found it far more agreeable to be married to young plebeians; and matrimony was contracted, or rather, greatly extended, among the different classes of society.

The condition of the Roman provinces, and the boasted favors they received from Rome, are well described in a few significant lines:

They made Sicily a province; but those whose province it is to say what a province was have left us in some doubt as to its precise meaning. The best definition is that which derives the word from Providentia, a duty, or a thing that ought to be done, and the provinces of the Romans were sometimes done indeed, though in a sense more modern and familiar than classical. A province, instead of becoming a part of Rome, retained its national existence, though such existence was scarcely worth having, for it was accompanied by a loss of sovereignty.—a condition that may be compared to that of a body living after its head was off.

That A'Beckett can account for the most unaccountable circumstances will appear from an example or two:

The fallen warriors were honored with tombs in the form of sugar loaves, by which the unsatisfactory sweets of posthumous renown were symbolized.—Servius Tullius is reputed to have been the first who converted the brass into coin, and marked it with the figure of a horse or some other animal, as an emblem, perhaps, of the fact, that money runs away very rapidly.

We next give a few disconnected sentences from different parts of the book as examples of that wit which is wholly confined to a play on words.

Though Brutus assumed the look of an idiot, and generally had his eye on vacancy, it was only to conceal the fact that a vacancy on the throne was what he really had his eye upon. Valuable gifts were taken to the oracle, which was slow to speak in the absence of presents.—He certainly introduced many very wholesome legal reforms, by dabbling in law, in a spirit truly lau-dable.—Perseus was hailed by the Romans as King, but all their hailing could not render his reign prosperous.—Those historians who have built up a considerable fabric on inconsiderable grounds, do not hesitate to add to their fabrications another story, by describing Mithridates as a giant in growth, and as a lad so tall that he might have overlooked an ordinary ladder—.The Parthians, who were skillful in the use of the bow, sent forth such a shower of arrows, that fury darted into many an eye, and on many a lip there was a quiver.

For the benefit of those who may not have access to the work we are considering, we should like to quote some interesting story in the author's words; we must, however, be contented with a single scene from a well-known story:

The King was in the garden when the messenger arrived; and whenever the latter asked a question, the former made no reply, but kept knocking off the heads of the tallest poppies with his walking stick. The messenger ventured to intimate once or twice that he was waiting for an answer; but the heads of the poppies flying off in all directions, he began to tremble for his own, and he flew off himself, to prevent accidents. On his return, he mentioned the circumstances to Sextus, who regarded the poppies as emblems of the Gabii; and, indeed, the latter seemed so thoroughly asleep that the comparison was no less just than odious. Sextus, taking the paternal hint, knocked off several of the heads of the people; and keeping up the allegory to the fullest extent, cut off the flower of the Gabii. Many of their fairest blossoms perished by a too early blow; and being thus deprived of what might fairly be termed its primest pick, the soil was soon planted with the victorious standards of Tarquinius.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the book, is the power with which it sketches the characters and lives of individuals. As an illustration of this we cannot resist the temptation to give an extract, although it is a long one, which introduces to the reader those two extremes of Roman character, Cataline and Cicero. Like all the rest of our author's writings, it contains a great deal of latent humor which will be altogether overlooked by the careless reader:

Among the nobles of the period was a certain mass of cruelty and corruption, under the name of Sergius Cataline. He boasted of a long-line in connection with his family tree; but a much shorter line in connection with any ordinary tree, would have been more appropriate to his merits. Having spent all his own money, he spent all he could of other people's, by running into debt as deeply as possible. In order to meet some of his own engagements sufficiently to enable him to contract new, he murdered his brother, with a few more of his family connections, and, in fact, justified the opinion formed of him on account of his antecedents, by killing his relatives. Having obtained a propraetorship in Africa, he followed up his career of private swindling, by the wholesale practice of public robbery. He used his office for the purposes of extortion; and

the only proof he gave of exactness was in the exactions to which he submitted all who were under his authority. On his return to Rome, he hoped to have a wider scope for his dishonesty in the office of Consul, to which he aspired; and he formed a party of ruined spendthrifts, whose only chance of supporting themselves was by supporting him as a candidate for power. These desperadoes had nothing to lose, and everything to gain,—all that they had to lose being their own, and all that they had to gain being the property of others. * * He professed to be able to relieve all classes at once, by relieving the poor of their burdens and the rich of their property. The dregs of the populace were easily stirred up, and even some of the nominal nobles were base enough to join in a conspiracy against their own order. * * One Curius was induced to gratify the curiosity of a woman named Fulvia, with whom he was in love; and the secret having reached female ears, flew to the tip of a female tongue, when the secret oozed out as naturally as water finding its level. * * On the entrance of so illustrious a person as Cicero on the historical scene, it is fit that we should act the part of cicerone, for the purpose of introducing him. * * After receiving the rudiments of his education at his native place, he was sent to Rome, where he studied Greek; and the flame of oratory was first kindled in his mind by contact with the Greek poetic fire. As soon as he had assumed the toga, he became wrapped up in manly pursuits, and was placed under the care of Mucius Scœvola, the augur, who augured extremely well of his pupil. The young Cicero soon evinced a turn for poetry, which caused his head to be constantly running upon poetical feet; and he came out rather strong in numbers at a very early period. At the appointed age he joined the army; for the laws of his country required that on his entrance into life he should incur the risk of being sent out of it. He was present in the Marsic war, at the taking of the Samnite camp; but being in-tent on another part of the field, he saw little of the battle. At the end of the war he devoted himself to literary pursuits, and wrote his work *De Inventione*, which, in accordance with the maxim that necessity is the mother of invention, no doubt derived its existence from the author's necessities. * * * The three learned brethren (Cicero, Cotta, and Hortensius) were all of them successful candidates for the offices of Consul and Quæstor, in the last of which capacity Cicero was sent to Sicily. There his chief employment was to keep up a good supply of wheat for the capital, and, by the production of large crops of corn, he cultivated his growing popularity. During his Quæstorship he visited Syracuse, and discovered the tomb of Archimedes, which was thoroughly overgrown with briars, presenting an apt monument to one who had trodden, during life, the thorny paths of science. Cicero left the island with the pleasing idea that all Rome had been resounding with the praises of his administration; but, on landing at Puteoli, he was not a little disgusted at meeting a friend who asked him "where he had been, and what was the latest news in the city?" Cicero, at once perceiving that out of sight and out of mind were the same thing, determined to keep himself henceforth in the public eye to prevent its being shut to his merits.

The philosophy of the *Comic History* is neither extravagant nor altogether novel. With a delibe ate, accurate judgment to restrain its contempt for established opinions, it is seldom other than we should wish it to be. The prejudices, however, of an English author against a Republican form of government are frequently visible; and would, of course,

be repelled by the pride of an American reader, if recent events did not prove many of the objections to be well founded, suggesting that a part of the prejudice may be nearer home than we are willing to admit.

Though professedly, and really, a narrative of the past, the *Comic History* is no less really a satire on the present. The vein of severe, yet just sarcasm which runs through the whole body, sometimes prominently visible, sometimes almost lost in the main object of the history, is not one of the least interesting characteristics of the work. With many excellencies it is almost without defects; and we do not remember but one instance where it can be accused of injustice or of undue partiality; that is where, indulging in some remarks on the insufficiency of the arrangements by which London is supplied with water, the author refers to the Croton Water Works as an instance of what a city "with a will" may do, never once alluding to that triumph of modern art by which Williamstown is supplied with water—pipes, and which will go down to posterity, immortalized in almost every number of the QUARTERLY!

Any notice of the *Comic History* would be incomplete without a reference to its illustrations. The illustrator of Punch never did himself greater credit than in their production. The more extravagant of the caricatures are evidently very much *overdrawn*, but some of the less assuming ones are perfect gems in their way; in them every line is an idea, every face a character. Among many others, "Romulus consulting the augury," "The mother of the Gracchi," and "Fulvia"—letting the cat out of the bag,—are in the best style of the Comic art.

REMINISCENCES.

We are told by those who know, that the thoughts of old men are constantly recurring to the scenes of their childhood. The experiences of middle age often pass into oblivion, while their youth is renewed in the vivid reminiscences of early life. And what wonder? The period of boyhood is the golden age of existence. Every object is then fresh, every experience is strange, and novelty indelibly impresses it upon the plastic mind. Nature is then our teacher, and we need not the assistance of scholastic reasoning to assure us that we exist, for life is a joyful reality. The Berkleian system is annihilated by a single assault of common-sense, without the necessity of encompassing the walls seven times with a long train of metaphysical argument, or blowing protracted blasts on the transcendental trumpets. But it is not age alone that loves to look back. Youth, too, fondly cherishes the past, and, as he lingers on the threshold of manhood, forgives the passing hour its tribute of care and perplexity, while memory whispers of those bright days that were, but are not, of those happy days that present a beauteous landscape, to be admired at a distance, but to whose sparkling fountains and luxuriant bowers he may never more attain. What exquisite pictures of those by-gone days does the awakened imagination portray. How natural are those old and familiar scenes as they pass in panorama before us. There on the green stands the venerable church, to whose spire the lightning-rod has so often helped us, from which eminence we used to gaze downward with a sort of ecstasy, half feeling tempted to make a fatal leap to the ground and half holding on to ourselves through fear. With what desperate resolution not to be dizzy we would close our eyes, and with what frightful velocity the steeple would whirl in spite of us. And there are the three, large, strong, old-fashioned doors, almost commensurate with the side of the house, capable of withstanding a host, when barred and bolted, or of swallowing, without an effort, several congregations, when thrown open on the Sabbath. They are however, sorry looking objects. The paint is cracked and peeling off, the lower panels are sadly indented. Old Time is responsible for the former

phenomenon,—for the latter, frequent games of marbles played on the "knock up and snap principle." The floor of the porch is honey-combed by the frequent and violent application of tops. The walls are wickedly defaced by that destructive instrument, the jack-knife, that counterpart of the Yankee, the equalizer of his feelings, a solace in affliction and a moderator of exuberant joy. But the life of this scene is centered in a group of merry boys, who daily meet on the steps to transact the business of boyhood. Not a long face is to be seen in that company. Books and cares have been laid aside together. Whistling and whittling are commenced. The constant flow of talk is only interrupted by the frequent peals of laughter, which start the echoes. We constituted in those happy days a little republic—an actual republic—all were free and equal. No false distinctions of rank distracted us, and we had yet to learn the method of inserting the thumbs in the arm-holes, for our waistcoat days had not arrived, the short jacket being then in vogue. Ah, those good old short jacket days! Long shall we remember them. No coat tails of troubles to impede our movements; no standing collar of conventionalism to protect us from the sympathies of others. One serious objection only could we find to our short jackets; they did furnish a fearful advantage to the schoolmaster, and he knew it. But we digress. There are other associations connected with the church which deserve to be recorded, such as long sermons and naps, deep meditations on various subjects, on the relative length of different noses, on the differing capacities of different mouths, on the varied imagery depicted in the aisle carpet, and on the frescoed circle in the center of the ceiling, which would invariably revolve with remarkable rapidity after gazing steadily at it for a few moments, and which, in connection with thecenter piece, aided us to form a more complete conception of Saturn and his rings, whose representation in the back part of the geography we used daily to contemplate. When the sermon was fairly under way, how seductive became the temptation to peep into the library books which our teachers placed in our hands before meeting, with solemn warning not to open them during services. When the "finally" of the discourse was reached, it became impossible to resist the inclination just to count the letters on the title page, and long before the "lastly" had been overtaken, we had experimented on the first chapter, and had set the book down as good Sunday reading. After finishing the book, we would compose ourselves and await the "in conclusion" of the preacher, pondering meanwhile the ambiguities of language, the wide distinction of meaning which exists between synonymous words, and calculating the

chances of the sermon being closed within a definite length of time. But enough of the church, which is not the only prominent object in the panorama. The school-house occupies a conspicuous position in the foreground. Let us enter and take one more look at the teacher, who is a fair specimen of a disciplinarian of the old school. We used to call him an old fool, but that was probably owing to a misapprehension on our part. It was doubtless an early prejudice we had the misfortune to imbibe, but one which he never took particular pains to eradicate. There he stands, fondling the pitiless and ever active rod, his highest aim to make us smart. He wriggles and squirms with impatience; it is a bitter cold morning and nothing to do. He rubs his hands and watches wistfully for an occasion to warm his chilled blood with exercise. His back is apparently turned; somebody eagerly embraces the opportunity to give expression to pent up feelings by a hasty application of his thumb to his nose. The evolution is rapidly and skillfully performed; but the vigilant eye is looking cornerwise. The victim hears his name pronounced; he makes an effort to exculpate himself, his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth, there seems to be a heavy weight suspended in his throat, there is a gone sensation in the pit of his stomach, and a cold chill pervades his limbs. He is conversant with the routine to be gone through with and sets out upon his funereal march to the desk, throws his carcase, lamb-like, over a chair, toes a crack with his fingers and solemnly awaits the issue.

"One awful moment of suspense,
When pantaloons are stretched so tense,
Then thwack and 'Oh!' alternately."

Our blood would boil in our veins during these dread occasions, sometimes through fear, for the master worked on the rotation principle, and when one was rotated out another was sure to to be rotated in; often through indignation, and not infrequently through acute physical suffering. How often have we doubled up our fists under our desks and sworn internal and eternal vengeance, and then been flogged for looking savage, until at length we were reduced to that stage of unresisting and unresenting meekness which was so eminently characteristic of Moses. But those days are now past, and, viewing them with an impartial eye, we can but think of the joy we felt when the disagreeable duty was done. How good it used to feel about ten minutes after this process of moral suasion! What a sensible relief was experienced! What a contrast between the state of intense excitement and complete calm! A glowing satisfaction would ensue—there was something even of exultation in our feelings.

Such experiences are not strange to many of us, nor are they disagreeable subjects of contemplation. They form a landmark over which the tide of change and reform is fast rising. One wave has already stranded the old schoolmaster—in a cobbler's shop. The rod is exchanged for the last, and he seems eminently adapted to his situation. We bear him no grudge, for after all, we believe he acted from a sense of duty, and he did most unquestionably improve the talents that were given to him. Other schoolmasters, who have reached a higher plane of conscientiousness, and would not for the world injure the feelings of the "dear pupils entrusted to their charge," have since arisen and do now flourish. The crimes and high misdemeanors of former times are set down as the innocent pranks of childhood and the infallible indications of future genius. "Young America" is in the ascendant; while yet of a tender growth, he disengages himself from the apron strings of his ma, and smokes with perfect self-possession the rattan of his pa. Government, too, keeps pace with the schoolmaster, and pardons her criminals, because, poor fellows, they so weary of confinement. The old lady smiles at the freaks of her children, she winks at her "naughty boys," and proceeds to inform them that she don't know what she shall do, and accordingly she does nothing with them, while they filch her pockets and squabble directly beneath the maternal eye. Thus from the extreme of despotic discipline to that of false philanthropy and unlimited license, swings ever the pendulum with unvarying uniformity.

SPURGEON.

(Our Foreign Correspondence.)

LONDON,———1857.

DEAR QUARTERLY,—ONE of the last injunctions which I heard as I left Williams for a summer in England, was :—"Be sure and write something for the Quarterly when you're gone." I believe I made a half-promise at the time, which I will try to fulfil. Now don't expect a description of the Tower, or a visit to St. Paul's, with exact measurements of the length, and breadth, and heighth thereof,—don't ask me how I like London or how many inhabitants it has; you can read all these things for yourself in the stupid books of travel which Americans inflict on a gracious public. No! I'll write about none of these things, but if you will have patience, I will tell you of one of the wonders of London that I saw and heard the other day—the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon.

The streets leading to Surrey Garden were crowded with persons of every rank and description, and upon entering the Music Hall I found it filled to overflowing with a like motley assembly. The working and middle-class men were best represented, while there was a plentiful sprinkling of white cravats and aristocratic looking heads. Every seat was occupied in this hall capable of holding an audience of ten thousand, and the aisles were filled with what are called in concerts, "promenaders," —sad misnomer in this case, as promenading is a difficult matter where persons are wedged as thickly as pins in a paper. Even the porticoes and walks without were occupied. At the appointed time the preacher entered the pulpit, and after offering a short prayer, gave out a hymn which was sung by the congregation. I had listened to such unflattering accounts of his personal appearance, that I was quite prepared to see a

man of more than ordinary plainness. There certainly was nothing very prepossessing either in his figure or face. Short and chubby, with fishy eyes, flabby skin and expressionless face, he looked much like a London cabman seized with the spirit of prophecy. His voice was not musical but loud, and must have been of peculiar power to so effectually reach every corner of that great hall. His prayer was earnest and pointed, full of reverence and faith. I established myself as comfortably as circumstances (one iron post and a crowd of neighboring toe-treaders) would permit, in preparation for the discourse. It was on that lamentation of Jeremiah, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!" His sermon was divided into two heads:—First, Lamentation for Englishmen physically slain; In common with all the preachers of England, India formed the central point of his theme, and the horrors of the war were painted in strong terms; Second, Lamentation for those morally slain. Here the preacher was upon his favorite subject—the wickedness of London—the modern Babylon. He could not find words enough or strong enough to denounce the sins committed by those sitting in high places, and he dealt out his thunders with an unsparing hand. For more than an hour he held an attentive audience, not chiefly of old men, but of young spirited clerks and trades people, and the great assembly, as it separated at the entrance of the gardens, went away with thoughtful faces. What is the secret of his success? English writers have suggested various theories to account for it. Most seem to have had the idea that it was an unnatural popularity, and so have attributed it altogether to externals. One suggests that it is his loud voice; another, that it is his manner of preaching—a manner which appears eloquent to some, but to others is only an unpleasant straining after eloquence. Certainly externals do undoubtedly contribute to his popularity—especially does his entire freedom from pulpit mannerism, which comes very refreshing to the ordinary church-goer. His quaintness and the resemblance which his sermons bear to the efforts of the old English divines, add their mite also to his popularity. But these things of themselves could hardly fill the Music Hall of Surrey Garden, Sabbath after Sabbath, with listening crowds. The reason for his success must lie back of these things, and for my own part I am perfectly willing, and indeed forced to believe that his popularity is attributable to his earnestness. He is emphatically an earnest preacher. He stands up in the pulpit, and talks like a man to men, in a plain, straightforward manner denounces their sins, and ex-

horts to repentance. To a people that had listened all their lives to clergymen who intrenched themselves behind their office, and seemed ever separated from the congregation by impassable pulpit stairs, Mr. Spurgeon with his sympathy and human feeling, came doubly welcome.

The other day, I was walking down that curious old lane, teeming with rich associations, Paternoster Row, when I was arrested by a caricature in the window of one of the dingy shops. It was a representation of "Brimstone" and "Treacle." "Brimstone" was Mr. Spurgeon and showed him, with extended hands and wide-mouthed utterance, preaching from a rude pulpit with all his accustomed energy. It was hardly the right name for Mr. Spurgeon, but "Treacle" suited its representative capitally. A sleek, polished, exquisite gentleman, with faultless cravat and magnificent hair; with pure white pocket-handkerchief and perfectly arranged canonicals; with an expression on his face which was the acme of softness—a pictured Cream-Cheese of Mrs. Potiphar memory; he was eminently "Treacle." Of the two, give me "Brimstone"; and so say the common-sense people of England.

I had intended to tell you some of the many anecdotes about Spurgeon that are so plenty here, but you have probably seen enough of them in American papers; besides, I have reached the end of my paper—an excuse which I believe all letter-writers make for stopping, as if they had not another sheet in the world, and am in a great hurry to subscribe myself

Yours, &c., FLACCUS.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE present number of the Quarterly meets its college readers at least, under better advantages than its predecessor. That was distributed, colporteur-like, by the amiable editor, to its subscribers seated in the caravan which departed for North Adams, on a frosty morning at the close of last term. It was read and criticized in the dapper little dèpôt at Pittsfield, and in the various railway trains which radiate from that centre. The wrath which is generally produced by the exercise of patience, required of all who make Pittsfield a starting point, was probably transferred to our unoffending pages; and since students could do no good by anathematizing the railway officials, they undoubtedly eased their malice by a few severe criticisms upon the matter of the new Quarterly. In the various trains, too, the speed of travel was unfavorable to careful reading. What an astonishing sight it was, by the way, to see scores of young gentlemen entering the cars, each holding in his hand a solemn looking magazine in tea colored covers!—We fear that the venders of Harper, Knickerbocker, Godey's Lady's Book and the Atlantic did not realize their usual profits on that day; it must have been a great wonder to them, as they blandly offered their wares to the literary looking gentlemen who filled the cars, and met with such unanimous refusal, what could be the new magazine which so engrossed the attention of their probable customers.* The Quarterly, thus read, was doubtless read for the first and last time by most of its readers.

This quarter, we meet our college subscribers, as we have said, under more favorable circumstances. The cheerfulness of out-door life at this season invites to the more comfortable in door experience. So the Quarterly for March, if read at all, will be read in the comfort and quiet of a college room, and if criticized at all (hardly any need of limitation here) will be criticized in college circles, where the criticism doubtless will be more just, from the more careful perusal which it will follow.

We meet you, then, in your college rooms—the student's castle. Who, when he returns to college at the close of the vacation, does not enter his old room with a feeling of satisfied ownership, and look around to assure himself of the presence of his old friends—his books and pictures, and time-worn furniture? With what pleasure he establishes himself again in his bachelor abode! We venture to assert that he finds more comfort upon his tattered lounge, where he can extend his feet without the fear of soiled damask before his eyes, than on the Frenchiest sofa in his city home. With a roaring fire before him, and his feet elevated on the stove, he sits in his capacious arm-chair, an independent Baron. Who would enter his domain must knock for admittance, and not the higest magnate in the college world can enter, without the "open sesame" of the Baron's imperious "come in."

* All venders of periodical literature can be supplied with copies of the Quarterly by sending their orders to the office. Usual discount allowed.

In his Baronial Hall, the Student-Baron hangs his trophies and treasures. He has, perhaps, a portrait gallery, and there look down upon him, not the stern countenances of grim warriors, but the smiling faces of ideal beauties. In the corner stands, not his trusty spear or bow of yew, but his curiously carved cane—the student's *vade mecum*; while above it hangs his echo-awakening bugle, (very much like a fish-horn.) When he gathers about him his brother Barons, they renew the scenes of chivalric days. Around the cheerful fire, they crack nuts and jokes, and recount their various adventures,—how this one outwitted the Faculty,—how another committed depredations upon the village apothecary, and how a third rescued or was captured by some "fayre ladie." The Baron Von Sofimoar relates his contests with the ignoble Frieschmann, and with stentorian lungs shouts forth his care-dispelling joy of taking Von Frieschmann in, and robbing him of his tin. And then some minstrel strikes up one of the ballads which are in everybody's mouth; perhaps the one that relates the downfall of he tyrant of the Cannibal Islands, or the love adventures of the gentleman, who breaks out at the close of each stanza with his triumphant "Schule, schule, schule I rule." In the midst of their revelry, the assembled Barons are interrupted by a loud knock, and there is ushered in a weather-beaten sage who discourses on theology, or the traveling merchant, endowed with the gift of tongues, with his pack containing candy and pop corn. Thus with his companion knights does the Student-Baron pass the long winter evening, and we will leave them to their mirth and gaiety; who shall say that student-life is not a jolly one?

Twice a term, at least, we hear from the chapel stage, where the orators continue to stand in the sun, blinking at the audience, some poetic allusion to the "grand old mountains that stand like sentinels around us" &c., &c., the mountains being designated by the extension of both hands in almost any direction, parallel with the earth's surface, since the orator is sure to point at some one or other of the sentinels. This is all very well. Every one is expected to say it at least once in his college course, and the old mountains have long since ceased to acknowledge a compliment which is as old as the hills. No one believes that the orator cares much about nature, except as affording an excellent subject for a "splurge." If you were to meet him the next morning just before prayers, it is very doubtful whether you would see him bestow a single look upon his friends, the sentinels, or even upon the gorgeous sunrise which bathes in glory those mountain tops. If you were to follow the orator in his annual ascent of Greylock, you would probably discover that the secrets of a brown paper parcel possessed more interest for him, than the splendid view spread out before him; and if he were to spend the night on the summit, you would most likely find great difficulty, in the morning, in arousing him from his blanket-wrapping sleep, to look upon the rising of the sun. When he returns from his mountain tramp, ask his experience, and he will tell you that he had a fine time, slept warm, and came down in three hours and a half.

Our friend the orator, in his ardent love for nature, has undoubtedly great appreciation for the beautiful in art. Indeed, in his last Technian oration, if we remember aright, he made some eloquent allusions to the painter and his glowing canvass, and a great deal more about the "soul-stirring brush" and "living representations," &c., &c., which had their desired effect upon the unsophisticated Freshman, who didn't know that all that was put in to fill up, and was current change among college-orators. Well,

so ardent a lover of art would certainly be likely to keep before his eyes some specimens, if he could afford them, of artistic beauty, in order that his æsthetic nature, so remarkably nice, might be developed and educated. Let us go to his room. I will engage him in conversation about the probable candidates for the next Adelphic Union Exhibition, and who was the last Public Debater that resigned; you can take the opportunity to examine the works of art which are undoubtedly in the possession of one who has so intense an admiration for "the good, the true, and the *beautiful*"—(another of his favorite splurges.) After we have come out you may make your report. * * * Well, what did you see? "*Item:* one head of Venus, with hair arranged *à la mode*. *Item:* one fancy sketch of a girl. *Item:* one doubtful looking beauty. *Item:* one college scene, Sophomore rowing Freshman. *Item:* one view of Female Seminary. *Item:* various heads, all female." Now the art which embellishes the room of our orator is a type of the art which adorns almost all college rooms. If you go into another room, you would probably find the same number of sickly looking French Lithographs. Does all this arise from the bad taste inherent in our students, or is it the fault of education? We cannot believe that it is altogether from the former source. We cannot believe that four-fifths of our students have a false perception of beauty at bottom. The owners of these lithographs would see the superiority of good engravings from good works, if such were placed side by side with the daubs that disgrace their walls. But Poco in his annual visit to this region, presents tempting proposals. Choice works of art for a cast off coat! What a bargain! Straightway the coat is taken down from its nail, and transferred to the many coated Poco, and the choice work of art is tacked up on the wall. Poco may drive an excellent trade; he can hardly be called an art educator. It is not perhaps to be wondered at, that there is so little good taste manifested in college. What facilities has the student for cultivating his taste? What instruction? If there are, as tradition says, choice engravings in the vault of Lawrence Hall, they are invisible to mortal eye, and the student who passes each week within a few feet of these engravings yet goes back to his lithographic beauties, none the wiser for the instruction which they *might* have afforded him. What wonder then that there should have been a debate in the Logian, seriously undertaken, on the question:—"Is art demoralizing in its tendencies?" What wonder that a senior who had been honored with the Aesthetical oration at Commencement, some time since, should in the simplicity of his heart, have exclaimed on receiving the information, "Aesthetical! what's that?" If there be any ennobling influence in true art, let us tear down from our walls the puerile offshoots of a bad taste, and hang up in their place good pictures full of lessons of refinement and truth.

Book Notice.

The Historical Magazine, and Notes and Queries concerning the Antiquities, History and Biography of America. New York: C. Benjamin Richardson, 348 Broadway.

We well remember with what curiosity we read the frequent extracts in Littell from *Notes and Queries*, and how interested we were to discover at last in a city library a copy of the publication. What choice tit-bits of literary and historical knowledge it contained. The Magazine before us is the child of the English parent, and supplies in American history the place of *Notes and Queries* in English history. Yet it is more extended in its range; for it comprises much that is valuable in history apart from that called forth by correspondence. As a medium of communication between literary men,

it is invaluable. Such a Magazine is a great *desideratum* in America. The field of archæology has been entered only and in the *Historical* we shall find much valuable information. Questions are continually suggesting themselves to all students, for the solution of which they know not where to go. The *Historical Magazine* affords him the means of solving these questions without difficulty. Copies of the Magazine can be seen at our office.

Exchanges.

We have received the usual exchanges :—Beloit College Monthly, Bethany Stylus, Erskine Collegiate Recorder, The Harvard Magazine, The Ichnolite, Kenyon Collegian, Knox Collegiate Magazine, Nassau Literary, North Carolina University Magazine, Students' Miscellany, (Wis. State Univ.,) University Literary Magazine, Yale Literary Magazine.

The Ichnolite is the old Amherst Collegiate in a new dress, and speaks well for the energy and taste of the class of 1858. (Pardon us, brother Editors, for so tardy an acknowledgement.) But there are two points, of which we would desire to speak. For whose benefit is the copious analysis of the Prize Essay? For the readers of the Essay, we presume. Surely no one supposes that any college student can be so excessively erudite, as to require for the proper understanding of his piece, on the part of his readers, a preliminary argument and analysis. If we are to have Prize Essays (and they are generally considered the most unreadable of all college efforts,) let us at least have them standing alone, and not propped up on all sides with a's and b's, and 1, 2, 3's. Another thing. We notice in the January number of the same Magazine, a tale which bears internal evidence of a semblance of truth as far as names go. Pray, Messrs. Eds. do you consider it in keeping with the dignity and confessedly high aim of the Ichnolite to publish such a scandalous thing? Pardon us, if we seem severe. We are all working for the same result and any wrong step on the part of one of us must be lamented and noticed.

To Our Contributors.

We regret the necessity of so frequently directing the attention of our students to the character which we hold the Quarterly ought to possess. Do not send us so many articles whose only value (if they have any) is in the discipline they afford to the writer. Too many *lumbering* pieces are handed in. We should be glad to see more of the popular element infused into our pages. In this connection we cannot refrain from quoting from a letter we have received from a true friend of the Quarterly, since it so well expresses our own views :—"I do not understand the object of the Magazine to be the dissemination of moral truth, specifically, nor the discussion of profound metaphysical problems, exclusively. The speculations of most students upon these subjects must necessarily be crude and worthless. The topics which universally suggest themselves to every inquiring mind when it is first directed to their contemplation are exhaustively treated by the richest minds already. Novelty cannot be hoped for, and instruction is simply ludicrous. The path must of course be trodden by every one, but there is no necessity (except it be "copy,") of making the Magazine the vehicle or

rather the arena of these mental gymnastics." If these views are correct, let our contributors consider a moment, before they inflict on us their laborious but oftentimes unreadable productions.

We have to thank our contributors for their prompt reply to our call for material. More than the usual amount has been received, and the Editors hope that it is the beginning of better days. It surely does not look well, if a Magazine is to be supported by the voluntary contributions of the students, that the Editor of the Mag. should be reduced to the necessity (being at the beck of the printer,) of acting the part of the old man of the sea in clinging to every Sinbad who is likely to write after sufficient coaxing. We often solicit pieces from individuals, but wish it understood that such a request does not oblige us to accept whatever is given to us in reply. In deciding in regard to the admission of pieces, we are not guided solely by the intrinsic merit, though that is made a *sine qua non*, but by circumstances connected with individual cases, and we beg any of our friends to remember this, if, when we have declined to enter their articles, they read in the present number, as they undoubtedly may, pieces inferior in value to their own productions.

Rejected Addresses.

We have received the usual amount of bad poetry and indifferent prose. In regard to the essay on Thomas Moore, we would say to the author, that it is impossible to please with a review of Thomas Moore, unless he present the subject in a novel way, which he certainly has not done. The poetry which he offers is but a weak imitation of the worst parts of the author's favorite poet. Take our well-meant advice; give up writing poetry and cultivate your talent for prose composition. Your essay on Thomas Moore shows that you can write well, and with a good subject and a thorough knowledge of it, we cannot question that you will be successful.

"Friendship of the Greeks." Seven pages of commercial note on the Friendship of the Greeks! Have you ever been in the harness trade? we judge so from the following extract from your piece. "We can hope for no more Damons, but we may expect a world full of Howards and *Martingales*."

College Intelligence.

The usual elections have been held and result as follows:—

PHILOLOGIAN.

Charles H. Brown, *President*.
Robert H. Morey, *Vice President*.
C. Hendrick Bixby, *Secretary*.
Jacob F. Miller, *Treasurer*.
W. P. Strickland, *Reader*.

PHILOTECHNIAN.

Joshua B. Davis, *President*.
Robert P. Wilson, *Vice President*.
B. Frank Lee, *Secretary*.
E. P. Willard, *Senior Editor*.
J. Hunt Butler, Jr., *Junior Editor*.

LYCEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Edward H. Fitch, *President*.
Walter D. Day, *Secretary*.
M. L. P. Hill, *Vice President*.
Eben B. Parsons, *Treasurer*.

MILLS THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

JAMES M. ALEXANDER, *President.* CHARLES C. C. PAINTER, *Vice President.*
EDWARD A. PIERCE, *Secretary.* W. W. WILLIAMS, *Treasurer.*

The Adelphic Union Debate occurs on March 10th. The following is a list of the gentlemen chosen to conduct it:—

PHILOTECHNIAN.

Orator—M. N. PRESTON.
Debaters { S. W. CARPENTER. J. B. DAVIS. M. L. P. HILL.

PHILOLOGIAN.

Orator—T. M. BROWN.
Debaters { C. H. BISSELL. C. H. BROWN. J. P. P. WHITE.

John G. Saxe, of Burlington, Vt., read a poem on "The Money King" before the Adelphic Union Society, Monday evening, February 8.

THE appointments for Junior Exhibition were given out since our last issue, and are as follows:—

Greek Oration, - - - - - - - - - - HUMPHREY S. ANDERSON.
Latin Oration, - - - - - - - - - - HENRY A. SCHAUFFLER.

ENGLISH ORATIONS.

MARTIN L. BERGER,
TIMOTHY M. BROWN,
EDWARD H. DARLING,
HIRAM M. DICKINSON,
CHARLES H. EVEREST,
SOLOMON W. GLADDEN,
HENRY C. HASKELL,
RANALD S. MACKENZIE,
JACOB F. MILLER,
HENRY F. C. NICHOLS,
EBEN B. PARSONS,
WILLIAM W. WILLIAMS.

THE usual lack of excitement and novelty exists. The Winter term is unproductive of any very stirring incident. Everything remains *in statu quo*, excepting the Hydrant; for we are given to understand upon proper authority, that the pipes are reported to be in a very rotten condition, and that the water which has hitherto gushed forth so freely at every corner of the streets, has returned in disgust whence it came. The article may now be seen at the Cold Spring in its normal condition.

Speaking of the Hydrant (and why shouldn't we speak of the Hydrant?) reminds us of the Gymnasium, and by an easy train of ideas we are carried to the steps which tumble from South College hill to the entrance of that excellent institution. As a matter of curiosity, we should like to enquire to whom those steps belong? To the Corporation of Williams College, or to the Gymnasium? If to the former, we would take off our hat, and most respectfully suggest that a few of the ninety-six cents, which the peacable students pay each term for damages, should be devoted to the reconstruction of that dilapidated staircase. If to the Gymnasium, we are silent. A slight acquaintance with the exchequer of that society has effectually silenced any suggestion like the former, in this case. The members of the Gymnasium are not assessed each term to the amount of ninety-six cents for damages.

During the winter vacation there occurred an event, which we desire to record, from the interest which it bears, not alone to the present members of College, but to the Alumni of the Institution. We refer to the Silver Wedding of our honored President.

The event was celebrated on Christmas Eve. This is not the place for an account of the pleasures of that evening, nor perhaps is it the place for congratulations, but we cannot help giving utterance to our own sentiments and the sentiments of all who have known Dr. Hopkins as a teacher and friend, by wishing to the twice united pair a God-speed for another twenty-five years. May their Golden Wedding find them in the Golden Age of intellect and heart.

The peace of Williamstown (where the only unanimous opinion is the right and duty to fleece the students) is just at present disturbed by the breaking out of one of those slumbering volcanoes which are frequently referred to in college orations. This town has always been the scene of a desperate conflict between the "down-towners" and the "up-towners." In the estimation of the "down-towners," morality is extinct in the up-town population; and the "up-towners" look with pity upon their misguided "down-town" neighbors. The war between the two factions has been waged fierce and long. It is our duty now to record the fact that the "down-towners" have achieved a signal victory. Through the influence of the highest potentates in the land, the Post Office has been removed from the quarters of the "up-town" party, and transferred to the enemy's country. The "down-towners" are looking up, hope begins to revive and these denizens of the lower regions are blowing their trumpets of rejoicing, while the "up-towners" are blowing their victorious enemies. The event is hailed in different ways by the different classes in College. They are influenced by interest alone, we beg to say, in taking sides, and not according to any desire to sustain glorious principles. The Seniors and Juniors smile approvingly; the Sophomores and Freshmen scowl direfully. *Vive la bagatelle.*

We understand that that munificent benefactor of the College, NATHAN JACKSON, ESQ., has generously repeated the favor of last winter, in providing for a celebration of Ephraim Williams' birthday. By the Editors of the Quarterly, the name of Mr. Jackson will always be held in grateful remembrance, as one who in the midst of his larger donations to the cause of education, has not forgotten to encourage by his substantial assistance, their undertaking in the same great cause.

A WORD TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS. We beg of you to be more particular in the preparation of your articles. Punctuate and divide your piece as you wish to see it in print, and do not chop it up into paragraphs so fine that it looks like a chapter in Proverbs. For the benefit both of Editors and Printers, we would request you to use white paper, (of commercial note size, if possible,) and to write only on one side of the paper.

Back numbers of the Quarterly from the commencement of the work up to the present time can be procured of the Editors.

DEATH OF AN ALUMNUS.

JANUARY 1858, REV. ASA DODGE SMITH, Class of 1849.

THE next and last number of this volume will be issued in June.

DEATH OF A FELLOW-STUDENT.

Died at Plattsburgh, N. Y., on the morning of the 25th of February, JOHN FRELIGH PLATT, aged 20 years.

MR. PLATT was a member of the class of 1856 for a short period, but gave up his connection with college, renewing it in the fall of 1855, when he joined the present Senior Class, then just entering on its Sophomore year. During the Spring of Junior year, his health began to fail, and he returned to his home. He was the victim of consumption, and lingered a few months, but in the frost of Winter days, he was taken to his eternal rest. With an intellect of uncommon grasp, a will resolute, and a heart tender and sympathetic, he had no slight hold upon the affections of his classmates.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, of which he was a member, held in view of his death, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted.

Again the providence of God calls us to mourn. For the third time during our college course, are we called to recognize the mystery of that Providence in whose hands are all our lives.

Since it has thus pleased Him who doeth all things well, to remove by death after a long and painful illness, our friend and classmate, John F. Platt, therefore,

Resolved, That we receive with the deepest sorrow the announcement of his death.

Resolved, That by his uprightness of conduct, his kindness of disposition and his devotion to study, he has won a place in our affections and esteem which causes us to feel his loss all the more deeply.

Resolved, That we bow in humble acquiescence to the will of the Omniscient, impressed with the solemn thought that neither youth, nor talent, nor bright prospects are any security against death.

Resolved, That while we tender to the bereaved relations and friends our heartfelt sympathies, we also join with them in gratitude to God for the assurance we have that our loss is his eternal gain.

Resolved, That we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a committee of the class attend the funeral and bear a copy of these resolutions to the afflicted family.

Resolved, That the foregoing be published in the N. Y. Observer, Springfield Republican, and the Plattsburgh papers.

THOMAS POST,
G. H. BECKWITH,
M. L. P. HILL.
} Committee of the Class.

THE

Williams Quarterly.

JUNE 1858.

WILLIAMSTOWN:
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The Williams Quarterly.

VOL. V. WILLIAMSTOWN, JUNE, 1858. No. IV.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1858.
HENRY M. LYMAN, | HORACE E. SCUDDER,
THOMAS POST, | R. HALSTED WARD,
WILLIAM WHITE.

TASTE *vs.* EDUCATION.

"For *Taste* and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife."—POPE.

AMONG those poetical expressions with which we are so familiar that we always assent to their truth, like axioms, as soon as we hear them mentioned, are many which a second thought will compel us to mark in the margin, "poetically good—philosophically incorrect." Such is the verse commencing the commonest of College songs—

"Life is real, life is earnest," &c.

Much more correctly, a poet not remarkable for a true philosophy says:

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best."

Life is not altogether real. We also live a life of thought, of feelin of association, which is dependent for its direction, but not for its existence, on the circumstances by which we are surrounded.

The question has been asked whether, if a man were always happy in his dreams and miserable in his waking thoughts, and his life were equally divided between them, he would be more happy or miserable;

and whether if a man were a king in his dreams, and a beggar when awake, and his dreams were as unbroken and vivid as his waking thoughts, he would be in reality a king or a beggar! Such questions may seem strange in the present age when the "Pleasures of Taste" are known chiefly by tradition; when it is customary to praise nature, denounce art, and appreciate neither. But it might, perhaps, be difficult to show that ideal pleasures are inferior in any respect to real ones. Though not literally correct, it would at least be nearer the truth to say, that all pleasures are ideal, those which we call real only being valuable as they suggest ideals to the mind. Our happiness depends more on what we think we are, than on what we are. He who thinks himself a hero, often in his simplicity enjoys greatness more than one who really possesses it. Artificial diamonds are as good as real ones until the deception becomes known to their owner or to some other person. He whose taste has been cultivated by the exercise of imagination and the formation of agreeable and lively habits of association, can be happy in any circumstances in which he may be placed; while he who has never been familiar with objects and thoughts of beauty, can neither appreciate the beautiful when it is present, nor enjoy it, in imagination, when it is absent. He is neither equal to prosperity nor to adversity.

That man is the interpreter of nature, seems to have been the central idea of the Baconian philosophy; but it is not to science only that the principle may be applied. Man has always been accustomed to see the stars, but it remained for Cicero first to hear the "music of the spheres," and of English minds, Shakspeare first caught the inspiration, and penned verses which thousands have admired, but even Milton tried in vain to imitate. Many persons derive real pleasure from the contemplation of architectural beauty, or even from fine paintings of natural scenery, who live discontented and unhappy amid nature's fairest or wildest views. Even a "Sir Charles Coldstream" will sometimes admire St. Peters or the Coliseum; and men will pause with pity at Homer's description of the death of Ulysses' dog, who themselves commit the most heartless cruelty upon equally faithful animals. Nature, or the ideal beauty she suggests, is indeed the inspiring source of all art; but common minds will not, and cannot, converse with her directly, so well as indirectly through the medium of works of human art,—like the Children of Israel, who feared to approach the burning mountain, and desired Moses to receive the law from God and transmit it to them. In science, man is indeed the interpreter of nature; but in art, men of commanding genius

are in a different, perhaps a brighter sense interpreters of nature, who embody her thoughts in a language intelligible to all.

Natural advantages alone are not sufficient to strengthen the intellect or cultivate the taste. The log cabins of the mountains may produce a hardy race of honest laborers, but we must look for a higher refinement and a fuller appreciation of the beautiful, in the marble halls and among the tasteful decorations of a more advanced civilization. Music has been changed by cultivation into a frail variety which would be destroyed by the storms that once gave strength to its original stock Poetry (many nice theories to the contrary) sits in its warm and cheerful study and dreams and writes of battles and shipwrecks, of want and suffering. The poet will enjoy a picturesque scene more in an hour, than the peasant in a life-time. He who is familiar with art has an introduction to nature, while others must stand at a distance which does not "lend enchantment to the view."

In this country, one of the most common themes for declamation is the evil of aristocratic institutions, of wealth and luxury. We are told of pride, disappointment, envy, jealousy, and every other kind of suffering which is most abundant where the greatest luxury prevails; forgetting that the sensibility is increased for good as well as for evil; and that the same reasoning would prove man to be the most unfortunate of creatures, and the worm which can be cut in two without any particular inconvenience to be the "paragon of animals," the very perfection of creation. Our prejudices against everything which seems aristocratic have generally prevented the erection of palace-like residences, while the free and equal spirit of our institutions has extended the principle from the highest to the lowest, until we now find the idea very prevalent that the principal use of a house is to protect us from the inclemencies of the weather, that floors were made to walk on, chairs to sit on, and curtains to keep the sun out, and that when these and similar ends are accomplished, nothing further need be desired. In consistency, we should no longer smile to see, in imagination, Diogenes peeping out of his tub and regarding with pity those who were less contented than himself; and we should expect the story to be told in the infant classes of our schools, not as the freak of a cynical philosopher, but as an instance of commendable prudence, and well worthy of imitation. Even those who have escaped this extreme, have often gone to the opposite one of seeking magnificence merely for the sake of displaying wealth. If anything can equal the folly of abstaining from pleasure on account of a dread of parting with money, it is the

absurdity of spending money merely to convince people that we have been possessed of it. Between the "comfortable" frugality of the country mechanic and the formal display of the city millionaire, we sometimes see, it is true, homes adorned with elegance and taste; but such instances are "like angel's visits," in several respects.

Of all others, the student should be familiar with the beauties of nature and of art. At a time when he is acquiring the power of independent thought, and when his habits of association are being formed, it surely cannot be a matter of indifference whether his mind remains cold and comparatively destitute of sensibility, or whether his associations are cheerful and pleasant, so that, in after life, imagination and memory shall be a "joy forever" to their possessor, familiar associations of pleasure peopling the mind, and new forms of beauty springing up at every thought. Yet at every stage of his progress, from the dreary walls and straight-backed benches of the primary school to the "classic" halls of College, he finds the same indifference to beauty. He who goes to College, deluded by the statements of catalogues into bright visions of illustrated folios and quartos with plates, might as well expect music from the Williamstown organ, or water from the College hydrants! Of the College buildings themselves, only one or two can claim any thing higher than mere practical utility. The older buildings are rectangular boxes of convenient size and shape; the Chapel is a great improvement on the rest, although even with this we must find the fault that the steeple is placed on the weakest part of the roof, and consequently looks as if it were just falling through, which appearance is strengthened rather than relieved, by the broken form of the roof itself: Jackson Hall alone, last in time and almost least in size, has any peculiar characteristics which distinguish it from any other building, and entitle it to be considered a work of design. The new Chapel fortunately, is to be an improvement on our old style of architecture, both in its external form and its internal decorations. And one literary institution is in this respect, a fair example of such institutions generally. "*Ex uno disce omnes.*"

Passing from these objects to the course of study, to which they are mere accessories, we shall find this utilitarian principle still displaying itself,—the same Proteus, though under a different form.

For the pleasures of taste we are dependent on the exercise of the imagination, which is uniformly most active in early life. And any course which fails to cultivate, or still worse, restrains the imagination, must also hasten forward that time when we must be satisfied by the cold

gratification of analyzing our enjoyment, which we cannot do but by sacrificing it. That we cannot at the same time both explain and enjoy in their full extent these pleasures, is so evident as scarcely to need illustration. Sit in some crowded "Temple of the Muses," where

"Music and sweet Poetry agree,"

and watch an accomplished *artiste* as she assumes a well-known character; read thought and feeling in every action until you are filled with sympathy for the fate of Norma, or indignation at the reckless Borgia. Then raise your glass and trace back each feeling to its source. The illusion is gone, you no longer see the unfortunate Norma, but one who walks and stands and sings like any other female. Now she moves her head or hand, and the suppressed applause, or the perceptible thrill of pleasure which runs through the house, tells that the motion was not made in vain. Amateur performers excepted, you are the only person in the room who knows what caused the sensation, and you alone have failed to sympathize with it. In order to see its hidden springs you stood above the reach of its current. Or stand before the Greek Slave and enjoy that beauty which, when analyzed, you can only admire: leaving to anatomists to speculate whether, if it were like Pygmalion's statue endowed with life, it would die with consumption in a few days, (as a *popular* lecturer once asserted that it would,) you will be very willing to enjoy the general effect without troubling yourself about the particulars.

This principle of losing the general effect by attention to unimportant particulars is exemplified by the course pursued by too many students, especially in the study of the Classics. And we say this with a full appreciation and regard for a high standard of accurate scholarship; we only think that the student's energy is too often misdirected. He loses the beauties of style and sentiment in the search for some philological distinction, or in investigating a quibble of the critics. He gives more attention to the accents of some modern grammarian, than to those of Homer. And with the fear of the professor's "X" before his eyes, he pursues a course of study fitted rather to prepare him for the duties of a German lexicographer, than for the privileges of an American citizen. Surely the raven in the fable, who dropped the cheese to hear the monkey's flattery, was not the only, nor the last, individual who has exchanged a real for an imaginary good. The servant is not greater than his master; and the work of the critic is to correct and perfect that which shall be much more enjoyed by others.

VACATION JAUNT.

On the 11th of last August, we extricated our Senior dignity, all covered with dust and cinders from the cars at Whitehall, (the Skeensborough of ante-revolutionary fame) and proceeded to the Park House, under the double oppression of a burning sun and a heavy carpet-bag.

Learning from the landlord that my friend lived several miles out in the country, and receiving instructions to "cross the bridge, keep round the hill and *foller* the road," I set out upon my journey.

I had not proceeded far when a very small man, in a very small wagon, drawn by a very small horse, passed me at a very great rate. Just then his caputal protection was removed by a gust of wind, and whilst it was being handed to him by a young damsel who volunteered her services, I came up with the establishment. Perceiving me to be a good-looking young man in rather bad-looking circumstances, with no hesitancy in the benevolence of his heart, but considerable in his enunciation, he called out: "Ge-ge-get in and ri-ri-ride," in a tone of voice and general looseness of manner which indicated that he was pretty far gone as a spiritual medium. Hastily balancing in my mind the probabilities of being spilled out and thrown down into Lake Champlain, (for the road was quite narrow, the bank precipitous, and my Jehu rather too spiritualized to dread an encounter with things material) I concluded that my load was a stern matter of fact, whilst getting my neck broken was only a probability. I was justified by the doctrine of chances in getting into the wagon.

My friend seemed overjoyed at having some one to witness his skill in driving, as well as the unequaled speed of his pony, and was determined to put both to the severest test, which he did to his evident satisfaction, and to mine also, as I assured him by venturing the remark that he had quite a fast horse. "Darned ef I haint, stranger; he can go a mile in 2.24, I'll show you when I find my whip." Assuring him that I was fully convinced of that, I concealed his whip from him. Leaning upon my shoulder in an affectionate manner he began with the first questions in the Yankee "longer catechism."

"I say, stranger, what's your business? you're a blacksmith ain't you?"

"No."

"Well, *you're* a house jiner, ain't you?"

"No."

"Yes you are though. "Sal," darn you, get up here, I can whip *you* if I can't whip *your mistress.*"

With difficulty I persuaded him that my road turned off to the right—refused a *pressing* invitation to take supper, (11 a. m.) and promising that should I remain in the country I would "larn him to be a house-jiner," I took an affectionate and *thankful* farewell of him, philosophically ruminating upon the speed and risk of young America, and painfully experiencing the uphill trudging of old Fogy: safe, certainly, but awful slow.

After spending a few days in Whitehall, I embarked upon the "United States" on Champlain, for Rouse's Point. The historic associations of this lake in connection with the surpassing beauty of its scenery, render it sacred to the heart of every American. It was discovered by Samuel Champlain on the 4th of July, 1609. After founding the colony of Quebec, he proceeded up the St. Lawrence with a number of French and Indians on an exploring expedition, entered the Iroquois and sailed up it until checked by the rapids at Chambly; from here he proceeded in canoes accompanied by about sixty Indians and two Frenchmen, and reached this lake on the 4th of July. It is said that from time immemorial this lake and its vicinage had been the battling ground of the Mohawk, the Iroquois and the Algonquin. Neither could maintain his claim to it for any length of time, and as game was abundant, the deer chase often ended in the bloody struggle with the more savage animal, man—the *only* animal that makes a wholesale destruction of his species.

The exploration of this lake was initiated with a battle between Champlain and a large war party of the Iroquois; and for more than a century it was the theater of the military operations of France and England. The Englishman left the hearth-stone of his bonny island home, his gray-haired mother and his blue-eyed lass; the Frenchman left the vine-clad hills of his native land, and after traversing the ocean and unpeopled forests, they met to grapple in deadly embrace by this quiet lake, and mingle their blood in its sparkling waters. Ticonderoga, standing upon its shores, was the first trophy of our own revolutionary war; and those grand old mountains, which stand in their mute sublimity the guardians of its waters, echoed back the thunder of the gallant McDo-

nough's guns on that quiet Sabbath morning which witnessed the crowning glory of the war of 1812.

To speak fully of each point of interest on this lake, would be to write no small portion of the history of the French and Revolutionary wars. Almost every island and rocky head-land calls up thrilling incidents connected with her early struggles. Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Shelburn Bay, Valcour Island, Cumberland Head, &c., &c., are cherished spots to the American heart. They belong to the history of our country, and though nothing now remains but mouldering walls, or the rotting hulks of sunken vessels to bear testimony to the gallant deeds they once witnessed, yet a balo of glory will ever surround them, sufficient almost to gild even the accursed name of Benedict Arnold.

After passing Crown Point, the lake begins to spread itself out into a broader surface, and imperceptibly we lose sight of the "pomp and glory of war," in the contemplation of the beautiful panorama which stretches out before the delighted eye. On the east side the Green Mountains, in a continuous range, stretch along the horizon. On the west are the Adirondacs rising peak above peak, until their distant summits seem to support the heavens. Before us lies the lake, its surface dotted with emerald isles, and its glad waters dancing in the sunlight.

Night closed in upon us just below Plattsburg. Slowly and proudly the sun sank behind the Adirondacs; a few lazily drifting clouds blushed to catch his parting smile, then faded away with his dying light. Cautiously the shadows began to creep out from their hiding places in the deep gorges and caves of the mountains to take possession of the field deserted by the light. One by one the stars began to take their places above and beneath.

> "For every wave with dimpled cheek,
> That leaped upon the air,
> Had caught a star in its embrace,
> And held it trembling there."

It was Saturday night. It seemed like holy time, so calm and solemn was the death of that day. Just forty-three years ago, on just such an evening, the gallant little fleet of McDonough was moored in a line from that head-land to yon island, awaiting the carnage of the morrow; and as the Sabbath, God's emblem of peace, dawned upon these mountains, Downie's advance was descried rounding yonder point. And now on that island repose the ashes of the dead; the gentle murmurings of restless water and the sighing of those dark pines their only requiem, they

await the peal of that trump which will call them to a tribunal where the sword is no longer the arbiter of justice, and where war stripped of its glory will appear wholesale *murder!*

Gradually twilight deepens into night, and now the lights are seen from the wharf at Rouse's Point. This point is about one mile from the United States line. From here we take the cars for Montreal via St. Johns. The examination of baggage by the Custom House officers is a mere form, although the increased facilities for smuggling silks, &c., inaugurated by the introduction of hoops into the expansive economy of female arrangements has caused them to be more vigilant. I soon found myself aboard "Her Britanic Majesty's" train for the "Island City." Messrs. Editors:—Should you find a man asleep on the track of the Western Road, "the lightning train due in one minute," or should you see an equestrian on the brink of a yawning chasm, and his horse should be seized with a strange proclivity for standing upon his fore-legs and looking down into the abyss below, you would say that the situation of both was truly critical; but what, I ask, is there in the case of either to compare with that of a young man of tender susceptibilities, crowded into the narrow limits of a car seat with a blooming widow of twenty-five, the lamps feebly flickering, the passengers yawning? Such, gentlemen, was the situation of your correspondent. Let me say to you in the kindness of my heart, beware of widows! Blue stockings of almost any age, and blushing, soft-eyed damsels of sixteen, have each their witching wiles, their peculiar charms, and must be "handled with care;" but again I say unto you, beware of young *widows*. From Mrs. Wadman, who squeezed herself down upon the corner of uncle Toby's bench, so that he might see what it was in her eye, which was nothing but one lambent, delicious fire shooting from every part of it into his own—down to the last one who mourns for another like the dear departed, they all perfectly understand every avenue to your heart, and will capture it either by an irresistible onset, or an unsuspected surprisal. My companion was the relict of a Methodist preacher—had been a widow three years—was married when fifteen—thought she "was very foolish to run away from school and marry *so* young," but did not inform me *how long* she was a wife, so that, as is usually the case, I could only get an approximation to her age. Her husband was killed by a steamboat explosion near Montreal. Poor fellow! he got a regular blowing up that time, but I did not dare insinuate that it was probably not the first one. We parted at Saint Johns, both regretting that her baggage was checked to

that place. Being "all alone," she did not like to go into the city until Monday, when I would find her name on the register at the Ottawa House. John Bull drives pretty fast, and soon the long lines of lamps warn us that we are near Montreal. I slept that night far above sublunary things, (always excepting bed-bugs) on a cot with a large hole in the center, which caused my spinal column to describe a *diabolic* curve, and maintained my position only by concentrating the energies of my will at the back of my neck and upon the *ossa tarsi*. The Scientific Association was in session, and the hotels crowded. I found them inferior neither in accommodations nor prices to our own best houses.

Montreal is the largest city in Canada, containing about 75,000 inhabitants. It was founded in 1642, and was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, whose name it for a long time bore—*Ville Marie*. It retains much of the ancient style of architecture, but is fast becoming modernized. It contains many substantial and elegant public buildings, among which are the new Court House, on Notre Dame street, of cut stone, in the Grecian Ionic style; the new Post Office, Merchants' Exchange, several fine Banks, Bonsecour's Market, several Nunneries, Hospitals, &c., McGill College, and extensive Water-works. The wharves of this city are unsurpassed by any on the American continent. They are built of solid masonry, and extend about two miles. Victoria Bridge is now in process of construction, and will be the most stupendous structure on the continent. It will be supported by twenty-four piers, sixty feet in height, and is on the tubular principle having a track for the cars in the center, and a balcony for foot passengers on the outside. This table will be of cast iron, one mile in length. In all these works there is an appearance of massive stability which we seldom, if ever, find in the mushroom establishments of our own. The stranger from "the States," will be struck with the number of fat, contented-looking Catholic Priests, shuffling along the streets in their long, black robes. They certainly keep a conscience void of offence toward their *stomachs* at least, if not toward God and man. I went, on Sabbath morning, to the French Cathedral, to attend high mass. This is the largest church in this country; contains 1224 pews, and will seat over 8000 persons. Its towers are of stone, 290 feet in height; one of these contains the monster bell of America, weighing over 29000 lbs.; the other contains a chime of bells. The richly stained windows, the splendid altars, the various paintings, contrast strongly with the meanness of the seats, and the general appearance of shabbiness exhibited by the worshipers as they kneel along those long naked isles, count-

ing their beads, and crossing themselves between naps. The services lasted from an early hour until noon; never have I so experienced the melting, subduing power of music; peal after peal, mellowed into a soothing murmur, came floating from the organ and choir in the farther end of the building, and before the notes had died away the strain would be caught up by a choir of twenty-four priests from the altar. The effect is indescribable. The sermon, or address, was delivered in French, by a noble-looking priest. The solemn mummeries of the altar were conducted by three others, resplendent in satin and gold, aided by eighteen ragamuffin boys dressed in white joseys and scarlet frocks. I could not help thinking that hoops would have decidedly improved their looks, if by this or any other means they could hide the horrid-looking brogans which were projecting from where we are wont to see nothing but the daintiest gaiter.

These services have everything in them calculated to delight the senses; the whole soul is swayed by the rich, swelling strains of music, the eye charmed by the imposing ceremonies; but when it is all over you cannot but ask yourself, "is that *all?*" You feel that the heart has not been reached. In the afternoon, I attended the military service at St. John's Chapel. The soldiers gave the responses and amens with as much precision and regularity as they would go through the manœuvres on parade; and why not introduce into all our churches the discipline and beautiful regularity of the military profession? Such an arrangement would so facilitate the worship of God, and exclude many heterodox forms of faith and worship, at this point, to say "amen!" and at another, "from this may the good Lord deliver us."

I went in company with a couple of friends to visit the Grey Nunnery. It is under the care of the Grey Nuns, and is designed for the support of foundlings and infirm. We enter, through a narrow gate, a yard surrounded by a thick stone wall some twelve or fifteen feet high, and find ourselves under the guidance of a hunchback. The buildings are extensive and kept scrupulously clean. Here misfortune and declining age find an asylum, and the poor orphan a home. But what will be the future of those fifty happy little girls whose merry and innocent laughter comes ringing up from the court below, and strikes the heart like an echo from boyhood? What mean those high walls and all these appliances of force and restraint? Must *Charity* thus fortify herself against her own beneficiaries? Preposterous! Each class of persons have their own apartments, plainly but comfortably furnished, and the Nuns seemed busy in

their attendance upon the sick and helpless. We spent some time in the chapel of this nunnery admiring the paintings, some of which are the finest I have ever seen. That of Norman, preaching in the street, was finely executed; the same might be said of many others, but they are all forgotten when we come to the representation of Mount Calvary. This is in an alcove of the Chapel. At the foot of the Mount is a new-made sepulchre; on its summit stand three crosses; against the middle one leans a ladder, a spear, and a long reed with a sponge: above, the heavens are rent and rolled back in dark, billowy masses. At the foot of the cross sits the Virgin Mary supporting the bleeding Savior, fresh from the cross, in her lap. She is looking down into his face with all the tender anguish of the mother vividly depicted on her countenance. There is more than that—she had hoped that it was He that should redeem Israel, but where now is the promise? still, hope breaks through her despair. You cannot gaze upon it without weeping. Absorbed in its contemplation, I had failed to notice the squalid figure of an aged woman kneeling before it. Hour after hour she knelt upon the naked floor counting her beads and muttering her "*ave Maries*." I blessed the art which could delineate such a conception of the human soul, whilst I cursed the religion which substitutes it for God. It is thus that Popery robs the soul of its rich garniture and its sweet communings, and offers in lieu of these the enchantment of the senses and the gratifications of taste. We also visited the Hotel Dieu or Black Nunnery. It was here that Marie Monk pretended that she was incarcerated. It is now generally conceded that she was an impostor, and her book a vile fabrication, yet an intelligent citizen informed me that the secret passage she spoke of as leading from the nunnery to the Cathedral, *was* discovered a few years since, also the one leading to the Grey Nunnery, but that the Catholic influence was so strong, the matter was hushed. The Black Nuns never go beyond the walls of their prison, yet seemed to have a happy and contented appearance. It is with difficulty that you get a peep at them, but we saw one or two really handsome ones.

We took a night boat and made a hasty visit to Quebec. The boat being crowded, we slept under the table in the saloon, and awoke as we neared the city. This city being the emporium of the lumber trade for this country, the river is filled with rafts and ships lading, for several miles before reaching the city. There is no city in America in which are accumulated so many attractions as in Quebec. Its massive walls and frowning battlements have witnessed events of great importance

connected with the history of this country. It was here that Champlain commenced one of the earliest settlements in North America, and many of those old, bomb-proof, stone buildings are still standing in the upper part of the town. The town is built and fortified in the manner of European towns of the fifteenth century, with a citadel rising three hundred and fifty feet above the river, like the old, feudal castles. In approaching the city, we pass the place where Wolf dragged up his guns to the plains of Abraham; and a tablet marks the spot where the gallant Montgomery fell in his ill-fated attempt upon this fortress. It would seem impossible for one, under the most favorable circumstances, to climb up at that point; and when I came to look at the perpendicularity of the ascent, I was not at all surprised that he *fell*.

The lower town is the principal business mart, and has been built on land gained by excavation. The upper town is about two hundred feet higher, and is enclosed by a massive wall, and five gates guarded, bristling guns and vigilant red-coats. You gain admittance to the citadel from some city functionary, and a soldier accompanies you at every step. The view from here is a fine one. The river sparkling in the sun-light, and dotted with green islands; cultivated lands and dark forests stretching away as far as the eye can reach. You look on the death-bed of the victorious Wolf, and the no less gallant Montcalm, the field where man, made in the image of his God, met his fellow man in the desperate struggle for life, and fell covered with blood and glory. The scene now rests in the quiet smile of Heaven, and those fields, once reeking with blood, now lift their harvests as thank-offerings toward the God of peace.

The Falls of Montmorenci are about nine miles from the city, and are well worth visiting. The road thither passes through a continuous French village. These Falls are said to be two hundred feet higher than those of Niagara. Some Yankee built a suspension bridge above them which broke the necks of only four visitors; lucky! Another has put up some steps, down which you may walk, for a consideration. It seems really fortunate that the Creator left his most stupenduous works in the hands of Yankees for improvement. Let me say in conclusion, Messrs. Editors, if you wish to spend a happy vacation and a few dollars—if you wish to see something of ancient and modern Europe, without crossing the "briny deep," go to her Britanic Majesty's possessions in Canada, mingle with the French peasants around Quebec, and the beef-loving Johnnies of Montreal, and you will feel that your time and money are both *well* spent.

SOME *verselets* TO SPRING.

HAIL! Spring, thou childlet of the year!
How pleasant is thy voice!
Such smilelets on thy face appear,
As make my heart rejoice.

When winter died and passed away,
How happy then were we!
And since thou'rt here I will assay
Some verselets now to thee.

Fair Luna ploughs along her way,
Through the ethereal blue;
The birdlets whistle in the spray,
And so I'll whistle too.

All Nature 's full—sea, earth and skies,—
Of music and of love;
The starlets with their beaming eyes
Are peeping from above.

The froglets they are peeping too,
And keeping up the sound,
And I, too, peep for very joy,
'Tis harmony all 'round.

The treelets are all putting forth
Their leaflets on the boughs,
A streamlet wanders murmuring by,
And in its depths are fishlets shy.
A boylet stands upon the brink,
Trying to make his hooklet sink,
All baited with a wormlet nice,
To catch an eelet in a trice;—
But hark! what sound is that I hear
Break so discordant on my ear?
'Tis that old doglet Touse.

The catlet squalls, the puplets bark,
The cloudlets fly
Athwart the sky,
And gather overhead;
It's getting to be mighty dark—
I'll take a matchlet,
And light my lamplet,
And take myself off to bed.

THE DRUIDS.

It is a fundamental law of belief in physics that every effect must have an adequate cause. The same thing may be predicated of the moral world. There the great operating causes are motives, which, acting upon man's nature eventuated in the wonderful phenomena of daily life. All human actions, different though they are in kind and degree, may be retraced through their complicated net-work of circumstances to this single impelling power. So palpable is the connection between motive and action, that man's designs, however furtive, his conduct, however apparently inexplicable, to a scrutinizing eye is transparent as the day. The springs of action vary in individual cases, but these seem to be some common to the race. Prominent among these is the religious element, which, when rightly developed, makes society a blissful Eden; but, fostered in ignorance and guided by fanaticism, its effects are the most terrible that can be feared. Its perversion has made this beautiful world a hideous inquisition, in which mankind have submitted to every species of self-imposed torture. The untutored savage in the depths of the primeval forest, appeasing the Great Spirit by protracted fasting; the weary pilgrim wending his way across the arid desert to Mecca's shrine; the dreary Steppes of Asia strewn with the bleaching skeletons of proud armies who once in all the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," were marching to the Savior's tomb; the excoriated back of the monk; the ensanguined Moloch of the South Seas; the gory wheels of Juggernaut; the crimsoned altars of the Aztecs, all these attest the fearful power of the religious principle so dominant in the heart of man. Unmoved by all other influences, this alone will sway man with irresistible effect.

When superstition peopled fountain, cliff and tree, with deities; when a single oracular response from the sequestered vale of Dodona, would move the nations to arms, when a crafty priesthood encouraged this bigotry, and wrought into all their words and actions the most subtle mystery, we wonder not that for so many ages mind was held in thrall, and worshiped in blind devotion the unknown God. No nation has ever yielded more implicit obedience to its religious teachers than the ancient Britons No superstition has ever been more terrible than that of the Druids. In

the deep recesses of dark forests they celebrated their mysterious rites. Through the gnarled boughs of old oaks the altar smoke ascended, and its roots were dyed with human blood.

In retired caves they imparted truths to their pupils, and from the green knolls they pointed them to the moving stars, and revealed the mystic numbers whereby they might read the book of fate. Those venerable groves were invested with gloomy superstition, and for two thousand years did their priests hold in perfect thraldom the rude sons of Albion. Some have supposed that the Druids extended over a large part of Europe; but after a careful examination of authorities, it seems to me the proofs are insufficient to warrant such a conclusion. They did become established somewhat in Gaul and Germany, but Britain was their origin, and the isle of Anglesea the center from which their influences radiated. The etymology of the word Druid is supposed to be SPVS, an oak, as that tree was an especial object of worship; but the Celtic term dryn seems to take the precedence of that, inasmuch as the Druids existed prior to the Greeks, and the latter borrowing this term, modified it into SPVS. The order was divided into three classes. The Druids, who were the most influential, and attended particularly to the religious rites; the bards, who chanted the praises of illustrious heroes, and the Eubages, who observed the phenomena of nature, and were the poets and sacred musicians of the gods. Corresponding to these were three classes of Druidesses.

The Druids were invested with supreme authority, and no public act could be performed without their sanction. So great was their influence, that when hostile armies were about to engage, upon their intercession, the sword was sheathed, and the parties reconciled. At other times they flew from rank to rank with incredible swiftness, and inflamed the soldiers' ardor by the most stirring appeals, making the most strenuous irresistible. These harangues which so excited their martial enthusiasm, Lucius calls "monumenta bali." Their system of education was very remarkable. The children of the nobility and distinguished foreigners, with youths from Britain and Gaul, flocked to them in great numbers. Having administered the initiatory rite, whereby they bound themselves to divulge none of the secrets they received with them, but the most immense of the most studious priests and disciplined them in their arts from ten to twenty years. "Magnum in numerum versuum edoceri dicuntur, itaque annos nonnullos circuitus disciplina permanent."—Cæs. Cæs. In order to insure more perfect secrecy, all their science was verbal, and committed to memory, thereby dispensing with books and written characters.

They turned their attention chiefly to natural philosophy, astronomy, arithmetic, botany, and rhetoric. Some of their speculations were very ingenious, displaying a considerable degree of erudition. They made so many discoveries, and evolved so many recondite truths, that it is supposed they must have been acquainted with the telescope and other mechanical instruments. Some have questioned whether the Druids were the authors of their systems of religion and philosophy, maintaining that they received them from Pythagoras, who it is well known was a most indefatigable devotee of learning, and traveled into all countries in pursuit of it. The more probable belief however, is, that Pythagoras was initiated into their mysteries and endorsed their opinions. They believed in one supreme being, a state of rewards and punishments, the immortality of the soul, and a metempsychosis. "In primis hoc volunt persuadere, *non interire animas* sed ab aliis post mortem *transire ad alias.*" Their religion was very marked. The oak was an object of distinguished reverence, and was supposed to be the peculiar residence of the Supreme Being. His voice was audible through these sylvan temples, for the murmuring zephyrs and the moaning winds were to the children of the forest his spoken language.

The mistletoe was supposed to contain divine virtue, and its discovery was hailed with the most extravagant manifestations of joy. Preparations were immediately commenced for a solemn sacrifice. Beneath its spreading branches was built an altar. Thither two milk white bulls were led, accompanied by the priests and vast crowds of people. After a lustration in running water, the arch druid, "His autem omnibus Druidibus praeest unus, qui summam inter eas habet auctoritatem" draped in white robes, ascended the oak, and with a golden knife severed from it the sacred mistletoe, which was carefully preserved in a clean white cloth, and was henceforth efficacious in healing all diseases. The bulls were then immolated amid solemn invocations to the Deity. But these did not always appease the implacable divinity. A sacrifice of richer blood was requisite. A human victim must suffer. Sometimes these were criminals, but often a member of the royal family. In the deepest shades, to which no ray of sunlight penetrated, these horrid rites were celebrated. The consecrated groves were usually made in circular form, of many concentric rings. They were surrounded by large stones, and each entrance was guarded by a Druid. These entrances were the openings of paths which being converging radii, led directly to the distant center, where was an image of osier twigs, in which the victim was securely confined, and fire applied beneath. One cannot well conceive a more awful spec-

tacle. The mysterious darkness—the awe-struck concourse—the white robed priests with flowing beards and magic wands—the shrieking sufferers—the wreathing clouds of smoke spreading over them like a sombre vail—all these would form a picture of strange and thrilling interest.

Their mythology seems to have been somewhat similar to that of all the early nations. I will speak only of the Druid's egg. It was obtained in the following manner: A great number of serpents with erected crests, by their hissing formed an egg, which, as it fell, was caught upon a clean white cloth by a druid. Instantly mounting a fleet horse, he sped away pursued by the enraged serpents. Having escaped their vengeance by crossing a river, he stopped, enchased the egg in gold, and threw it into the stream. If genuine it would swim against the current. It was then suspended to his neck, and proved an effectual talisman in procuring all good, and warding off all evil.

Pliny says—" It is about the size of a moderate apple. Its shell is a cartilaginous incrustation, full of little cavities such as are upon the legs of the polypus. It is the insignia or badge of distinction of the Druids."

Their magic rites and incantations were numerous. They even exceeded the Persians in the arts of divination, and were sometimes consulted by the Roman emperors. By these means they pretended to work miracles, to understand the councils of the gods, and to discover the most deftly hidden secrets, so that this alone was of great potency in controling the people. As it was difficult to subdue them when instigated by such a priesthood, Augustus fulminated a decree of extermination. For a long time they coped successfully with the trained legions of Rome. Animated by the martial heroism of Boadicea, they fought with desperate valor, and completely routed several Roman armies. At length Sudonias Paulinus, under Nero, landed upon the isle of Anglesea, the strong hold of Druidism, and extirpated the inhabitants, and cut down the sacred groves. All remains of the religion quickly vanished as the principles of Christianity began to be disseminated by the preaching of St. Patrick, and nothing now is left to tell of their existence, but those huge obelisks of stone found in Cornwall, Anglesea and other localities. Their requiems have long since died away in the aisles of the forest, and we walk among the monuments of an extinct nation. While we look with aversion upon their superstitious practices and bloody rites, we can but feel a deep interest in those who in the twilight of antiquity gave an asylum to learning, thereby originating those moulding influences which give shape to the character of the Anglo Saxon race.

FOUR POLYNESIAN LEGENDS.

In a short space of time after the union of Kahiko and Kupulana, the islands were peopled with men and women. There were certain places set apart for the gods and for their priests; all the rest belonged to the king and his chiefs. The common people dwelt by sufferance, on the lands of their superiors, who were as deities to them. In consequence of this, the worship of the gods became infrequent, and the consecrated places were encroached upon by the ignorant peasants. It was because of these transgressions that the great flood occurred—the flood by which men were destroyed for their impiety; and its occurrence was on this wise:—

A poor fisherman dwelt on the sea-shore at Kawaihae, where he lived by the exchange of dried fish for the rich fruits of the earth brought from the valley of Waipio. From early dawn till late at night, he would remain in his canoe, drawing the heavy net, or trailing the pearl-shell hook among the sea-weeds and corals of the bay; and when his fish basket was filled, slowly would he paddle to the shore, for there the king's servants were always waiting to carry off the largest share of his gains.

Thus the fisherman labored from day to day, quite forgetful of the gods and of his duties to them, till a certain memorable morning when, just as the eastern stars were fading, he sailed out from the shore to a favorite fishing ground, where he unrolled his long *oloná* lines, and, baiting the hooks with savory morsels of rock-squid, sank them to the bottom of the sea. For a long time he trailed the lines, but no success crowned his efforts, An angry twitch would occasionally rouse him to a belief in the capture of some scaly monster; but an examination of the hook brought to light nothing more valuable than a sprig of coral, or an unsightly bunch of *limu*, in which the dog-tooth barb of the hook had become entangled. When these undesired products of the ocean appeared, he would curse the sea-gods, and angrily drop over another hook baited even more cunningly than before.

The sun had now risen, and was looking over the hills of Puukapu,

when the fisherman, thoroughly exasperated by his ill-fortune, stood up in the canoe, and commenced to blaspheme all the divinities who dwelt in the sea, challenging them to come out of their caves, and listen to his curses. His prayers were immediately answered. With a jerk that nearly upset the canoe, the fish-lines were all snapped off, and dragged under water, while the sea began to foam and surge as if vexed by the gusts of the *mumuku*. The waves were then parted, and close beside the canoe, appeared a tremendous blue shark, whom the fisherman at once recognized as the great ruler of the ocean with whose name he had just now been making so free. Falling upon his face, he began piteously to implore pardon for his folly; and, stripping off all his clothes, he cast them into the sea as an offering, at the same time promising eternal reverence and submission on condition of present release from the terrible consequences of his sin. The shark swam slowly around his terrified victim; and, at length, coming under the outrigger of the canoe, he raised his broad, flat nose over its edge, and addressed the man as follows:—

"The sea is the home of the gods: our dwelling place is among the branching coral groves: we sport there under the dark waves, and when storms vex the ocean, we calm the troubled deep. The land is the abode of man: our temples are there. But man is wicked: our altars are deserted and desolate. No garlands of *maile*, no wreaths of fragrant *hala*, crown our images. No offerings of fish delight the senses of the priest. No solemn sacrifices celebrate our glory and power. Gone, gone, is the reverence due to our might! Accursed is the race of Akea! No more shall they cumber the land of Hawaii; the land itself shall no longer remain: the dark blue ocean shall roll forever over all."

At this the fisherman redoubled his prayers and entreaties to all the gods of the heaven and the earth, as well as of the sea; but in vain—he could obtain no remission of the general sentence. The shark was, however, so far moved with pity as to grant him his own life and that of his wife, on condition that they would at once betake themselves to the summit of the highest mountain on the island. The rest of the land would then be immediately overflowed. Having thus declared the fate of mankind, the terrible sea-god disappeared in the depths of his kingdom, and left the trembling suppliant to provide as best he might for his own safety.

Swiftly then sped the fisherman's canoe back to the ill-fated shore. As the light bark shot up the sloping beach, he leaped hastily out upon the

white sand, and, running to his hut, informed his wife of the fearful ruin which was about to fall upon the race of man.

"Alas, let us hurry away," cried the woman.

"Yes," said her husband, "let us hasten to Mauna Loa, for that is a mountain far distant, and the sea cannot soon reach its top."

"But," she replied, "Mauna Kea is nearer; let us go thither, that our strength fail us not through the length of the way."

"But the highest mountain must be our place of refuge, and how can this which is nigh unto the shore be higher than that far inland peak overlooking the bright pool of Kilauea?"

"Ah, never," said the woman, "can we climb those far-reaching slopes. Surely the waters would overtake our weary bodies ere we ever reached the chasm of Mokuaweoweo. The sun shines in the morning on the peaks of Mauna Kea long before the snows redden upon Mauna Loa; let us hasten to that refuge where the light of heaven comes earliest; if we must perish, we perish."

Her husband then yielded, and they at once commenced their flight up the steep side of Mauna Kea. All day they hurried on without stopping to rest; and they heeded neither the sharp stones which wounded their feet, nor the stiff needle-grass which pierced their flesh. Long was the distance—even three days' journey for the swift runners of our times—and difficult the ascent; but fear gave them the strength of gods, and before the sun went down they stood upon the highest peak of the mountain. Then the woman, looking down upon the fair prospect below, wept as she saw the smoke of the evening fires curling up from the villages and groves along the surf-bordered coast of the island; and she said:

"Alas, for my country—the beautiful land of Hawaii! The days of thy beauty and happiness are gone. No more shall the bright sun look down upon the pleasant shore: no more shall the soft moon peep over the hills of Waipio. Alas, for the land of my birth, the home of my youth! For the wide, rolling sea will hide it from mine eyes. Where now the smoke rises, there death shall be; and the voice of young men and maidens, the laughter of youth, and the joy of old age, the song of the *hula*, and the worship of the gods, shall be heard no more in the land of Hawaii. Alas, for my brothers and sisters who shall be drowned in the sea! For Hawaii shall be no more; the stormy ocean shall cover the land from the light of the skies, and the gods of Night shall resume their ancient sway."

As the sun drew near the western horizon, dark clouds rose over the

ocean, and floated through the air. The wind was dead; but strange sounds, as of some mighty cataract plunging through the regions of space, filled the heavens with a dull, monotonous roar—feeble and faint, at first, but ever rising and swelling on the ear. The vast expanse of the ocean was suddenly whitened over with surf; and huge billows ever and anon came tumbling against the shores of the island, sweeping away whole villages at every surge. From out of the clouds were heard the awful voices of the gods, as they sailed up and down the sky, breathing fire upon the earth, while Pele rumbled her thunders far down under the feet of the mountains. Then came a whirlwind tossing houses, trees, and rocks, through the high heaven; and the waters of the ocean rose in its track, and rolled in over the land. Utterly destroyed then were the islands of Hawaii! The peaks of Maui were sunk, and the bitter waters flowed over Hualalai and Mauna Loa. Ah! terrible was that night for the watchers on the lone mountain top; but when morning again dawned, the tumult had ceased, and the ocean slept calmly at their feet as when they dwelt by its side on the sands of Kawaihae. All day long the luckless pair sat upon the narrow peak, and watched the dead bodies of men and animals floating past with the tides, and wondered at the completeness of the destruction which had overtaken the earth, till the second night drew its shadows around them. As the darkness settled over the sea, deep horror seized upon their souls, and they prayed to the fierce gods for deliverance; but while nine days and nights came and went, no answer was given to their prayers. Then a profound sleep took possession of their limbs; and when they awoke, on the morning of the tenth day, the ocean had retired from the land; the horizon was once more removed afar off; and the blue waters, as formerly, stood up in a wall around the shores of the island. But the beauty and loveliness of the earth was gone. There was no grass, nor were there any trees. The bubbling springs were choked with masses of putrid fish; the ravines and water courses trickled only with bitter brine; and the earth lay reeking in the sun. Alas, for the glory of the land which had been the chosen dwelling place of gods and of men!

Slowly, and with trembling steps, the fisherman descended with his wife along the gentle slope that leads to the bay of Waiakea. Having there arrived, they built a temple, and offered sacrifice to the gods. For many years they dwelt at Puueo, and lived to see the island again filled with their children's children. Thus ends the Melé of the Kai a Kahinalii.

After the subsidence of the Deluge of Kahinalii, the earth was bare of fruits, and the inhabitants had nothing to eat, save fish and sea-weeds from the ocean, and a kind of reddish clay which they mingled with *limu*. But, during the reign of the second king after the flood, there lived at Waiakea a man by the name of Ulu; and he had a young son named Mokuola. This little boy was small and sickly; and his parents felt great sorrow for the pains which he suffered in consequence of eating the gross food which nature had so scantily furnished for their sustenance. Every morning his father would paddle out in his little canoe, and draw the fish-net through the still waters of the bay, if perchance he might catch a tender mullet or an *opelu* for his dear son; while at evening the kind mother would wrap her boy in a sheet of yellow *kapa*, and, when the sea-breeze gave way to the cool mountain wind, go down to the wet rocks on the sea-beach in search of limpets and muscles for her child's supper. In spite, however, of their fondest attention, the little Mokuola grew thinner and weaker from day to day, so that his parents quite began to despair of his life. One day Ulu said to his wife:

"What can we do for our son? He will surely die, for there is nothing that he can eat. It is now better that one of us should die, since we are old, and it will be in vain that we have lived, if we pass away and leave no children on the earth. Have we not heard from our ancestors that, before the great deluge, the land brought forth in abundance fruits which were food for all men? No doubt, the seed of the trees was lost in the flood, since there are now only the *koa* and the *lehua*, whose flowers are food but for the winds and the rains. I will die: perhaps Kanaloa will then relent, and save our son from death."

The woman then answered: "It is certainly as you say; but how shall you, by dying and leaving me alone, provide that which we have not?"

"Indeed," replied her husband, "I cannot now tell; but to-morrow morning, when the first sunlight reddens the snow on Mauna Kea, I will bear an offering of fish to the heiau at Puueo, and perhaps the god will make some answer to my prayers: till then, let us cheer our son, for he is continually wasting away before our eyes."

At early dawn on the morrow, these devoted parents arose from their couch, and made preparation for the solemn rites of that day. The father took from the net five fresh mullets, and wrapped them carefully in the broad leaves of the *ki* plant. He then washed his whole body with water from the river; and, throwing a new mantle over his shoulders, walked forth along the sandy sea-beach, just as the rays of the rising sun were

dancing over the water, and blushing upon the snowy peaks of the mountains. Slowly did Ulu proceed along the shore, the little waves dashing at his feet, and occasionally sprinkling his mantle with foam, till he reached the Wailuku river—then a streamlet flowing musically through tall weeds and rushes, while the rainy season lasted, but leaving only a dry and thirsty water-course during the warm summer months. Here he stopped, and washed himself anew before crossing over to the sacred district of Puueo, where the temple was situated. He then prayed aloud to the gods of the heaven and of the earth: "Oh Kanaloa, arise: awake, oh Kane: and ye unnumbered gods who dwell among the clouds of heaven, awake! Come, hear me, from the black cloud dropping tears upon the smooth surface of the sea; from the white cloud; from the long, pointed cloud hanging over Mauna Loa; from the fiery cloud, and the dark blue cloud; from the low misty cloud driven by the east wind against the precipices of Waimanu; from the ash-colored cloud rimmed round with the rainbow; from the all-consuming cloud covering the moon in the morning; look down with pity upon the offspring of Kahiko."

Having prayed in this manner, he passed over the Wailuku, and entered the temple, which was situated on a high bluff overlooking the great bay of Hilo. As he approached, the priest came forth to meet him, and together they advanced towards the altar upon which sacrifices to the gods were laid before their images. Dropping on one knee, Ulu again invoked the presence of the deities; and, giving the fish to the priest, said: "Here are *ki* leaves, and here are fish for the great Mooalii, and here is the son of Akea. Grant an answer to his request." The priest then repeated the usual prayers, while Ulu, awaiting the response of his god, remained prostrate before the altar till the afternoon sun was hidden behind the clouds of Mauna Kea, when a voice within the altar was heard saying: "The child of Kapapa was deformed; it had neither arms nor feet. She buried her infant by night at the end of the long house. In the morning there were stalks and leaves. Akea came near, and called it *kalo*."

This was the response of the god; and after receiving its interpretation from the priest, Ulu arose and returned to his home at Waiakea. There his wife met him with anxious inquiries concerning the result of his visit to the temple. "I have heard," said he, "the voice of Mooalii. To-night, as soon as darkness is drawn over the sea, and the fires of Pele light up the clouds hanging over Kilauea, the black cloth will cover my head. When the breath is all gone from my body, and my spirit has

departed to the realms of Milu, carefully bury my head near the spring of running water. Plant my heart and entrails before the door of the house. My feet, my arms and legs, hide away in the same manner. Then lie down upon the couch where we two have so often reposed, and listen during the watches of the night; but go not forth before the sun has reddened the morning sky. If, in the silence of the night, you shall hear sounds as of falling leaves and flowers, and afterwards as of heavy fruit dropping to the ground, know then that my prayer has been granted, and that the life of our son shall be saved."

With these words, Ulu fell on his face and expired, while his wife uttered the following lament:

"Alas, my friend, my husband, whither art thou gone! My friend, with whom I endured the pains of hunger and thirst—my friend in the times of wind and rain, of cold and heat, alas, alas, thou art gone, no more to return!

"Dear was he to his wife who mourns for him now. Brighter and more beautiful than the red flower of the forest—stronger than Kane, or the kings of old—fiercer in battle than the raging surf when the north wind blows—but just and gentle with his companions. Such was my friend, my husband, who is gone. Alas, alas, he is gone, and no more shall he return!"

It being now dark, the woman proceeded to cut up the body of her dead husband with a bamboo knife and a sharp shell; after which, she buried the different portions, and then retired to the house, where she laid herself down by the side of her child, to await the accomplishment of the oracle. The little boy slumbered, and all was still until the middle of the night was past, when a gentle whispering was heard as of the mountain breezes sporting with the foliage of the forest. Soon the rustle of falling leaves and flowers was audible, and then followed the sound of dropping fruit as it ripened and fell to the earth. The faithful wife rejoiced as she heard these noises, for she knew that her husband, by his death, had found favor with the gods, and that all his desires were now fulfilled; but, mindful of his parting words, she remained quietly on her couch till the morning sunlight peeping through the cracks of the door informed her of the return of day. Awakening her son, she then arose, and looked forth from the house, which, to her amazement, was now surrounded by a perfect thicket of vegetation. Before the door, on the very spot where she had buried her husband's heart, grew a stately tree covered over with broad, green leaves dripping with dew, and shining in the

early sunlight, while on the grass lay the ripe, round fruit, where it had fallen from the branches above. This tree she called *Ulu*, (breadfruit) after her husband. The little spring was concealed by a succulent growth of strange plants, bearing gigantic leaves and pendent clusters of long, yellow fruit, which she named bananas. The intervening space was filled with a luxuriant growth of slender stems and twining vines, of which she called the former sugar-cane, the latter yams; while all around the house were growing little shrubs and esculent roots, to each one of which she gave an appropriate name. Then, summoning her little boy, she bade him gather the breadfruit and bananas, and, reserving the largest and best for the gods, roasted the remainder on the hot coals, telling him that in future this should be his food. With the first mouthful, health returned to the body of the child, and from that time he grew in strength and stature until he attained to the fullness of perfect manhood. He became a mighty warrior in those days, and was known throughout all the island, so that when he died, his name was given to the islet in the bay, where his bones were buried; by which name it is called even to the present time.

When the great god Lono had arrived at years of maturity, he looked upon the earth, and saw how beautiful was the region set apart for the abode of man. As he viewed the lovely vales and the forest-crowned hills sloping up from the windy ocean to meet the clouds of heaven, he longed for a wife who had dwelt in a world so lovely and fair. Having then summoned his two brothers, the god acquainted them with his new desires, and commanded them to make search among the daughters of men for one worthy to be his wife. Obedient to the will of their brother, the two messengers departed on this errand of discovery. Wreathing themselves with the mists of morning, they hovered over sea and land, now brushing the tree-tops of the mountain, or sweeping through the gorge of some wild valley, and anon lingering where the waterfall pours its foam over green, mossy cliffs into the deep, dark pools slumbering in the shadowy glens below.

Thus passed on the brothers from island to island; floating over the hills of Kauai; skimming along the reefs of Oahu, pausing for an instant on the verge of Haleakala, and then gliding down upon the green, rolling fields of Kohala. Many fair maidens they saw while winging their flight from place to place; but none so pleasing as the beautiful Kaikilani, who

dwelt by the fall of Hiilawe in the vale of Waipio. The young princess lived alone in this solitary glen with only the birds for her companions. Her little cottage was placed in a grove of breadfruit trees, at the foot of the precipice, where the stream that winds through the level floor of the valley flowed with gentle murmur past the door. Climbing vines and trailing creepers covered over the rough crags, with their rich, green drapery swaying to and fro in the breezes of morning and evening; while the ceaseless dash of the waterfall cooled the summer air, and poured a flood of never failing music through all the grove.

In this fairy retreat the maiden passed away her days, straying along the flowery bank of the river, or bathing her fair, round limbs in the spray of the fall, and twining her curls with feathery ferns and scarlet blossoms of the *ohia*. As the celestial envoys of Lono came gliding over the mountains of Waimea and down the winding valley, they spied the damsel thus occupied in the adornment of her person, and were at once stricken with admiration of her marvelous beauty. "This," said they, "is the earth-born maiden whom we seek;" and, whirling up the sides of the glen, they floated away in the sunlight to the presence of their brother. Impatient of delay, the young god was reclining in the bosom of a cloud that rested over Mauna Kea; and there the messengers approached him, saying:—

"We have seen on the earth one who is fair; but whether born of heaven or of earth we cannot tell. Under the *pali*, where the cliffs of the mountain unite, there she dwells in the mists of Hiilawe. Lovely beyond all thought is her delicate form; perfect and graceful, blooming in the prime of youth, clothed only with garlands and flowers wreathing her hair, no equal has she among all the daughters of men."

The amorous divinity was highly delighted by this narrative; and, having dismissed his brothers, he at once created a rainbow reaching from the cloud whereon he sat, to the fairy glen where dwelt the charming Kaikilani. Gliding down this shining pathway, Lono appeared before his mistress in the guise of a young chieftain, with a red-plumed cap on his head, and, flowing over his shoulders, a gorgeous mantle of yellow feathers plucked from under the wings of the *oo*-bird. The maiden was, at first, greatly alarmed, and rose up hastily, to flee into the thicket; but the god addressed her with gentle words and soft entreaties, until she overcame her fears, and finally suffered herself to be led away into the cottage, where Lono put off his mortal guise, and espoused her as his wife. Thus the child of earth became a goddess and the companion of a god; and she was ever after called Kaikilanialiiopuna.

After a time, Lono, who had now forsaken the skies, and taken up his abode on the earth, removed with his wife to Kealakeakua, where he dwelt on the sea-shore in the shadow of the overhanging precipice. Here the youthful lovers amused themselves by sporting in the surf when the west wind blew, and by torch-light fishing at night in the waters of the Awaloa. The young god excelled in the athletic exercises of the country, and the beauty of his wife was the admiration of all who saw her; so that they two were greatly beloved by the inhabitants of that region, and their fame was on the lips of every one throughout the island. But it so chanced that one of the chief men of the district became filled with desire for the charming goddess; and, being ignorant of the divinity of her husband, determined to win her affections to himself. Accordingly, on a certain day when Lono had gone to the forest in search of a tree suitable for the construction of a canoe, this chief came down to the brow of the cliff overhanging the cocoa-nut grove in which Lono dwelt, and called to his wife:

"Beautiful Kaikilanialii, from the top of the high rock your lover addresses you. One shall be hated, another be loved; but one only of the multitude remain."

Unfortunately for the designs of this audacious mortal, Lono was just then returning home. Hearing these darkly ambiguous words, and seeing his beloved spouse gazing eagerly towards the cliff, the memory of her earthly origin came into the mind of the god; his wrath and jealousy were aroused, and all his former love was forgotten in an instant. Rushing madly forward, he tore her shining tresses and beat her head on the ground till she was dead; but as life was departing, she fondly embraced her lord, and solemnly assured him of her perfect innocence and unvarying love. Bitter was the grief which then settled upon the soul of the god. With tears and outcries of remorseful anguish, he carried the body of his murdered wife to the temple, and there laid it upon a couch spread with *ki* leaves, and ornamented with flowers. He then offered a solemn sacrifice of hogs and dogs, after which he instituted those games which have ever since been known as the games of the Makahiki. Having thus done honor to the memory of his wife at the place of her death, he traveled around the whole island, and challenged to a wrestling match every man whom he met. Whenever he came to a village, he called together all its inhabitants, and instructed them in the arts of boxing and wrestling; nor would he suffer any one to depart until he had overcome them, each and all, in open encounter. The people were astonished at

his conduct, and asked, "Why does Lono travel thus, like one destitute of reason?" He replied, "My heart is weary with love for the goddess Kaikilanialii." No other answer would he give. In this manner he encompassed the island, and returned again to his home at Kealakeakua, but still was his grief unquenchable. A return to his former abode in the heavens was impossible, for by his union with a mortal that privilege of divinity had been taken away. Restless, and longing for change, was the heart of Lono; but the narrow limits of the island gave scant room for the gratification of his roving desires, which urged him on till he at length resolved to quit the scenes of his former bliss and present misery, and to seek a new home in the unknown regions beyond the ocean. With this purpose, then, he began the preparation of a canoe in which to essay the perils of the voyage. Many days were spent in carving the huge trunk of a stately *koa* tree that had grown for ages in the wilds of the forest; and, when the rough log had been duly shaped and hollowed with stone adzes and sharp shells, all the people of Kealakeakua were summoned, that they might drag the canoe from the mountain, where it had been fashioned, to the shore of the sea. Long was the way, and difficult the task; but it was finally accomplished, and the divinely modeled craft stood ready to be launched from the sand. Fifteen fathoms was its length, and a fathom its depth. Curious was its construction, and cunning the adjustment of its parts. Mortal eyes have never again looked upon its equal. A young and tapering *ohia* tree formed the mast. The sail was woven from the pliable Niihau grass, and the cordage was twisted from the cocoa-nut husks of Keauhou.

Everything was at length prepared for the voyage, and Lono signified his intention to embark at evening, when the land wind succeeded the breezes that come during the daytime from the sea. The people came from afar, to behold for the last time their beloved god, and brought offerings of pigs and fowls and cocoanuts, which were heaped up in the *heiau* before the altars of the celestial divinities. Lono stood unconscious of the honors bestowed upon him, and poured forth his lamentations over the mouldering remains of Kaikilanialii until the sky was darkened by the setting of the sun. Then, as the evening airs began to breathe from the snowy summit of Mauna Loa, he walked slowly to the strand, whither followed the vast crowd of common people. Dark was the night, for the moon had not yet risen over the bay of Waiakea, but a thousand torchlights illumined the shore, and lighted the rippling waters with a strange fitful glare. Forty strong men, warriors valiant in battle, lifted the canoe

from the cradles on which it had been placed, and bore it down the sloping beach till it rested upon the waters within the line of foaming surf. Provisions and water were placed on board, and then Lono entered the hollow bark. But, before launching forth, he stood up in the stern of the canoe, while the forty warriors held it firmly by the sides, and spoke thus to his weeping people:

"I go alone from the bright shore of Hawaii, and over the dark, open sea I direct my course. Some other fair island I seek, where my sorrows shall heal, and the heaviness of grief be removed from my soul.

"The light of heaven is grievous to mine eyes; and hateful is all the pleasant land of my love, from the vale where in youth she dwelt to the lone, barren shores of far distant Kau.

"Dark is the night, and gloomy the sea whose deep moanings sound terribly in mine ears; but gladly I go to the unknown lands that lie beyond—to the land of Kahiki, the lands of the happy and good.

"Farewell, bright shore of Hawaii, farewell! Farewell to thy mountains and valleys, thy forests and glens, thy fair flowing fountains and murmuring streams, thy waving groves and pleasant bowers; farewell to them all.

"But not forever do I leave you, oh, my people and friends. In the ages of the future I shall return. Not as I go shall I come; but an island, shaded with trees, covered over with cocoanuts, swarming with poultry and swine, shall bear me through the ocean back to this shore. Till then, till then, my people, ye shall see me no more."

As Lono uttered these last words the waning moon looked over the highlands of Kuapehu and poured its pearly light along the sloping shores and across the shining waves of the ocean. A sudden gust of cool air that came murmuring from the hills then swelled the huge sail, and, away from the grasp of those strong men, bore the canoe far out on the broad waters of the sparkling sea, toward the clouds that gloomed along the horizon; while the people wept and mourned for their god who was leaving them alone. Then was the memory of Lono dear to their hearts; and temples were reared, and games were celebrated at the commencement of every new year, in honor of his name, and in anticipation of his promised return. The Mele of Lono is ended.

There once lived on the island of Kauai an old chief who had a son named Paalua. When the youth was grown up to manhood, and had been instructed in all the arts of war, his father resolved to send him with a present to the king of Oahu. A large canoe was accordingly prepared. The gifts, carefully packed in leaves, were placed on board; and at evening, Paalua embarked with fifteen followers, and set sail for Oahu.

All night long the soft west wind breathed gently over the sleeping sea; andat early dawn the high table mountain of Kaala was visible on the far southern horizon; veering over their sail, the voyagers ran merrily over the waves that sparkled under the rising sun; and directing their course towards the notch of Nuuanu, were soon in sight of the rugged precipices of Koolau, with the broad plains of Kaneohe lying green and fair at their base. Before the sun had commenced its downward passage towards the hills of Waianae, Paalua landed on the curving shore of the Kaneohe bay, in front of the village then occupied by the king of Oahu. As the strangers drew their canoe from the surf, four warrior chiefs came down from the royal enclosure, and intently regarded their movements. Paalua advanced, to salute these veteran guardians of the coast, at the same time announcing his name and titles, which were no sooner heard, than with a yell of delight the warriors hurled their spears full at his breast, and rushed forward, to welcome the son of their ancient friend. Highly gratified by this complimentary reception, Paalua proved his skill in the spear exercise by catching in his right hand the first flying javelin, with which he parried the second and the third, dexterously avoiding the fourth by a nimble movement of his body.

After this display of warlike prowess, he was escorted to the palace of the king, who received the young chieftain with many professions of cordiality and esteem. The presents were then brought from the canoe and spread out before the king. He expressed much pleasure at this mark of friendship, and gave orders for a feast on the morrow. Proclamation of the festival was at once made, and great was the consequent excitement. Everywhere were the king's messengers hurrying to the mountains after backloads of *ki* leaves and *awa* roots, or driving well-fed hogs to the place of slaughter, while the keepers of the fish-ponds drew up their nets full of the largest and choicest of mullet. The darkness of night caused no interval of leisure; for then were the *kalo* ovens heated, and the sound of the poi-pounder was heard even till daylight again glimmered over the sea.

In the early morning the young girls wove garlands of fresh leaves and flowers for the adornment of their persons, and the dancers and musicians arrayed themselves in all their finery. At the time of day when the shadows of the trees leaned no more towards the mountains, the people began to assemble in the cocoanut grove, and the steaming ovens were opened. Long then was the feasting and revelry; and when the banquet was ended the dancers rose up and delighted the assembly with the grace of their motions and the beauty of their forms. One after another they paid their dues of reverence to the stranger, and then fell back among the crowd. At length the king called for his daughter Kawelu, and ordered her to dance before his guest. The people, at this command, retired a few paces as the royal maiden came forth. She was very young, and timid as a bird; but her beauty won the admiration of all. A *pau* of yellow feathers, bordered with red stripes, was wound about her waist; garlands of flowers twined around her arms, and clung lovingly to her bosom; cunningly carved ornaments of ivory were hung with many a shining braid of human hair upon her neck; and bracelets of dog's teeth clinked and rattled as she moved her feet and hands.

Thus arrayed, Kawelu advanced into the presence of her father, and began to dance, while the musicians beat time upon their drums, and the minstrels sang a *mele* in honor of her beauty and youth. Thus, for a little time, she moved alone through the measures of the *hula* till the musicians commenced a refrain in praise of Paalua, when a band of young girls dressed in a costume similar to that worn by Kawelu took their places on either side of the princess, and together they whirled around the grassy circle. Round and round they flew, their shining tresses floating and streaming in the air, until the drummers ceased their tattoo in obedience to a command from the king. This was the signal for a conclusion of the festivities; and the people at once dispersed, while the royal party went down, to play in the surf.

The king, when he thus presented his daughter before his guest, had no thought of any untoward results from so trifling a circumstance. The possibility of such a thing as love never once suggested itself to his thoughts. Kawelu was a mere girl, hardly yet grown into womanhood; and she had been, moreover, long since promised to Mano—the lord of Kailua. But, notwithstanding these facts, of which the young people were entirely ignorant withal, love had entered their hearts; and, in the evening, they found means of communication with each other. Paalua set forth in glowing terms the charms of his home in the vale of Hanalei,

and entreated the gentle maiden to go with him on his return from her father's court. With all the enthusiasm of girlish affection, she assured him of her love, but would not be persuaded to leave her land for another, however lovely it might be. After many efforts to induce a different decision on her part, Paalua surrendered to the will of his mistress, and promised to adopt her home as his own, if she would but consent to their union. This proposal proved more acceptable; and it was soon arranged that on the morrow Paalua should formally ask in marriage the princess Kawelu.

The young man arose at dawn on the ensuing morning; and in accordance with this plan, gave orders for the equipment of his canoe. The king remonstrated with his guest, and urged him to a longer stay; but Paalua declared that he must be on the voyage back to his father, who was old, and who would be alarmed if his son were long absent on this expedition. Finally, seeing that persuasion availed nothing, the king said:

"If you must now return, how shall we fill the canoe with gifts? The bird-catchers have not yet come from the mountain, nor have the fishermen brought any fish from the sea. Will the king of Kauai be pleased if his brother sends him a spear fashioned from the wood of the kamani, or a net woven with the threads of the oloná?"

Paalua at once made answer: "The birds of Oahu are the birds of Kauai; the fish of the sea are alike from Hawaii to Niihau; the kamani and the oloná grow in the valley of Hanalei; and the men of Waimea are skilled in the carving of wood, and the weaving of nets. Such gifts should not kings send to each other. My father, too, is old; and how can he rejoice in the sight of new things whose eyes are dimmed by the spray of the sea; but his son is young. Give him one small present—one easily borne in the canoe, and he will be content, for thus shall he know the reality of your friendship."

"In truth," replied the king, "your words are pleasant to the ear. Ask of me now some costly gift, and it shall be at once bestowed."

Then Paalua bowed before the old warrior, and said—"Give me your daughter Kawelu, for great is my love for the maiden."

At this unexpected request, the countenance of the king grew dark like the clouds that drive before the south wind, and he made no reply. What could he say! how should he avoid giving offence to his guest! He finally answered:

"My heart is made heavy by your words. How can I part with the

flower of my land! Ask some other favor, or give time for consultation with the gods."

Paalua readily consented to a postponement of the king's decision; and, in the meantime, ordered his men to let the canoe remain under its covering of cocoanut leaves until he should give farther directions concerning the voyage.

The king was greatly perplexed. His daughter was already promised in marriage, and the lord of Kailua demanded the strictest redemption of the pledges which he held; but how could he refuse the son of his powerful friend, the king of Kauai! Fear and pride both prompted him to attach this young prince to his family, while a regard for his promises, and the threats of the lordly Mano, caused him still to waver and look with dread at the consequences of openly affronting a neighbor who could inflict bitter injury in retaliation.

While thus tortured with varying doubts, Mano approached with a plan which he thought would relieve all parties from embarrassment. "High up in the cliff," said he, "is a cavern which I found while searching for the nests of the tropic bird. Difficult of access, unknown to the stranger is that hiding place. There let us conceal the flower of the forest, and then bid this voyager seek her out. Day after day may he search; but never shall he find her who is to be the wife of Mano, for not yet has the man been born who, unguided by my words, can climb to that cave."

The king was pleased with this device, and, going to Paalua, informed him that he had consulted with his gods, and they had answered his inquiries by directing that Kawelu should be hidden in a grotto high up the face of the precipice, and that she should become the wife of Paalua if he could discover the place of her concealment before the going down of the morrow's sun. On no other conditions might their union take place. The young prince's heart well-nigh failed him, as he looked up at the towering crags piled one above another till their summits were lost among the sweeping clouds; but there was no other alternative, and he consented to make the trial. It was then arranged that during the coming night Kawelu should be taken by her father to the place of concealment, and the search should commence at the dawn of the next morning.

Clear and cool was the night; no moon lighted the skies; but ten thousand bright stars looked down upon the slumbering island, when the king summoned his daughter from her couch, and bade her follow him to the mountain. The sea moaned along the gravely beach as they turned from

the shore, while the lowly breathing airs of the night made soft murmuring among the leaves of the trees that overarched the little stream whose course they followed to the foot of the *pali*. There arrived, the king seated himself on a flat rock, and uttered a shrill whistle, which was answered by a rustling in the thicket near by, as the lord of Kailua cautiously advanced through the darkness. A small string of *kukui* nuts was then lighted, and screened, from distant observation, in a hollow gourd-shell. Guiding their footsteps by this feeble light, the little party commenced the laborious ascent of the precipice—Mano leading the way, and assisting the timid maiden, while the old king followed, and carefully obliterated the marks of their passage. Thus they toiled on up the steep face of the cliff till the morning star arose out of the sea, when the lord of Kailua, turning suddenly aside, swayed himself by a pendant root around the point of a projecting rock, and vanished among the leaves of a creeping vine which had there spread its drooping festoons over the cliff. He re-appeared after a moment's absence, and, lifting the astonished girl around the rock, placed her within the entrance of a little cave which had been completely hidden by the creeping evening-glory. The king scrambled in after his daughter, and commenced curiously to peer about the cavern by the dim light of the flickering torch.

The hiding place which now concealed the little party, was a natural cleft in the rock, scarce wide enough to shelter nine persons. The uneven floor had been covered with green brakes, and a few calabashes stood upon a little stone shelf in one corner. Mano unrolled a large mat which had been left in the cave, and invited his companions to repose thereupon, while he should prepare *poi* for their morning repast. The old king, wearied by his unwonted exertions, soon fell into a profound slumber; but Kawelu sat close by her father's side, and watched for the coming of dawn.

The purple light of morning at length came streaming over the sea. Paalua was already at the base of the precipice, and at once commenced the search for the lady of his love. Slowly he climbed along the face of the cliff, and peered into every crevice and hole that he could spy. Many were the gloomy caverns he thus examined, of which some were filled with the mouldering bones of ancient chiefs, and others were fitted as places of refuge in time of war, while others again were damp and slimy with the constant dripping of water from the rocks above.

The sun was already throwing long shadows over the plain of Kaneohe, before Paalua reached an elevation equal to that of the cave for which

he sought, and no trace of his mistress had yet appeared, when, as he was leaning for a moment against the knotty trunk of a *lama* tree, his eye caught sight of a shell bracelet lying among the dead leaves at his feet. It was Kawelu's—he had himself given it as a pledge of his love. With a cry of joy he picked up the little ornament, and renewed his search. Soon he found the marks of recent footsteps, and followed them eagerly up the cliff till they suddenly disappeared at the base of the sheer ascent whose summit is capped with ever drifting clouds.

And now could Kawelu plainly see the perplexity of her lover. He looked up the bare, smooth side of the overhanging bluff—there was no chance for concealment above. He had thoroughly explored the portion below—his mistress could not now be far away. Paalua called aloud, and prayed her to give him some sign; but no answer came, save the wild scream of the oo-bird ringing among the trees far down the cliff side. He listened long in vain, then clambered among the stinted shrubs and creeping stems, if perchance he might discover the place where lay his love. Once he passed so near the unseen cave that Kawelu could hear his deep breathing as he lifted himself over the projections of the rock. Mano started to his feet; and, grasping a long spear, fiercely muttered a vow to drive it through the stranger's heart, should he but lift one leaf of the vine that covered them from view. The maiden heard that terrible whisper, and would have cried out with fright, had not her father hastily restrained her from thus revealing the secret he was so anxious to conceal. But, fortunately, the young prince passed on, and soon began with heavy heart to retrace his steps towards the plain. Then rose the spirits of the king, and he bantered his daughter about her lover so skilled in the discovery of hidden treasure. "No son of mine," said he, "shall this pleasant youth become; but I will give you another lover who shall console your young heart. Our faithful guide, the lord of Kailua, shall wed you this night; and back to Kauai will we send our guest, well laden with good things from the *pali* of Koolau."

Kawelu was a prudent girl, and she knew only too well that opposition could avail her naught in her present situation; so she wisely said nothing, and with an air of the utmost indifference sat quietly on one corner of the mat, where she could catch an occasional glimpse of her lover's receding form. Her mind was, however, busy with a scheme for her deliverance; and finally she thus addressed her father: "You are weary and thirsty; let me now prepare a draught of *awa* which shall refresh the bodies of you twain, before we descend to the shore, for night is ap-

proaching." The king, who was much given to such pleasures, willingly assented to this proposal, and a calabash was soon filled by his daughter with the intoxicating liquor. Mirthfully then drank the old man, nor would he suffer Mano to abstain from the draught, and they were both speedily overcome by the powerful influences of the narcotic root. When its full effects were manifest, and she saw her two companions prostrated in the drunken sleep that follows such potations, Kawelu pushed aside the overhanging vine, and waved her mantle as a signal to Paalua, who was now standing at the foot of the *pali*, and once more scanning its rugged wall. He saw her not, but turned his face seaward, for the sun was setting. Ah! what grief then filled the soul of the young girl; but still she held out the fluttering signal, and waved it on the spear which had so nearly drank the life-blood of her lover. He stopped, and again gazed wistfully over the face of the cliff. He saw the white *kapa* moving among the green leaves of the evening-glory; he knew that scarf, for it was her's. Up the steep ascent then hastened the young chief, and short was the time before he reached the hidden cave. Kawelu was there; her father slumbered beside the torpid form of a warrior whom Paalua knew not. "I go with you, my love," whispered the maiden; and, while they descended to the plain, she told him of her father's designs, and of the fierce rival to whom she had been promised in marriage. The faithful lovers then hurried to the shore; and, as the lingering twilight faded over the mountains, they embarked in Paalua's own canoe, and sailed away over the foaming sea to the distant island of Kauai. There dwelt Kawelu with Paalua, and, when death bore their spirits to the lands ruled by Milu and Akea, their bodies were changed into birds—bright, beautiful birds—which still hover round the streams and water-falls where of old they had been wont to linger in life and love.

THE LION AND THE MOUNTAIN.

In the still hour of summer's morn,
  I stood beside my cottage door—
A glorious day had just been born,—
  Could it have aught of ill in store?

Through that summer morn's dim haze,
  Stealing from earth the sun's clear light,
I looked with earnest, restless gaze
  Out on the world I thought so bright.

Shapes ill-defined and spectres dim
  About me rose, and silent stood—
Old castle-towers and warriors grim,
  Wrapped in that summer mist's gray hoo

Toward the south I turned my eyes,
  When lo! across the out-stretched plain,
A Lion of majestic size
  And rugged form, in silence lain!

With head half raised and back well curved
  Defiant looked that lion-king,—
And from his neck that ne'er had served,
  A bristling mane did fiercely fling.

Monarch, he lay! undaunted, stern,
  In very silence striking awe;
Nor e'er his monster head did turn,
  But mien majestic always bore.

And now the noon-day sun appeared,
  Scattering afar the morning haze,
And all the shapes and spectres weird
  Fled before his chasing rays.

Fled the sentry warriors stern,
  Fled the castles grey and old;
Naught was left but tree and fern,
  Unshapely crags and mountains bold.

Where late the sullen Lion lay
  With dauntless look and bristling mane,
Now, lighted by the sun's clear ray,
  A mountain stretched across the plain.

O mountain bald! that lion vast
  Thy rugged heights had shown to me;
In thy rough slopes and crags upcast
  His monster form I seemed to see.

Thy towering firs, in grandeur swayed
  By restless winds that ever blow,
Along thy sharp-drawn ridge arrayed,
  Had served his bristling mane to show.

Thus we stand at dawn of life,
  Flushed with hope, and strong in will,
And look upon the endless strife
  With grief and sin and every ill.

But we do not see aright,
  For a mist hangs over all,
And the sun of Truth's clear light
  On the conflict does not fall.

In this mist, the shapes of ill
  Seem to meet us warrior-like,
And our hearts with courage swell
  As we nerve the arm to strike.

Giant Evil, stern and world-old,
  In a lion's guise appears;
Forth we march, our young hearts bold,
  To vanquish him in spite of fears.

But when life's glad summer morn
  Has ripened into noonday light,
The overhanging mist is gone,
  And truer forms break on our sight.

With the mist the ills have fled
  That late as warriors round us stood;
But real shapes rise in their stead
  Perpetual barriers to all good.

Evil that once we thought to face
  And vanquish in some glorious fight,
No more assumes a lion's grace,
  But mountain-high withstands the right.

O Mountain Bald! we climb thy slope
  And stand upon thy summit high,—
But, Mount of Evil! who can hope
  To reach thy summit ere he die?

ART AMONG US.

I ONCE met with a naturalist who made the study of Botany his speciality. He was an indefatigable collector, and had gathered several thousand specimens, preserving them with great care. They were all accurately named and classified. He had written papers on the various species of some genus of unpronounceable name; had investigated the medicinal properties of nutritive plants, and altogether was regarded by his associates as a learned man. I happened to call on him one day just as he had returned from a mountain walk, laden with the rich spoils of a laborious search. His flora unstrapped, he eagerly displayed to me his treasures. There were rhododendrons, and columbines, and violets, and anemones, and all the rich offerings of a bounteous spring. I stood before them in delight. "What a brilliant pink!" I exclaimed, lifting the rhododendron from the rest. "That's the *rhododendron maximum*," he said, "it will do for exchange with Prof. ———. I have one already in my herbarium." Proud of his collection, he took from its place a large portfolio, and opening it, showed me what he called the counterpart of the flower I had just been admiring. There it lay with all its beauty pressed out, withered, skeleton, colorless! I placed it beside the freshly plucked flower. My friend did not appear to notice the contrast. I directed his attention to it. "Yes," said he, "when I first began to make collections, I was pleased with the different hues and the exquisite arrangement of the leaves, but I very soon lost sight of any such minor considerations in view of the systematic classification of my different specimens." A close attention to the science of Botany had made him well acquainted with the laws of the vegetable kingdom, and had finally developed his faculty of observation and generalization, but his æsthetic nature was withered.

My friend is simply the type of a class. In this College of ours the class is numbered by excluding—there are few who do not belong to it. The education which they seek and which is afforded them, is the dried

specimen; a walk in the open air of nature would show them the living, glorious flower. What I ask is, that we should not press the life out of the flower, and hold up the result as the only good which can be offered.

The value of art as an element of education is acknowledged, but seldom reduced to practical working. How is it possible that we should so have lost sight of its power? Chiefly because of the wrong conception which we have formed of its mission—a conception naturally resulting from our limited acquaintance with it. We have little in this country of the *thing* art; but the name has been wrested from its proper signification, and fastened for the most part on upholstery work. Hence, art has been regarded as nothing more than an expensive luxury; its sole object the adorning of rich men's houses; and its educative influence, if any be allowed it, is confined to the very narrow limit of cultivating a fashionable taste. Others, making a step in advance, regard its mission to be merely the securing of a polish of refinement upon a substantial education. Thus in our educational courses wherever it has been introduced, it has held the place of an expensive ornament; and so in all catalogues of Young Ladies' Institutes, painting is set down among the ornamental branches. While it occupies this position in education it will fail of working out its proper results; but only acknowledge its rightful sphere, and we then shall begin to reap a rich harvest of mental and moral good.

For the proper place of art in education is not supplementary to what are called the solid branches. So long as there are faculties of our nature which are capable, when developed, of ministering to the happiness and virtue of the individual, we are bound to consider them and give them full opportunity for obtaining their ends. That what is called the æsthetic part of our nature is capable of being educated as well as the mental, moral or physical, none will deny. That it is thus educated who will assert? Only when thus cared for can its full power of usefulness be seen and felt. The emotions which possess the soul of a susceptible nature, when gazing upon a truly religious representation on the canvass, are of no ordinary character, and rightly directed have that tendency to elevate and purify which it were wrong to disregard. If art in the hands of men who abuse its means and turn it aside from its proper channel is so disastrous a corrupter of morals, what good may we not expect from those manifestations of art which emanate from religious natures?

I will not inquire into the exact proportion of attention which should be bestowed on art as an element of education, but, assuming that its present position is insufficient for the full exercise of its influence, shall

endeavor to show how it may be made more conspicuous and have a wider field of usefulness. Neither do I desire to discuss the value of professorships or lectureship on art, nor to insist that text-book instruction upon the subject should be incorporated in a course of collegiate education. That is a step which is the final one to be taken, and not at all initiatory. To pursue such a course would be as foolish as to educate a naturalist in a city library, and allow him no flowers to analyze, no butterflies to examine, nor minerals to handle. The first step, surely, must be to surround ourselves with examples that shall draw out our æsthetic faculties—to familiarize ourselves with shapes and colors of truth and beauty.

And here I am met with the remark—that such examples are already about us—that no color can equal the flush of the sunset sky, or the hues of the autumn leaf—that no forms can equal in beauty the graceful forest trees or rough mountain crags. True; and a right study of our mountain scenery and natural beauty, would do more to cultivate the æsthetic nature than all the galleries of art in Europe. But nature is not so studied here; we hardly lift our eyes to look upon the glories of God's universe, and seem contented, even in the joy of an opening spring, to bask in the warm sunshine, and enjoy rather the animal pleasures of indolence and sleep, than fill our mind and senses with the wonderful representations of beauty and grace. It is because the study of art will lead us to appreciate and enjoy nature more, that I would urge attention to it. Indeed, the influence is reciprocal, and although sometimes disproportionately large on one side or the other, yet still leading the student of the one better to love and appreciate the other. This is no degrading mission of art. The art which will lead us to nature is ennobling and spiritual.

The first step then would be to surround ourselves with examples of noble art, in painting, in sculpture and in architecture. In painting. Let us begin at the student's room. He is necessarily confined here for the most part to engravings; yet these, unsatisfactory as they are in comparison with original works, have no mean influence. If he would only use this influence as it might be used, he would take an important step in his education. It is unfortunate that we have no opportunities here for obtaining good engravings. The only articles offered for sale are a few simpering female faces in French Lithography; a photograph of "The Florida Expedition," and steel engravings of officers of the College. These, with a sprinkling of photographs of recent graduates, make up the collection met with in a student's room. The collection is occasionally

varied by "Williamstown taken from Stone Hill," or desultory views of college buildings taken from other situations, and equally uncomplimentary. Here and there you shall find a good line engraving, but very seldom in the same room with most of the above.

In the rooms of a few students—may they never be blessed with engravings of their own—a diligent reader of the Library books will find tacked upon the walls, some of those frontispieces, vignettes and illustrations, which he has never been able to discover in their proper places. Some students leave examples of their art in the books which they draw from the libraries. Others, so far from adding to the illustrations of the books, take away even those which they have.

These pictures, redolent with the smoke of generations, and disfigured with the fly-specks of a long series of years, are looked upon with little interest and hold no place in the affections. Their purpose is to variegate what would otherwise be a dull expanse of oak paper, and to furnish subjects for comment and scandal. Most of their owners grudge them the luxury of frame and glass, leaving them to exposure to the dust, smoke and flies. Indeed, it is encouraging to think that the owners do care so little for them—so little in fact, that the senior at commencement, is sure to look about for some grateful survivor upon whom to bestow his sadly begrimed beauties; and so they continue to be handed down from one generation to another, fulfilling their mission of being perpetual disfigurators of college walls.

I wish that the influence of such pictures were merely negative; but I fear that it is not so, and that they have a tendency to lower the standard not of taste only, but of morality. The possessor of a college room thus adorned, receives both direct and indirect evil. By a certain class of the collection described, suggestions are imparted which corrupt his nature, and by almost all the nicety of his discriminating faculties, is blunted, and, unable to discern between the beautiful and the gross, he gradually loses in part his power to discern between the true and the false, between right and wrong. Indirectly they injure him by affording no restraining power to wean him to quiet reflection and the cultivation of scholarly habits. On the other hand, consider the elevating tendency of good art. Suppose the student in his room to be surrounded with his books and good pictures. He will enter his room each time with pleasurable emotions. The articles of taste always about him, will creep into a quiet corner of his heart, and form a strong influence to guard him from the corruption of low and sensual enjoyment. When freed from

the labors of the day, he sits listlessly in his arm chair, his eye will have only objects of taste on which to rest—purer thoughts and emotions will be suggested to his mind, and his heart will be refined by immediate contact with excellency and virtue. When he leaves College walls, the choicest treasures which he carries away will be his pictures, and in after life he will find memories associated with them that will bless him with a joy that knows no cessation but constant increase. And this is no ideal state of things. The consciousness of a single individual who has exposed himself to such an influence, testifies to its truth. Neither is it a thing which is impossible of general realization. A movement in this direction among a few only, would awaken to a sense of its value the mass of College students. If a tithe of the money which is squandered here on abuses of appetite, were applied to such a purpose, our College rooms would be centres of refinement.

But much as the student in his own room may do toward cultivating a love for art and enjoying its blessings, he is yet debarred from the highest good which can be gained from such an influence. For he is obliged to rest contented with engravings, and cannot have the opportunity to stand face to face with the living works of artists and read on the canvass the great conceptions of its author. The warm life of the picture is lost in its passage through the engraver's hand—not wholly lost, it is true, else we never could feel a spark of enthusiasm or emotion when witnessing it, but yet so chilled and repressed that the most of its eloquence is gone. These examples of art, if he is to enjoy them at all, must be procured for him, and placed within his reach by others. The agency for this may be twofold.

It may be that of the Institution. In his philosophical studies, the collegian may possess some of the simplest of all apparatus for illustration, may furnish himself with prisms and horse-shoe magnets, but he must depend upon the college for the electrical machine and air-pump. Not more necessary for studies in Philosophy and Natural History are the apparatus and cabinet, than is a gallery of paintings for a proper study of art; and if, as I truly think, the study of art is a necessary element of education, such a gallery is owing to the student, (so far as the college owes him anything) as fairly in kind, though not perhaps in degree, as the illustration for natural science and history. Such a gallery is not made up of five or six oil portraits of former Presidents or Vice Presidents of the College. These are interesting as historical remembrancers and valuable as such works always are; but what we want is a

good collection of paintings which shall furnish food for thought, and give lessons in refinement.

Or the agency may be that of a body of students. It is this agency alone which can be exerted in college; and having that in view, I repeat we want a gallery of paintings. Very true, you say, it is what we want, but we have no Aladdin's Lamp, or wishing cap of Fortunatus, by which we may will into existence such a gallery and appropriate room or building. It is well that we have not; we value very little what we procure without any difficulty. But if we really desire such a gallery, and if it be what we need as well as desire, we are starting on right grounds, and our faith is small indeed if we cannot anticipate some realization of our desires. Of course, folded hands and dull inactivity will do no good. It certainly is useless to sigh for such a result, for sighing will never bring it; but it is not useless to put forth an active, resolute effort.

What form should this agency take? Let it be an association of students, having for its object the cultivation of art among us. It should seek first to collect engravings from the best masters, photographs of architectural works and of statuary, and a library of treatises on art. Its members should have the control of the institution whose doors should be open to all members of College. It should exclude all that is worthless, reject nothing good. It should seek this first, and go on step by step to the collection of paintings and statuary. It should give a place to such designs and productions of its own members as are regarded worthy a place in its hall. It should present to the alumni an opportunity for the encouragement of art in their Alma Mater, and serve as a nucleus, around which would be gathered and from which sent forth, a noble art influence. It should be an ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF ART in Williams College. Such a society is more loudly called for than any here existing. The demands of a literary and scientific society are in a measure supplied by the exercises and instruction of the College; but there is no provision made for the wants of the art-student—no galleries of paintings—no accessible engravings—no statuary—no architecture. There is no instruction beyond eight recitations in Elements of Criticism, of which not more than one-eighth is devoted to art, strictly speaking; and the department of art-criticism and history in our libraries is very meagre. It would be a society which would call into action the latent artisic power in college, elevate the standard of taste, and present the means of gratifying a desire, which, if uncared for, will turn to other and lower objects.

If there be any so incredulous as to regard such a project as utterly impossible, I would ask them to visit with me, in memory, a room in S. C. on a Wednesday afternoon some three years since. I should not wish them to be members of the society there gathered; they might serve to damp the prevailing ardor; but let them be quiet listeners. The President of the Society sits in a faded rocking-chair, while a few plain chairs accommodate the whole force of individual members. The meeting opens; the secretary reads his report, and the society listens to a few papers on various scientific subjects. "There is opportunity for any miscellaneous business," says the president. A member arises and presents to this emaciated association—almost the laughing-stock of the college, and altogether the pity of wise-acres—a proposal for endeavoring to secure a building for the better preservation of their specimens, then going to ruin in the adjacent room. The proposal is not received with derision; the presumptuous society unanimously adopts it, and appoints a committee to carry it into effect.—Very likely my friends whom I have invited to attend that meeting, would have been the first to have scoffed at the idea; how very much the result exceeded the hopes of the society, is evident to all who will compare the circular then prepared with the actual state of things at the present time. Who shall despise the day of small things? Who shall say that the object which I have set before the readers of the Quarterly, is any more chimerical than the one proposed in the circular of that once forlorn Society—the Lyceum of Natural History? a society whose energy and working power were not exhausted in that undertaking, but were applied with equal vigor to the successful accomplishment of another project—the Expedition to Florida. They had for a foundation what we can have as well—a desire—a need—enthusiasm—effectual energy.

But pictures constitute but one of the three usual divisions of the Fine Arts. Of the other two, sculpture need not be considered separately. The same considerations which would lead us to gather a collection of paintings, would induce us also to fill our niches with those conceptions of the artist that are embodied in stone; beside, sculpture is so incorporated with architecture, that in considering the latter we must of necessity include the former.

What is the present and what the right relation which architecture bears to our wants? What its existing relation is all can see for themselves. A few oblong or octagonal buildings serve for dormitories and lecture-rooms, and for holding cabinets and libraries. There is no

pretension to beauty, and no end sought but the simplest adaptation to our bodily wants. In fact we have at present no architecture. We should make no distinction between that and building, if we designated the different colleges as examples of any architectural style. They are not examples of any style at all; they are simply convenient buildings. I need not dwell long upon the second question I have asked. It would be impossible in this place to enter into a discussion respecting the power of architecture to give lessons in taste or morality. Such a field is too broad to enter upon, and embraces too many questions of principle and fact to admit of its discussion in a magazine article. If any are incredulous in regard to its possessing such a power, I can only ask them to read the masterly exposition of it in Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture"—a book which is one of the noblest gifts that this age has made to humanity; for it lays down principles of art-criticism based on morality, exposes the corrupting tendency of degraded art, and leads the enquiring mind to look upon the relations which, in its pure character, it bears to truth and virtue. Granting then that architecture possesses, in common with painting, an educative power, we have this means also given as which we can use and profit by. The work of employing it is a slow one, because it is hard for us to get rid of the idea of utility being the only good and the only beauty; but I firmly believe that not many decades will pass before a higher class of buildings will stand upon these grounds, the work of a school of American architects, who shall go to Nature for their teacher, and do her bidding truly as did the masters of the age of reverence and faith.

If there is to be any advancement in the study of art, any accepting of its teachings, any new step toward a right development of its powers, what fitter place for such a work than our College? The influences of an undisturbed nature are here waiting for our recognition; the spirit of true religion and morality pervades the atmosphere; the experience of long centuries is written for our perusal; the seclusion of academic walks is ours to enjoy; no better place could be chosen for self-improvement and the cultivation of right principles. From this place, then, forever ennobled by glorious names, surrounded by all that is good and lovely, I would that there might go forth an art-influence, made reverential by association with religion, humble and trusting by intercourse with nature, and well-grounded upon the foundation of learning, which, never losing sight of its proper sphere, should go on increasing in power, and enriching with abundant blessings a common humanity.

THE DARK DAY.

NEVER since, have I felt half of the awe and wonder which used to creep over me, when in imaginative childhood, I listened with rapt attention to the stories of "*The Dark Day.*"

Those stories seemed to shake my belief in the uniformity of nature, and I always approached the old arm chair, where tradition in the shape of my grand-mother used to sit out the long winter evenings, with a peculiar reverence, when about to request a repetition of those strange narrations. Afterwards I have crept away to bed, and had such speculations, and dreamed such dreams, as the clanking chains of night-walking ghosts never inspired. These awful stories dealt largely in the effects of the darkness, but were entirely free from speculations in regard to its cause. The effects, however, aside from all tradition were truly remarkable. Probably no other event ever spread such universal terror and consternation throughout New England as did this. In the morning, men had gone as usual about their business, but before noon the increasing gloom of that ominous twilight had caused all usual occupation to cease. The student shut his books; the mechanic laid aside his tools; the farmer led his wondering horses home from the plough; and the children, holding each other's hands, walked tremblingly back from the early closed school.

After an hour had passed, and the sun became invisible, and the gloom grew more fearful, men began to ask each other, "Why?" No one could answer. Science was dumb, or spoke only to a few, and speculation could only prate. Another hour, and another, passed. The conviction began to force itself upon the minds of men, that the fiat of the Almighty, when He said—"*Let there be light,*" had been reversed; that they for the last time had beheld the sun; that it was forever blotted out; that the bond of attraction had been broken, and that the earth was a wandering star,

to which was reserved the blackness of darkness forever. To them Byron's dream was indeed not all a dream—

> "The bright sun *was* extinguished, and the stars
> *Did* wander darkling in the eternal space,
> Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
> Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air."

There were thousands who would scarcely have started to have heard the blast of the last trump, so sure were they that the day of judgment was at hand. They remembered that once before since chaos, the sun had refused to give his light—when there was darkness "over all the land from the sixth hour until the ninth hour," and thought that surely this could be nothing less than that great and notable day, when the Son of Man was to "come again in the clouds of heaven."

Many who had never prayed before, lifted up their souls in the agony of despair.

> "And men forgot their passions in the dread
> Of this their desolation: and all hearts
> Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light."

We can scarcely imagine anything more awful than the state of suspense in which, after a day of unremitted blackness, they passed the succeeding night, of which it is said, that its darkness only wanted palpability to render it as extraordinary as that which overspread the land of Egypt in the days of Moses. With what rapturous joy too, must they have welcomed the first grey streaks of morning, and shouted, all hail! to the king of day, whose face they had scarce dared to hope they should ever behold again. After they saw the regular succession of day and night restored, and found that the trump was not sounded, nor the dead raised, they still believed it to have prognosticated some dire event, some judgment for a nation's sins. And not until two years afterwards, were their dismal forebodings lost: then peace restored, and our independence acknowledged, brought in their stead songs of rejoicings and shouts of triumph.

Such is something of the effect which this phenomena produced upon the minds of a majority of the people of New England.

It was mentioned above, that the winter evening stories of this darkness never gave any explanations of its cause. I remember very early instituting inquiries to find out what wiser heads thought about it, but I could never get an answer more satisfactory than the one given to a woman in Boston on the day of the darkness. Much perplexed at the extraordinary

deprivation of light, she asked her minister the cause of it. He replied that he was as much *in the dark about it* as any one. As I learned more and more of the planetary system, and of the mutual relations of its different members, I wondered more; for my favorite theory always was, that some Chinese Joshua told the sun to stand still while he contended with the unholy hosts of the Tartars. This theory I am free to confess was founded solely upon the supposition that the antipodes of contending Israel must have experienced a like season of gloom when the sun stood still "upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon," when "the sun hasted not to go down about a whole day."

I have been so fortunate lately as to find in an old volume of the "Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences," printed in 1783, a reliable account of "The Dark Day."* Having good reason for believing that most persons think that this is one of those strange anomalies for which philosophy fails to give a reason, I venture to present the substance of that account. The author seems fully to have understood the importance of noting and collecting all the circumstances and effects of any new phenomena. Leaving out and condensing a good deal, I shall yet allow him to speak very much for himself.

The *time* of this "very uncommon darkness" was May 19th, 1780. It came on between the hours of 10 and 11, A. M., and continued through the middle of the next night. As to the *manner* of its approach, it seemed to have come on with the clouds from the south-west, the wind being in that direction.

The *degree* of darkness was different in different places, but every where so great that it was impossible to read common print without the light of candles.

"The birds having sung their evening songs, disappeared and became silent; the fowls retired to roost; the cocks were crowing all around, as at break of day; objects could not be distinguished but at a very little distance, and everything bore the appearance and gloom of night."

The *extent* of the darkness seems to be somewhat uncertain. The Professor remarks:

"Our intelligence in this respect is not so particular as I could wish; but from the accounts that have been received, it seems to have extended all over the New England States. It was observed as far east as Fal-

* "An account of a very uncommon darkness in the States of New England, May 19th, 1780. By Samuel Williams, A. M. Hollis, Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy in the University of Cambridge."

mouth. To the westward, we hear of its reaching to the fartherest part of Connecticut and Albany. To the southward, it was observed all along the sea coasts: and to the north as far as our settlements extend. It is probable it extended much beyond these limits in some directions."

For several days preceding the 19th of May, in almost all parts of New England, the atmosphere was observed to be full of smoke and vapor, giving the sun and moon a lurid, red appearance.

"The winds had been variable, but chiefly from the S. W. and N. E. The thermometer from 40° to 55°. The barometer rather high for this part of America—from 29 inches 80, to 30 inches 50." Barometrical observations taken during the continuance of the darkness by Prof. Williams himself at Bradford, and by two other gentlemen at Cambridge, show that the gravity of the atmosphere was gradually decreasing through the whole day—the mercury falling in the one case from 29 inches 81, to 29 inches 65; and in the other from 29 inches 70, to 29 inches 67.

Speaking of the nature and appearance of the vapors in the atmosphere, he says: "Early in the morning the weather was cloudy; the sun was but just visible through the clouds, and appeared of a deep red, as it had for two or three days before. In most places thunder was heard several times in the morning. The clouds soon began to rise from the S. W. with a gentle breeze; and there were several small showers before eight o'clock, and in some places there were showers at other times throughout the day. The water that fell was found to have an uncommon appearance, being thick, dark and sooty. A gentleman who was then at Ipswich, observes that he found the people much surprised with the strange appearance and smell of the rain water which they had saved in tubs. Upon examining the water, I found (says he) a light scum over it, which rubbing between my thumb and finger, I found to be nothing but the black ashes of burnt leaves. The water gave the same strong, sooty smell which we had observed in the air." The same appearance was observed in many other places, and it was very remarkable on the Merrimack river. Large quantities of scum or black ashes were found floating upon the surface of the water that day. "In the night, the wind veered round to the N. E. and drove it towards the south shore. When the tide fell, it lay along the shore at the width of four or five inches. This I found to be the case for five or six miles; and probably it was the case for many more. I examined a considerable quantity of this matter, and in taste, color and smell, it very plainly appeared to be

nothing more than the gentleman observed at Ipswich—the black ashes of burnt leaves, without any sulphurous or other mixtures." * * * *

"The color of objects that day was also worthy of remark. It is mentioned in the observations made by the gentleman here, that the complexion of the clouds was compounded of a faint red, yellow, and brown; and that during the darkness, objects, which commonly appear green, were of the deepest green, verging to blue; and that those which appear white were highly tinged with yellow. Much the same observations were pretty generally made. Almost every object appeared to me to be tinged with yellow rather than with any other color." The motion and situation of these vapors must be briefly noticed. In most places they were observed evidently to descend from the higher parts of the atmosphere towards the surface of the earth, and wherever vapors were seen to arise from the springs in the lowlands, as at Pepperell, it was noticed that after reaching a certain height they spread themselves out and became stationary.—Prof. Williams quotes the following interesting and important statement from one of the gentlemen who observed at Cambridge. "While the darkness continued, the clouds were in quick motion, interrupted, skirted one over another, so as apparently, and I suppose really, to form a considerable number of *strata;* the lower *stratum* of an uniform height as far as visible;—that height conceived to be very small from the small extent of the visible horizon, and from this circumstance observed in the evening. Being in the street, I saw a person with a lighted torch, which occasioned a reflection of a faint red light, similar to a faint Aurora Borealis, at a small height above my head. The height at which the reflection seemed to be made, was not more than from twenty to thirty feet. And it was generally remarked, that the hills might be seen at a distance in some directions, while the intermediate spaces were greatly obscured and darkened." It is mentioned that during the darkness, objects appeared to cast a shadow in every direction.

The extraordinary quantity of vapor with which the atmosphere was charged, is accounted for as follows: "It is well known, that in this part of America, it is customary to make large fires in the woods, for the purpose of clearing the lands in the new settlements. This was the case this spring, in a much greater degree than is common. In the county of York, in the western part of New Hampshire, in the western parts of this State, and in Vermont, uncommonly large and extensive fires had been kept up. The people in the new towns had been employed in clearing up their lands in this way, for two or three weeks before, and some

large and extensive fires had raged in the woods two or three days before they could be extinguished." This smoke, together with those exhalations which are constant and natural, floating in the atmosphere near the surface of the earth, would be sufficient to produce all the phenomena that were observed May 19th, 1780. "Upon the whole," says the account, "it is evident that the atmosphere was charged in a high degree, with vapors; and that these vapors were of different densities, and occupied different heights. By this means the rays of light falling upon them, must have suffered a variety of refractions and reflections, and thereby become weakened, absorbed, or so far reflected, as not to fall upon objects on the earth in the usual manner. And as the different vapors were adapted by their nature, situation, or density, to absorb, or transmit the different kinds of rays, so the colors of objects would appear to be affected by the mixture and prevalency of those rays that were transmitted through so uncommon a medium." Thus, we see, that without supposing, any change in the surface of the sun, or that the earth ceased to revolve, we can account for the renowned tenebrousness of May 19th, 1780.

"Felix qui potuit verum cognosere causas
Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus."

NATURAL HISTORY CATALOGUE

FOR WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

BECAUSE there is no royal road to learning, there is no need of making our way through all the quagmires and thickets that can be found. Most men in looking over their course, see that they have spent much time and strength uselessly. These are commodities that no scientific man can squander. For though men may become wealthy by a lucky turn of fortune's wheel, intellectual riches can only be acquired by constant accumulation. There is in science especially, a work appropriate for youth, which if neglected then, is almost sure to be so much neglected in after life as to prove a serious defect. I refer to the collecting and preparing of specimens. The young man engages in it with eagerness, and it is the only true foundation for his future studies. But in after life there comes the more intellectual taste of "working out" what others have gathered. If late in life we see this long hard road of preliminary labor before us, we become discouraged, or at least must carry with us through life a sense of inferiority, for which we or our teachers are to blame. It should be the student's object to seek and the teacher's object to point out the easiest road in every department of learning. This will not encourage idleness and laziness as is too often supposed, but will encourage even the naturally indolent to work. And those who love to advance can certainly do so as profitably by the straightest road they can take, as they can on a road purposely or ignorantly left rough and crooked to exhaust their patience and strength without profit. But we must have the exercise we are told. The exercise we need, it is true, but can gain it as well strolling through pleasant landscapes and climbing hills that cannot be lowered, as by being tied to a tread mill, or by deserting the king's highway to drive or walk over stumps and stone heaps. That to secure *hard study* the studies must be made *hard*, has become so far a practical maxim that students seem to expect it as a matter of course, and generally find fault if they do not have it. They are not commonly over fond of work, but

that a study should be blind and hard, seems as necessary to keep their consciences quiet as hair cloth and flagellations were to the old monks. This arises from a right principle—a desire to do duty. But the application of the principle is wrong. These remarks are now made in reference to the natural sciences, and they apply to them with special force. Their principles are very simple and easily mastered if presented by themselves, but are almost sure to confuse and discourage if presented with the multitude of objects they embrace. The way must be cleared and the student kept from the difficult places as long as possible, till his strength is such that they shall cease to be so difficult as to discourage. If we would have him labor with good will, he must believe that he sees the whole ground, and that there are no heights which he cannot climb. He may from time to time be shown a few corners that he had not suspected. It will not be long before he will be at home in the new field, and broad views that in the beginning would have discouraged him, now only make him eager for the work. He no longer needs a guide to point out the way or to encourage him.

What can be done? We can simplify our books, simplify our teaching and offer new facilities. There is hardly a book used in our common schools or Colleges, excepting perhaps works on Mathematics, that does not contain too much for a text book. They are neither text books nor books for reference. They are so large that portions are generally omitted, and of the remainder, the student is required to give only the thought. It thus happens by the time the college course is completed, that it is difficult for him to commit and recite accurately even a verse in the Bible. And when these large books are finished, how small a book would contain all the student knows of each study! If he should write out all his available knowledge of each department, it would make a bundle of very small tracts Five or six pages would contain all his Botany, as many more his Chemistry, and one page bristling with interrogations would represent his Zoology. Suppose then, we have for text books those adapted to the time we have to spend—books that contain only what is absolutely necessary for the student to study, till every word is learned. Then as a Manual of Natural History, have a book that describes every object in this town, and have in the cabinet every object described, numbered and labeled. Who does not see that with such a book and such a set of specimens, a student could in one week obtain a better knowledge of our Natural History than our best students obtain in the whole course, excepting the few who give special attention

to the subject? And if such were the facilities, who believes that many students would be found so indolent as not to avail themselves of the advantages? We have no right to believe this, when we see them availing themselves so fully of the advantages now at their command in these studies. The natural history of Williamstown furnishes types enough to secure future progress in almost every department of this study.

If these facilities would make such a change in these studies—make the path so easy, so attractive, so sure to be followed, why have they not been afforded? The tunnel through the Hoosic mountain will facilitate travel, and many will avail themselves of its advantages for examining the geology of the mountain; but it will take time and money to put it through. When it is done, men can walk through it in a day and examine every layer of rock as carefully as the man who spent years in boring it. We need the time and the money to accomplish the work we have indicated. And much more of both than those not conversant with such works have any notion of. It might be supposed that the Natural History of Williamstown was pretty well investigated by this time, but such is not the fact. For this there are several reasons. First, no systematic method has been adopted and carried out to record and keep the observations and discoveries of those who have worked here. If we now attempt to gather them up, we find that some of those who did most are gone;—some have turned aside to other pursuits, and others have nothing to communicate, because they needed when here the very helps which we still need. I cannot show the state of the case better than by giving extracts from two letters received from gentlemen once active students of Natural History here. The first is from a distinguished Professor in one of our New England Colleges. He says: "I have by no means forgotten or lost my interest in my old naturo-historical pursuits, nor shall be likely to do so, so long as flowers blossom and birds sing, and I have eyes and ears to let me enjoy them. And it would especially gratify me if I could furnish any items which would help you in gaining acquaintance with your Fauna at Williamstown. But on looking over the list of our Northern State birds, and trying my best to recall old Williamstown recollections connected with them, I cannot persuade myself that I am able to draw up a list of birds noticed there which would amount to anything at all. I did not while at college, observe or collect with system enough to have any results to state; it was a very straggling and unscholarly set of proceedings I carried on there. All the birds of any rarity, or about whose occurrence at your locality there would be any question, and which

were obtained while I was there, were deposited in the L. N. H. collection. My own most noteworthy contribution, I think, was the Bombycilla garrula, which I shot near the church." Here we have the assertion of one of the most successful students of Natural History ever on this ground, that his proceedings were "*straggling and unscholarly.*" Such men in after life see how they might have worked to much greater advantage. Shall we take means to profit by their experience, or continue to make the same mistakes? The next extract is from a New York political editor, once enthusiastic in the study of Carices, and from whom in college days we received many valuable specimens. "I was appalled," says he, "at the thought of your referring your Botany to me. I have forgotten and abandoned all that I once knew of it. Ask me the varying shades of New York politics, and I will tell you a Hard, Soft, or Hunker; Woolly, Silver Gray, or Sewardite; Hindoo, Jonathan, or Choctaw; bogus or genuine K. N., Barnburner, or Freesoiler, and describe the close resemblances or wide differences to the minutest shade. But Carex No. 77 I shall not know from Carex No. 87, nor could I determine the relative scientific weight of the two Botanists you mention."

We propose now to gather up the fragments—to publish in the Quarterly a catalogue of the objects of Natural History in this town, and we hope also to put in Jackson Hall every specimen mentioned here, properly labeled. Addenda will be published from time to time as they are made. And when the catalogue approaches completeness, we hope some one will have time and money to describe all the objects, so that with the specimens it can become a complete manual for the Natural History of this town. For this purpose we need the assistance of all students who have time and inclination to collect. Every specimen should be checked upon this catalogue, and any specimen found not recorded here, should be entered on a copy kept by the Society, and be deposited in the collection. We need also money to carry out this object. If we would have all our specimens accurately named, especially in the lower order, we must apply to those who make them *specialities.* They ought not to be asked to do such work for nothing. They are overburdened with labor of this kind. We need a thousand dollars worth of books now to enable us to do what we fairly ought among ourselves. To publish such a manual as we have spoken of, would cost more than its sale would amount to in many years; and unfortunately very few are able to work without pay, to say nothing of paying out money to meet expenses of publication. We might mention several other things for which money is needed to carry on the

department of Natural History, but as we do not hold to presenting too many things at once, lest we discourage, we simply say to the friends of the College, that Natural History has been strangely forgotten in the giving of money. Provision is made for only five weeks study of Botany, and three or four weeks each for Mineralogy and Geology; and that so much has been done, is because a large number of students have in these studies taken extra work and taxed themselves. They have been greatly encouraged in their independent work by the munificent donations of Mr. Jackson. They have made good use of their money, and the amount of work they have done is highly honorable to them; but a silent rebuke to the College for doing so little. Shall we have the means of doing more, or announce that Natural History in this College must depend upon the extra labor and voluntary contributions of the students?

NOTE.—In the following Catalogue of Plants, no attempt has been made to enumerate the lower orders of the Cryptogamous series. And in some other orders, especially the compound Flowers and Grasses, many additions may be expected. The Catalogue of the genus Carex was furnished by Rev. Dr. Dewey of Rochester University, whose labors on Carices are well known. Those of this town have received his special attention, as his valuable notes which we hope sometime to publish, show. This genus is given according to Wood's Botany. The other plants according to Gray's Manual, Ed., 1848. They are taken in the order they occur in that book without annexing the name of the original describer as is desirable in a completed Catalogue. The numerals indicate the numbers of the natural orders. The list of shells has been prepared by Mr. S. H. Scudder, and that of Reptiles by Mr. John E. Darby, to both of whom I am much indebted, as also to several others who have assisted me in various ways. Every specimen in the whole catalogue has been examined by myself excepting where the names of other persons are given as authority. Among the plants, I have entered a few that have merely been introduced on College ground, and some found in Pownal, Vt., (marked P.) that may most of them be found within this town. Among the animals and birds, some are mentioned that are only rare visitors. These are not indicated because they are generally such as are known to be rare in every part of the State. The names for the Fauna are those of the Massachusetts or New York State Reports, unless otherwise indicated.

P. A. CHADBOURNE.

FLORA.

Phaencgamous Plants.

1	
Atragene,	Americana.
Clematis,	Virginiana.
Anemone,	nemerosa.
"	cylindrica.
"	Virginiana.
"	Pennsylvanica.
Hepatica,	triloba.
"	acutiloba.
Thalictrum,	anemonoides.
"	dioicum.
"	Cornuti.
Ranunculus,	aquatilis.
"	abortivus.
"	recurvatus.
"	Pennsylvanicus.
"	repens.
"	bulbosus ?
"	acris.
Caltha,	palustris.
Coptis,	trifolia.
Aquilegia,	Canadensis.
Actea,	rubra.
"	alba.
"	alba, (var. rubra.)
5	
Leontice,	thalictroides.
Podophyllum,	peltatum.
6	
Brasenia,	peltata, (P.)
8	
Nuphar,	advena.
9	
Sarracenia,	purpurea.
10	
Argemone,	Mexicana.
Chelidonium,	majus.
Sanguinaria,	Canadensis.
11	
Dicentra,	Cucullaria.
"	Canadensis.
Corydalis,	glauca.
12	
Cardamine,	hirsuta.
Dentaria,	diphylla.
Arabis,	Canadensis.
Barbarea,	vulgaris.
Sisymbrium,	officinale.
"	Thalianum ?
Sinapsis,	arvensis.
"	nigra.
Draba,	verna ?
Cochlearia,	Armoracia.
Camelina,	sativa.
Lepidium,	Virginicum.
Capsella,	Bursa-pastoris.
15	
Viola,	rotundifolia.
"	blanda.
"	Selkirkii.
"	sagittata.
"	cucullata.
"	Cucullata, (var. alba.)
"	Canadensis.
"	rostrata.
"	Muhlenbergii.
"	pubescens.
16	
Lechea,	major ?
"	minor ?
17	
Drosera,	rotundifolia.
Parnassia,	Caroliniana.
18	
Hypericum,	perforatum.
"	Corymbosum.
"	mutilum.
"	Canadense.
"	Sarthora ?
20	
Saponaria,	officinalis.
"	officinalis, (double var.)
Silene,	inflata.
"	antirrhina.
"	noctiflora.
Lychnis,	Githago.
Arenaria,	stricta.
"	serpyllifolia.

Stellaria,	medea.
"	longifolia.
"	longipes, (R. H. Ward.)
"	borealis.
Cerastium,	vulgatum.
Anychia,	dichotoma, (P.)
Mullugo,	verticellata.
21	
Portulca,	oleracea.
Claytonia,	Caroliniana.
22	
Abutilon,	Avicennæ.
Malva,	rotundifolia.
23	
Tilia	Americana.
24	
Linum,	Virginianum.
35	
Geranium,	malculatum.
"	Robertianum.
26	
Oxalis,	Acetocella.
"	stricta.
27	
Impatiens	pallida.
"	fulva.
29	
Zanthoxylum,	Americanum.
30	
Rhus,	typhina.
"	glabra.
"	copallina.
"	venenata, (P.)
"	Toxico-dendron.
"	aromatica, (P.)
31	
Acer,	Pennsylvanicum.
"	spicatum.
"	saccharinum.
"	dasycarpum ?
"	rubrum.
32	
Æsculus,	Hippocastanum.
33	
Celastrus,	scandens.
34	
Rhamnus,	catharticus.
Rhamnus,	alnifolius.
Ceanothus,	Americanus.
35	
Vitis,	cordifolia.
"	riparia.
Ampelopsis,	quinquefolia.
36	
Polygala,	sanguinea ?
"	verticillata.
"	Senega, (P.)
37	
Vicia,	Cracca.
Apios,	tuberosa.
Amphicarpa,	monoica.
Desmodium,	nudiflorum, (P.)
"	acuminatum, (P.)
"	rotundifolium, (P.)
"	Canadense.
Lespedeza,	violacea.
Robinia,	Pseudacacia.
"	viscosa.
Trifolium,	arvense
"	pratense.
"	repens.
"	agrarium.
"	procumbens.
Baptisia,	tinctoria, (P.)
Cassia,	Marilandica, (P.)
Gleditschia,	triacanthos.
38	
Prunus,	Americana.
Cerasus,	Pennsylvanica.
"	Virginiana.
"	serotina.
Spiræa,	salicifolia.
Agrimonia,	Eupatoria.
Geum,	Virginianum.
"	strictum.
"	rivale.
Waldsteinia,	fragarioides.
Potentilla,	Norvegica.
"	Canadensis.
"	argentea.
"	fruticosa.
"	tridentata.
Comarum,	palustre.
Fragaria,	Virginiana.

Dalibarda, repens.
Rubus, odoratus.
" triflorus.
" strigosus.
" occidentalis.
" villosus.
" Canadensis.
" hispidus, (P.)
Rosa, lucida.
" rubiginosa.
Cratægus, Oxyacantha.
" coccinea.
" punctata.
" Crus-galli.
Pyrus, arbutifolia.
" Americana.
Amelanchier, Canadensis.

40

Decodon, verticillatum, (P.)

41

Epilobium, angustifolium.
" coloratum.
" palustre.
Œnothera, biennis.
" pumila.
Ludwigia, palustris.
Circæa, Lutetiana.
" alpina.

43

Ribes, Cynosbati.
" hirtellum ? (P.)
" lacustre.
" prostratum.
" Floridum.

45

Sicios, angulatus.
Echinocystis, lobata.
Sedum acre, (Wood's Bot.)
Penthorum, sedoides.

47

Saxifraga, Virginiensis.
" Pennsylvanica.
Mitella, diphylla.
" nuda, (P.)
Tiarella, cordifolia.
Chrysosplenium, Americanum.

48

Hamamelis, Virginica.

49

Hydrocotyle, Americana.
Sanicula, Canadensis.
Heracleum, lanatum, (P.)
Pastinaca, sativa.
Archangelica, atropurpurea.
Zizia, aurea.
Cicuta, maculata.
" bulbifera.
Sium, latifolium.
" lineare.
Cryptotænia, Canadense.
Osmorrhiza, brevistylis.
Conium, maculatum.

50

Aralia, racemosa.
" nudicaulis.
" hispida.
Panax, quinquefolium.
" trifolium.

51

Cornus, alternifolia.
" circinata.
" sericea.
" stolonifera.
" paniculata.
" Florida,
" Canadensis.

52

Linnæa, borealis, (P.)
Lonicera, parviflora
" hirsuta. (P.)
" ciliata.
" oblongifolia.
Diervilla, trifida.
Triosteum, perfoliatum.
Sambucus, Canadensis.
" pubens.
Viburnum, nudum.
" Lentago.
" dentatum.
" acerifolium.
" opulus.
" lantanoides.

53

Galium, Aparine.
" trifidum

Galium,	triflorum.
"	lanceolatum.
Mitchella,	repens.
Hedyotis,	cærulea.
56	
Eupatorium,	purpureum.
"	perfoliatum.
"	aromaticum.
Tussilago,	Farfara.
Seriocarpus,	conyzoides.
Aster,	corymbosus.
"	macrophyllus.
"	patens.
"	laevis.
"	undulatus.
"	cordifolius.
"	multiflorus.
"	miser.
"	simplex ?
"	carneus.
"	puniceus.
"	prenanthoides ?
"	Novæ Angliæ, (2 var.)
"	Acuminatus.
Erigeron,	bellidifolium.
"	Philadelphicum.
"	annuum.
"	strigosum.
Solidago,	squrrosa, (Grey Lock.)
"	bicolor.
"	latifolia.
"	cæsia.
"	Muhlenbergii ?
"	altissima.
"	odora.
"	lanceolata.
Inula,	Helenium.
Ambrosia,	artemisiæfolia.
Xanthium,	strumarium.
Rudbeckia,	triloba.
"	hirta.
Helianthus,	giganteus.
"	divaricatus, (P.)
"	decapetalus.
B[illegible]	frondosa.
	cernua.
Rhamnus,	chrysanthemoides.
	cotula.
Anthemis,	arvensis.
Achillea,	Millefolium.
Lencanthemum,	vulgare.
Tanacetum,	vulgare.
Artemisia,	vulgaris, (P.)
"	Absinthium.
Gnaphalium,	decurrens.
"	polycephalum.
"	uliginosum.
Antennaria,	margaritacea.
"	plantaginifolia.
Ercehthites,	hieracifolia.
Senecio,	aureus.
Cirsium,	lanceolatum.
"	discolor.
"	arvense.
Onopordon,	acanthium.
Lappa.	major.
Cichorium,	Intybus.
Leontodon,	autumnale ?
Hieracium,	Canadense.
"	scabrum.
"	venosum.
"	paniculatum.
Nabulus,	albus.
"	altissimus,
Taraxacum,	Dens-leonis.
Lactuca,	elongata.
Mulgedium,	leucophaeum.
Sonchus,	oleraceus.
"	asper.
57	
Lobelia,	cardinalis ?
"	inflata.
"	spicata.
"	Kalmii, (P.)
58	
Campanula,	rotundifolia.
Specularia,	perfoliata.
59	
Gaylussacia,	resinosa.
Vaccinium,	Oxycoccus.
"	stamineum, (Grey Lock.)
"	Pennsylvanicum.
"	Canadense ?
"	vacillans.
"	corybosum.
Chigones,	hispidula.

Gaultheria,	procumbens.
Epigæa,	repens.
Andromeda,	ligustrina.
"	polifolia, (P.)
"	calyculata, (P.)
Azalea,	nudiflora.
Kalmia,	latifolia.
"	angustifolia.
"	glauca, (P.)
Ledum,	latifolium, (P.)
Pyrola,	rotundifolia.
"	asarifolia.
"	elliptica.
"	chlorantha.
"	secunda.
Moneses,	uniflora.
Chimaphila,	umbellata.
Hypopitys,	lanuginosa.
Monotropa,	uniflora.
60	
Prinos,	verticillatus.
Nemopanthes,	Canadensis, (P.)
62	
Plantago,	major.
"	lanceolata.
64	
Trientalis,	Americana.
Lysimachia,	stricta.
"	quadrifolia.
"	ciliata.
"	lanceolata.
Naumburgia,	thyrsiflora.
66	
Epiphegus,	Virginiana.
Conopholis,	Americana.
Aphyllon,	uniflorum.
69	
Verbascum,	Thapsus.
"	Blattaria.
Linaria,	Canadensis.
"	vulgaris.
"	Elotine.
Scrophularia,	nodosa.
Chelone,	glabra.
Pentstemon,	pubescens.
Mimulus,	ringens.
Veronica,	Anagallis ?
"	Americana.
"	officinalis.
"	serpyllifolia.
"	peregrina.
"	arvensis.
Gerardia,	tenuifolia, (P.)
"	flava.
"	quercifolia.
Pedicularis,	Canadensis.
Melampyrum,	pratense.
70	
Verbena,	hastata.
"	urticifolia.
Phryma,	Leptostachya.
71	
Mentha,	viridis.
"	piperita.
"	Canadensis.
Lycopus,	Virginicus.
"	sinuatus.
Collinsonia,	Canadensis.
Hedeoma,	pulegioides.
Blephilia,	hirsuta.
Monarda,	didyma.
"	fistulosa, (P.)
Nepeta,	Cataria.
"	Glechoma.
Lophanthus,	nepetoides.
"	scrophulariæfolius.
Pycnanthemum,	incanum, (P.)
Clinopodium,	vulgare.
Prunella,	vulgaris.
Scutellaria,	galericulata.
"	lateriflora.
Lamium,	mplexicaule.
Leonurus,	Cardiaca.
Galeopsis,	Tetrahit.
"	Ladanum.
Marrubium,	vulgare.
72	
Echium,	vulgare.
Symphytum,	officinale.
Lithospermum,	officinale.
Echinospermum,	lappula.
Cynoglossum,	officinale.
"	Virginicum, (P.)

	73
Hydrophyllum,	Virginicum.
"	Canadense.
	76
Calystegia,	seprium.
Cuscuta,	Gronovii.
	77
Datura,	Stramonium.
Solanum,	Dulcamara.
	78
Gentiana,	quinqueflora.
"	crinita.
"	Saponaria ?
"	Andrewsii,
Menyanthes,	trifoliata, (P.)
	79
Apocynum,	androsaemifolium.
"	cannabium.
	80
Asclepias,	Cornuti.
"	phytolaccoides ?
"	quadrifolia.
"	incarnata.
"	tuberosa, (P.)
	81
Ligustrum,	vulgare.
Fraxinus,	Americana.
"	sambucifolia.
	82
Asarum,	Canadense.
	83
Chenopodium,	album.
Ambrina,	Botrys, (P.)
"	ambrosioides.
	84
Amaranthus,	albus.
"	hybridus.
	85
Phytolacca,	decandra.
	86
Polygonum,	Pennsylvanicum.
"	Persicaria.
"	Hydropiper.
"	amphibium.
"	aviculare.
"	arifolium.
"	sagittatum.
Polygonum,	convolvulus.
"	clinode.
"	dumetorum.
Fagopyrum,	esculentum.
Rumex,	Hydrolapathum.
"	obtusifolius, (R. H. Ward.)
"	crispus.
"	Acetosella.
	87
Sassafras,	officinale.
Benzoin,	odoriferum.
	88
Dirca,	palustris.
	90
Nyssa,	multiflora.
	91
Comandra,	umbellata.
	93
Ulmus,	Americana.
"	racemosa ?
"	fulva.
	98
Euphorbia,	maculata.
Acalypha,	Virginica.
	100
Juglans,	cinerea.
"	nigra.
Carya,	alba.
"	glabra ?
"	amara.
	101
Quercus,	alba.
"	bicolor.
"	tinctoria.
"	coccinea.
"	rubra.
Castanea,	vesca.
Fagus,	ferruginea.
Corylus,	Americana.
"	rostrata.
Carpinus,	Americana.
Ostrya,	Virginica.
	102
Myrica,	gale ?
Comptonia,	asplenifolia
	103
Betula,	papyracea.
"	excelsa.
"	lenta.

Alnus,		incana.
"		serulata ?
	104	
Salix,		tristis.
"		discolor.
"		alba.
"		nigra.
"		Babylonica.
Populas,		tremuloides.
"		grandidentata.
"		angulata.
"		candicans.
"		dilitata.
	106	
Platanus,		occidentalis.
	107	
Morus,		alba.
Humulus,		Lupulus.
Cannabis,		sativa.
Urtica,		gracilis.
"		dioica.
"		Canadensis.
Pilea,		pumila.
Boehmeria,		cylindrica.
	108	
Pinus,		rigida.
"		strobus.
Abies,		balsamea.
"		Fraseri ?
"		Canadensis.
"		nigra.
Larix,		Americana.
Thuja,		occidentalis.
Juniperus,		Virginiana.
Taxus,		Canadensis.

Endogenous Plants.

	109	
Arum,		triphyllum.
Calla,		palustre.
Symplocarpus,		foetidus.
Acorus,		Calamus.
	110	
Lemna,		minor.
	111	
Typha,		latifolia.
Sparganium,		Americanum.
	112	
Potamogeton,		natans.
	113	
Alisma,		Plantogo.
Sagittaria,		variabilis.
	115	
Liparis,		liliifolia.
"		Loeselii.
Corallorhiza,		multiflora.
Orchis,		spectabilis.
Gymnadenia,		tridentata.
Platanthera,		orbiculata.
"		Hookeri.
"		hyperborea.
"		dilitata.
Platanthera,		psycodes.
"		fimbriata ?
Pogonia,		ophioglossoides.
"		pendula.
"		verticillata.
Calopogon,		pulchellus.
Spiranthes,		latifolia.
"		ceruna.
Goodyera,		repens.
Listera,		cordata, (R. H. Ward.)
Cypripedium,		pubescens.
"		spectabile.
"		acaule.
	118	
Iris,		versicolor.
Sysrinchium,		Bermudiana.
	120	
Smilax,		herbacea.
Trillium,		cernuum.
"		erectum.
"		erythrocarpum.
Medeola,		Virginica.
	121	
Polygonatum,		canaliculatum.
"		pubescens.

Smilacina,	racemosa.	Streptopus,	amplexifolius.
"	stellata.	"	rosens.
"	bifolia.	Veratrum,	viride.
Clintonia,	borealis.	**123**	
Allium,	Canadense ?	Lugula,	pilosa.
"	tricocum.	"	parviflora ?
Lilium,	Philadelphicum.	"	campestris.
"	Canadense.	Juncus,	effusus.
"	superbum ?	"	acuminatus.
Erythronium,	Americanum.	"	nodosus.
122		"	tenuis.
Uvularia,	grandiflora.	"	bufonius.
"	perfoliata.	**124**	
"	sessilifolia.	Pontederia,	cordata ?

Sedges.

128		Scirpus,	lineatus.
Cyperus,	repens.	"	Eriophorum.
Dulichium,	spathaceum.	Eriophorum,	alpinum. (P.)
Eleocharis,	obtusa.	"	Virginicum.
"	tenuis.	"	polystacheon.
Scirpus,	lacustris.	Rhynchospora,	alba.
"	atrovirens.		

(*For the genus Carex, see Wood's Botany*, 1853.)

Carex,	sterilis.	Carex,	scoparia.
"	bromoides.	"	lagopodiodes.
"	cephalophora.	"	staminea.
"	vulpinoidea.	"	tenera.
"	setacea.	"	festucacea.
"	Muhlenbergii.	"	mirabilis.
"	teretiuscula.	"	cristata.
"	rosea.	"	aurea.
"	rosea var.	"	caespitosa.
"	retroflexa.	"	strictior.
"	stipata.	"	stricta.
"	cephaloidea.	"	acuta.
"	sparganoides.	"	aquatilis.
"	disperma.	"	crinita.
"	stellulata.	"	paleacea.
"	scirpoides.	"	polytrichoides.
"	curta.	"	pedunculata.
"	sphærostachya.	"	virescens.
"	Deweyana.	"	hirsuta.
"	trisperma.	"	gracillima.

Carex,	Pennsylvanica.	Carex,	granularis
"	Emmonsii.	"	eburnea.
"	Novæ Angliæ.	"	debilis.
"	umbellata.	"	arctata.
"	vestita.	"	pallescens.
"	pubescens.	"	undulata.
"	flava.	"	miliacea.
"	lepidocarpa, (P.)	"	limosa.
"	tentaculata.	"	hystericina.
"	intumescens.	"	Pseudo-cyperus.
"	folliculata.	"	comosa.
"	lupulina.	"	scabrata.
"	plantaginea.	"	Schwenitzii.
"	anceps.	"	retrorsa.
"	blanda.	"	trichocarpa.
"	conoidea.	"	longirostris.
"	digitalis.	"	lanuginosa.
"	retrocurva.	"	filiformis.
"	Hitchcockiana.	"	lacustris.
"	laxiflora.	"	bullata.

Grasses.

129		Bromus,	secalinus.
Leersia,	orizoides.	"	mollis.
Alopecurus,	pratensis ?	Triticum,	repens.
"	geniculatus.	Elymus,	Virginicus.
Phleum,	pratense.	"	Canadensis.
Agrostris,	scabra.	"	Hystrix.
"	vulgaris.	Aira,	flexuosa.
"	alba.	Danthonia,	spicata.
Muhlenbergia,	glomerata.	Anthoxanthum,	odoratum.
"	Mexicana.	Phalaris,	arundinacea.
"	sylvatica.	Milium,	effusum.
Calamagrostis,	Canadensis.	Panicum,	sanguinale.
Oryzopsis,	melanocarpa.	"	capillare.
Dactylis,	glomerata.	"	latifolium.
Glyceria,	nervata.	"	clandestinum ?
"	aquatica.	"	dichotomum.
Poa,	annua.	"	Crus, galli.
"	pratensis.	Setaria,	glauca.
	compressa.	"	viridis.
Festuca,	duriscula.	Andropogon,	furcatus.
"	pratensis.	"	scoparius.
Bromus,	ciliatus.	Sorgum,	nutans.

Cryptogamous Plants.

	130	Cystopteris,	fragilis.
Equisetum,	arvense.	Woodsia,	obtusa ?
"	sylvaticum.	Dryopteris,	Thelypteris.
"	limosum.	"	Novaboracensis.
"	hyemale.	"	intermedia.
	131	"	dilitata.
Polypodium,	vulgare.	"	cristata.
"	Phegopteris.	"	Goldiana ?
"	hexagonopterum ?	"	marginale.
"	Dryopteris.	Polystichum,	acrostichoides.
Struthiopteris,	Germanica.	Onoclea,	sensibilis.
Pteris,	aquilina,	Osmunda,	spectabilis.
"	atropurpurea, (P.)	"	Claytoniana.
Adiantum,	pedatum.	"	cinnamomea.
Camptosorus,	rhizophyllus	Botrychium,	lunarioides.
Asplenium.	Ruta-muraria, (P.)	"	Virginicum.
"	Trichomanes.		**132**
"	ebeneum.	Lycopodium,	lucidulum.
"	thelypteroides.	"	annotinum.
"	Filex-foemina.	"	dendroideum.
Dicksonia,	punctilobula.	"	clavatum.
Cystopteris,	bulbifera.	"	complanatum.

FAUNA

Quadrupeds.

Vespertilio,	pruinosus.	Mustela,	Martes ?
"	Noveboracensis.	Putorius,	vison.
"	Carolinensis.	"	vulgaris.
Sorex,	brevicaudis.	"	Noveboracensis
Scalops,	Canadensis.	Mephitis,	Americana.
Condylura,	longicandata.	Fiber,	Zibethicus.
"	macroura, (1)	Lepus,	Americanus.
Ursus,	Americanus.	"	Virginianus.
Procyon,	lotor.	Arvicola,	hirsutus.
Vulpes.	fulvus.	"	albo-rufescens, (2)
Lyncus,	borealis ?	"	Emmonsii.
	rufus.	Mus,	musculus.
Mustela,	Canadensis, (Dr. Emmons.)	"	rattus, (Dr. Emmons.)

(1) This is probably the animal marked Scalops Breweri, by Dr. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution.

(2) The A. Albo-rufescens of Emmons, has not been found here so far as we know, since it was described; which indicates that it was an accidental variety.

Mus,	decumanus.	Sciurus,	Hudsonius.
Arctomys,	monax.	"	striatus.
"	monax, (black var.)	Pteromy,	volucella.
Scuirus.	lencotis.	Gerbillus,	Canadensis.
"	vulpinus.	Hystrix,	dorsata.
Albino,	albino.		

Birds.

Falco,	sparverius.	Turdus,	migratorius.
"	columbarius.	"	mustelinus.
"	fulvus.	"	minor.
"	leucocephvlus.	"	Wilsonii, (A. H.)
"	halisetus.	"	aurocapillus.
"	borealis.	Sylvia,	coronata.
"	lineatus.	"	acstiva.
"	peregrinus.	"	maculosa.
Strix,	funerea.	"	Blackburniae.
"	nyctea.	"	icterocephala.
"	asio.	"	castanea.
"	Virginiana.	"	pinus, (A. H.)
Sturnus,	ludovicianus.	"	Canadensis.
Icterus,	Baltimore.	"	trichus, (A. H.)
"	phoeniceus.	"	rubricapilla.
"	pecoris.	Regulus,	calendulus.
"	agripennis.	"	tricolor.
Quiscalus,	versicolor.	Troglodytes,	sædon.
"	ferrugineus.	"	brevirostris.
Corvus,	Americanus.	"	hiemalis.
"	cristatus.	Sialia,	Wilsonii.
Parus,	atricapullus.	Emberiza,	nivalie.
Bombycilla,	Carolinensis.	"	Americana, (A. H.)
"	garrula.	Tanagra,	rubra.
Muscicapa,	tyrannus.	Fringilla,	cyanea.
"	atra.	"	Pennsylvanica.
"	virens.	"	graminea.
"	Acadica.	"	melodia.
"	Minuta.	"	Savanna.
"	ruticilla.	"	hiemalis.
Vireo,	flavifrons, (A. H.)	"	Canadensis.
"	Noveboracensis.	"	socialis.
"	gilvus, (A. Hopkins.)	"	pusilla, (A. H.)
"	olivaceous.	"	palustris.
"	solitarius.	"	tristis.
Turdus,	rufus.	"	pinus, (A. H.)
"	felivox.	"	ilisca

Fringilla,	cardinalis ?	Caprimulgus,	Virginianus.
"	Ludoviciana.	Columba,	Carolinensis.
"	erythropthalma.	"	migratoria.
"	purpurea.	Perdix,	Virginiana.
Coccyzus,	eryopthalmus.	Tetrao,	umbellus.
"	Americanus.	Ardea,	herodias.
Picus,	auratus.	"	minor, (A. H.)
"	pileatus, (J. Darby.)	"	virescens.
"	erythrocephalus.	Totanus,	semipalmatus, (A. H.)
"	varius.	"	chloropygius.
"	villosus:	"	macularius.
"	pubescens.	Scolopax,	Wilsonii ?
"	Canadensis.	Rusticola,	minor.
Sitta,	Carolinensis.	Rallus,	Virginianus, (A. H.)
"	Canadensis.	Podiceps,	cristatus.
Certhia,	varia.	"	rubricollis ?
"	familiaris.	Anser,	Canadensis.
Trochilus,	colubris.	Anas,	obscura, (A. H.)
Alcedo,	alcyon.	"	sponsa.
Hirundo,	purpurea.	"	crecca.
"	Americana.	Fuligula,	clangula.
"	fulva.	"	albeola, (A. H.)
"	riparia.	Mergus,	Merganser.
Cypselus,	pelasgius.	Colymbus,	glacialis.
Caprimulgus,	vociferus.		

REPTILES.

Turtles.

Emys,	guttata.	Emys,	insculpta.
"	picta.	Chelonura,	serpentina.

*Serpents.**

Eutainia,	sirtalis,	Ophibolus,	eximius.
Chlorosoma,	vernalis.	Storeria,	occipito-maculata.
Diadophis,	punctatus.	Nerodia,	sipedon.
Bascanion.	constrictor.	Crotalus,	durissus.
Celuta,	amoena.		

Batrochians.

Rana,	pipiens.	Rana,	sylvatica.
"	fontinalis.	"	horiconensis ?
"	halecina.	Hyla,	versicolor.

*According to Baird and Girard, Catalogue of the Reptiles of the United States.

Bufo,	Americanus	Salamandra,	salmonea.
Salamandra,	erythronota.	"	granulata.
"	dorsalis.	"	bilineata ?
"	coccinea.		

Fishes.

Perca,	flavescens ?	Leuciscus,	cornutus.
Cottus,	viscosus *	"	——— ?
Catastomus,	Bostoniensis.	Esox,	reticulatus.
"	——— ?	Pimelodus,	nebulosus.
Leuciscus,	argenteus.	Salmo,	fontalis. †
"	atronasus.	Murena,	Bostoniensis.
"	atromaculatus.		

Shells.‡

Cyclas,	partumeia.	Helix,	electrina.
"	dubia.	Pupa,	curvidens, (J. E. L.)
Vitrina,	pellucida, (J. E. Long.)	"	contracta.
Helix,	albolabris.	Bulimus,	lubricus, (J. E. L.)
"	alternata.	Succinea,	campestris.
"	monodon.	"	ovalis.
"	cellaria.	"	avara, (J. E. L.)
"	Sayi.	Planorbis,	bicarinatus.
"	tridentata.	"	hirsutus.
"	striatella.	"	deflectus, (J. E. L.)
"	pulchella.	"	parvus.
"	arborea.	Physa,	heterostropha.
"	fuliginosa.	"	elongata.
"	thyroidus.	Limnæa,	desidiosa.

* The Cottus is quite abundant in our cold streams, and offers the characteristics of at least two species as given in the best monograph; but these differences may be the result of age or sex.

Since writing the above, specimens have been submitted to Dr. Jeffries Wyman of Cambridge, who writes: "They have been compared with those in Prof Agassiz's collection, and prove to be the *cottus viscosus*, which is synonymous with C. *gobio* of Ayers, C. *gracilis* of Heckel, and Uranoidea quiescens of De Kay."

† If we have not two species of trout, then the S. fontalis presents a great variety of appearances. Some have been taken in the river weighing four pounds. The Balone fontalis of Dekay is found here This probably is the young of the S. fontalis. It is so regarded by Professor Agassiz. It has none of the red spots of the trout, and the fry of the trout is sometimes found perfectly marked, smaller than the Balone. This, with several of our small species, needs careful study.

‡ Those not found in Gould's Report, are, according to Binney, (Terrestrial Molusks and shells of the United States.)

THE NIEBELUNGENLIED.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 257.

As soon as they have reached the boundaries of Hungary, and spent their first night in tents on that foreign soil, the old Hildebrand, Dietrich's vassal, learns of their arrival, and hastens to announce it to his master Dietrich, with his faithful band, the Wolfskins, mount their steeds and go to meet the strangers. Hagen sees him from a distance, and cries—"rise, noble kings and lords from your seats, yonder comes a royal retinue; they are the swift heroes of the Amalungs, he of Bern is their leader." And the Burgundian Kings rose up before the mighty Theodoric and his band, who now dismount and come to meet them.

"All welcome, Gunther, Gernot and Giselher, welcome Hagen, Folker and Dankwart; know you not that Kriemhild weeps bitterly yet for the hero of the land of the *Niebelungs?*" "She may," answers Hagen in grim, insolent defiance, "she may weep as long as she will; *he* has lain dead many a year; she may cling to her Hungarian husband; Sigfried will never come again, he was buried long ago."

"How Sigfried received his death-wound," replies the Gothic king with earnestness, "we will not further inquire; it is enough, that as long as Frau Kriemhild lives, some great evil is imminent. Do you Hagen, especially, guard yourself from it." And in secret conversation with the Burgundian kings, Dietrich says more definitely, that he, although he knows of no settled plan of vengeance, yet knows this much, that every morning Etzel's wife raises loud complaints to the great God in Heaven for the murdered life of the valiant Sigfried.

"It cannot be helped," answers Folker, the bold and joyful minstrel, "let us journey on to Etzel's court, and await what shall befall us among the Huns."

And now the news of the arrival of the Burgundian host is carried to the camp and court of the Hungarian king; Etzel and Kreimhild go to the window to see them enter; then appear in the distance the well

known Burgundian escutcheons and eagle helmets. "Those are my relatives," cries Kriemhild, "he who will now look tamely on, let him think of my injury."

The Huns crowd around in order to see pass the terrible Hagen of Tronei, who had slain Sigfried of the Netherlands, the mightiest of heroes, Frau Kriemhild's first husband. He rides upon a lofty steed, that dark-browed, fear-inspiring hero, great of person, and flashing his dark angry eye on the spectators far and near, strong as iron in his breast and shoulders, his hair mingled with gray, and the lines of his face dark and stern. He dismounts and steps up to Dietrich, who here also bids him welcome.

Then Etzel [Attila] asks from the window, "who is that mighty hero who stands yonder near Dietrich?" And an old Burgundian, who had come into the country with Kriemhild, answers: "It is he of Tronei. Aldrian was his father, he seems very gentle now with Dietrich, but he is a man of grimest courage." And the king remembers the times long past when Aldrian too, had been at his court, and Hagen and Walter of Wasichenstein, had practised with him, himself then a youth, joyous knightly exercises. Bloodiest reality was now to take the place of those joyful, youthful sports.

The crowd of inferior nobility with the servants, were lodged in a vineyard and put under the care and commands of Dankwart; the higher nobility go with the kings to the court of Attila's palace. In the crowd in the inner court of the castle, Hagen finds Folker, and in the conviction that everything is now hastening to a bloody end, those two boldest heroes of the Burgundian host knit together the death-alliance; before one of the buildings of the palace they sit down upon a stone bench, while the Huns stand around looking at the two mighties in astonished but reverent silence. Also Kriemhild sees from her window her mortal enemy sitting there, as it were, in her presence, and she breaks out into angry tears, and to the question of her attendants, what agitates her, she answers by beseeching her faithful vassals to take vengeance for the great sorrow which Hagen had caused her. Sixty men arose in order to slay Hagen and Folker, and at the head of this number Kriemhild herself, encircled by the royal crown, descends into the court to draw from Hagen's own mouth a confession of his murderous deed, as a testimony for her train. "He is so bold and insolent," said she, "he will not deny it, and then whatever may happen to him will result from his own confession."

Folker draws Hagen's attention to the armed band descending the steps, and the latter cries out, glowing with anger and battle courage, "I know well that all this concerns me alone, yet before *those there*, I could ride back unharmed to Burgundy. But Folker, tell me, will you stand by me in this hot conflict in faithful love, as I shall stand by you?" "So long as I shall live," is Folker's answer; "and though all the heroes of the Huns should attack us alone, I will not go a foot's breath from you." "God reward you, noble Folker—what need I more? Let them come on, those armed minions," said Hagen. And this faithful alliance of friendship between Folker and Hagen, which continues now through the whole coming contest, pours into our hearts a drop of tender reconciliation with the fearful man who would otherwise seem to us almost monstrous.

At this moment Kriemhild steps up to the two men. Folker bethinks himself to rise before the Queen, but Hagen keeps sitting in stern defiance, that no one may suppose that he fears. Yet with this insolent contempt of good manners, he fiercely connects a second, a far more insolent scorn. He lays across his knee, just as Kriemhild comes up, a gleaming sword, on whose jeweled hilt an emerald, greener than the grass, shone forth. *It was Sigfried's sword, the famous legendary Balmung.* Kriemhild recognized it at once. There were the golden hangings, the sheath wrought with red, which she had so often seen on Sigfried's side. For six and twenty years her grief had not been so aroused as now. Frightfully was the wound torn open by him who had first given it. Close to the feet of the defiant, still seated hero, Kriemhild steps and offers him friendly greeting. "Who sent after you, Sir Hagen, that you should come hither? You know well what you have done to me." "No one sent after me," answers Hagen, "three kings have been invited hither, they are my masters, I their vassal; where they are there am I." "Yet you know," continues Kriemhild, "why I hate you. You have slain Sigfried, and on that account I have to weep till my dying day." "What's the use of parleying," shouts the grim Hagen, "yes, I Hagen, I slew Sigfried the mighty, because Frau Kriemhild insulted the beautiful Brunhild. Avenge it now he who will; I confess I have done you great injury."

Thus was the war for life and death declared, but it did not immediately begin. The sixty Huns who surround Kriemhild, do not venture to attack the two German heroes who sit there before them; the grim Hagen with Sigfried's sword, and the bold minstrel, Folker, with his

sword-fiddle-bow which lies on the stone bench near him, inspire in them fear and terror. Quietly the two rise up, when they see that no one dares to attack them, and walk with firm step to the royal Hall where their masters are, in order to protect them and stand by them to the death. There in the regal Hall appears Kriemhild shortly after, to greet her brothers aad relations, yet only Giselher, the youngest, receives the shake of the hand and the kiss; and when Hagen marks this, he binds his helmet closer.

Kriemhild inquires next after her treasure, the *Nibelungenhort*, whether they have brought this with them as they ought. "The Nibelungenhort," replies Hagen, "my masters have sunk in the Rhine, where it will remain till the day of doom;" and he adds scornfully, that he has had enough to do to bring his shield, his helmet, his greaves and his sword, from the Rhine hither.

When afterwards Kriemhild, as was usual in friendly visits, asked them to give up their arms, that she might take them into her keeping, Hagen refuses, and Kriemhild knows by this that the Burgundians must have been warned against possible accidents. "Who has done this?" she asks. Then the noble king of the Goths steps firmly and proudly up to her and says: "I am the one, I have warned them; and you will hardly avenge this warning on me." And before the open, keen eye of Dietrich, Kriemhild restrained her lust of vengeance; she went silently out, casting however towards her enemies, looks like the missiles of war.

As soon now as Etzel also had received his guests, they went to their rest; and the horror which had clouded the day, pressed from the youngest of the heroes, the newly betrothed Giselher, an exclamation of grief over their impending death, as he entered into the broad sleeping hall. But Hagen and his sworn companion in life and death, Folker, refuse to sleep, but keep guard before the sleeping hall of their masters. There stand in the deep darkness of the night, and in the still deeper darkness of hastening fate, the two giant forms silently and motionless before the hall. Yet once more Folker seizes his dear lyre, and bids its clear tones resound out into the night. It was a Farewell to Life, which he played in calm, sweet notes. It was the requiem of the kings and the nobles, the requiem of the Burgundian race, yet was it the joyful requiem of stern heroes who keep their love for battle, their courage and their *good faith* till the very end.

During the night a band of Huns endeavor to surprise the sleepers. Hagen's terrible voice frightens them back. They retire when they find

they are observed. The next day when the knightly games, the tournaments are held, the flame of battle threatens to break out again, when Folker takes the game in earnest and slays a Hun. But Etzel, with a strong hand prevents the outbreak of hostilities.

Once more Kriemhild attempts to gain, at first the old Hildebrand, and then Dietrich, to avenge her on Hagen; but both decline to fulfill her urgent request: who slays the Nibelungs says Hildebrand, must do it without me; and Dietrich reminds Kriemheld that her relatives had come in good faith, that he himself had experienced no injury from them, and that Sigfried must remain unavenged by his hand.

Then at last by great promises, Kriemhild gains Blodel, her husband's brother, to attack the inferior vassals lodged in the vineyard, under the command of Dankwart. The surprise was to take place immediately, and in the meanwhile, Kriemhild goes quietly to the feast already prepared in the hall, where the kings and their nearest companions were already collected. Thither she orders her attendants to bring also her young son Ortlieb, now fifteen years old, and to introduce him to his uncles, and to commend him to their love, and also to their future educating care in Burgundy. But the untameable Hagen breaks out in the boundless spite which he bears to the mother: "Let not the young king expect long life; one will certainly never see me pay court to Ortlieb." Etzel hears with astonishment, all present hear with astonishment the bold defiance of Hagen, but before they can reflect and conclude what is best to be done, the long threatening storm bursts out in its first terrible bolt.

While the lords are still at table, Blodel, Prince of the Huns, according to agreement, goes down to the vineyard with an armed band, and announces to Dankwart that he shall take vengeance on *him, Hagen's brother*, for the murder of Sigfried. As an answer, Dankwart strikes off his head by a single stroke of his sword. The band of the slain Blodel press now on the Burgundian vassals; these defend themselves, and a fearful fight takes place, until greater hosts of Huns come on, by whom the Burgundians are slain one by one; only Dankwart cuts his way through with the loss of his shield; hastens to the royal hall, pushes back the sentinels who guard the entrance, and reaches the inner door.

Covered with blood, his naked sword in his hand, Dankwart shouts into the hall with a powerful voice: "Why sit you here, brother Hagen? I summon you and God in Heaven in our extremity; knights and vassals together lie slain in the vineyard."

"Guard the door, Dankwart, that no one escape from here," cries out

Hagen, and instantly springs up in fiercest wrath: "now will we drink to Memory and pour out the King's wine,"* and the drawn sword gleams in his sinewy hand: one stroke, and the head of the innocent Ortlieb falls into his mother's lap; a second, and the tutor of the lad lies at Hagen's feet; a third strikes off from the minstrel Werbel, who had invited the Burgundians to Hungary, his right hand from the wrist; *this* for bearing such a message. Enraged rises Folker also, then Gunther, Gernot and at last Giselher, and united they attack the Huns who are present, to take vengeance on them for their vassals slain in the vineyard. One after another falls in his blood, and the hall is covered with corpses. Folker takes his stand with Dankwart at the door in order to help him withstand the assaults of the Huns without, who are pressing for entrance. "The hands of two heroes," shouts he to Hagen, "lock this door firmer than a thousand bolts."

In the wild tumult of the fight, Kriemhild calls in terror to Dietrich for protection, and the King of the Goths, who was not ready to be the instrument of grim vengeance, is quickly ready to fulfill the duty he owes to a lady, a Queen, the wife of his host and protector. Dietrich raises his powerful voice to a far-resounding call which echoes through the whole castle like the trumpet of battle: the noise of weapons ceases an instant, and Dietrich demands peace for himself and his men, as having no share in the quarrel; he demands to withdraw. Gunther answers that he has to do only with his enemies, those who have slain his vassals, all others can go; and Etzel with Kriemhild, Rudiger, Dietrich's men and Dietrich himself leave the hall. They are scarcely gone when the battle begins anew, and soon all the vassals of Etzel are slain. The Burgundians in the hall throw the bodies down the steps before the door.

Then Hagen steps proudly to the door and mocks the gray Etzel for having withdrawn from the fight, and not like *his* masters been the foremost in it; he mocks Kriemhild for having married the second time; and Folker too joins his scorning word—greater cowards than the Huns he had never seen. Then Kriemhild promises to fill Etzel's shield with gold for whoever will slay Hagen and bring his head to her.

The first who attempts to press into the hall and to fight with Hagen, is the noble *Iring*, Margrave of Denmark. He hurls his lance at Hagen,

* According to an old heathen custom, at the end of the feast, a goblet was emptied in memory of the dead; so now this feast is concluded with a memorial draught to Sigfried; but the drink was blood, and swords were the goblet: the *King's wine* was royal blood.

and then seizes his sword, and the inner courts of the palace resound with the blows which fall on helm and shield; but Iring cannot conquer Hagen, and so by a spring he falls on Folker, then on Gunther, then on Gernot, and at last on Giselher; the latter strikes the wearied warrior to the earth; but he rises again, rushes anew on Hagen, and this time gives him a deep wound with his sword *Waske.* Enraged by the wound, Hagen now falls with the whole strength of his giant powers on the Dane, and drives him down the steps with mighty blows, causing the red sparks to fly from his helmet. Kriemhild herself takes his shield, while he repairs his helm and cools the metal rings of his mail in the evening wind. Then he arms anew and plunges again upon Hagen; again the castle echoes with the sword strokes, and like red flames fly the sparks from helm and shield, when a thrust from Hagen pierces through the shield and helm of the Dane; and while the latter confused by the wound, ceases his strokes, Hagen hurls a spear through his head. The hero sinks to the earth, and when they draw out the spear, he dies. His companions surround him with loud lamentations, and then in a body storm the hall to avenge him on Hagen; but in vain; not only the knights are slain on the steps by the fierce Burgundians, but their leaders also fall, Irnfrid, of Thuringia, by Folker's, and Hawart by Hagen's hand.

Evening draws on over the hideous strife, night puts a period to the bloody tumult, and a dull silence follows the wild confusion; only the trickling of blood is heard, which in little rills drops through the crevices from the hall down into the court. The tired warriors in the hall lay aside their shields and unbind their helms. Only Hagan and Folker remain armed to protect their masters. Wearied by the hot, murderous strife, which had lasted from noon into the night, and certain of their doom, these prefer a speedy death to the long battle and death struggle which must come. They demand a parley, and request to be allowed to come out on the plain, and, beset by the whole hostile host, to find in a wild, murderous battle, a speedy, heroic, glorious death.

But Kriemhild is afraid the victim of her vengeance may escape her, and she denies the request. Then the love of young life speaks out once more in Giselher, the youngest of Kriemhild's brothers, who was still a boy when Sigfried was slain. "Ah! beautiful sister," he addresses her, "did I expect to see this great woe when thou didst invite me from the Rhine hither? How have I deserved death in a foreign land? I was always faithful to thee, and never did thee wrong; I hoped to find thee gentle and kind to me; let me die *at once*, if I must die."

Then Kriemhild desires, for the plea of her brother touches her heart that they should surrender Hagen alone. "As for you, you shall live, for you are my brothers, and children of one mother." "We die with Hagen," cries Gernot, "even were there a thousand of us of one family." "We will die with Hagen, since we must die," cries Giselher, "we will keep faith with our vassals even in death."

After this vain attempt to get possession of the murderer and speedily cool her vengeance in his blood, the rage of the unhappy Kriemhild flames up anew; she orders fire to be set to the hall, and soon the red waves of flame, fanned by the wind to a conflagration, stream high up into the night heavens. Smoke and heat, and the brands falling from the roof down into the hall, torment the confined heroes almost to death, raging thirst increases the unspeakable pain, and in despair, when Hagen hears their loud complaints of the unendurable thirst, he counsels them to slake it in blood. This fearful counsel is followed; the dead must with their blood quicken the living for the last conflict. Thicker and thicker fall the smoking ruins down upon the warriors; they place themselves by the stone walls of the hall, and protect themselves by their good shields against the hostile elements as before against hostile men.

At last the short summer night is past; a cool morning wind precedes the rising sun, the wood-work of the hall is burnt out, and amid the smoking ruins the grim warriors stand in the ruddy dawn, ready for the death struggle of their new, their last day. The conflict begins anew, anew with the same .issue. The hall cannot be entered, the corpses of slain Huns cover the steps by hundreds.

Then at length, the king of the Huns turns to his last resource, to his last hope, to the noble Rudiger of Bechlarn. And now the faithful Margrave is made sensible of the oath which he had sworn without suspicion thirteen years before at Worms; he is reminded of his services to his king, for whom he had won in the exercise of his vassal duty to this queen, who now caused them so much sorrow. If he *refuses* his service to his queen, to avenge her by attacking the Burgundians, he breaks his good faith, and his life, which was consecrated to true and faithful service, is exposed to everlasting disgrace. If he *obeys* the summons of his king, who appeals to his vassal faith—of his queen, who appeals to his oath—then he uses treachery, treachery to those whom he has guided hither as friends and companions, to whom he has promised good faith and aid, to whom he has betrothed his daughter, *and then he loses his soul.*

Then follows the bitter struggle of the soul which is to choose, which

must choose between *Faithlessness* and *Treachery*. Then we see a strong, faithful German heart tremble to its inmost core in the agony of *doubt*, and the noble heart breaks long before it receives the death-thrust. The life of the body he offers up as a victim to *good faith* towards his master, he offers on the same altar also his soul. His men arm, and he goes, his shield at his feet, to the door of the hall in order, that he may keep *one* plighted faith, to renounce *the other*, and to summon the Burgundians to a death-struggle with himself. But the last battle is a dreadful one to the heart of the fidelity-loving, faith-keeping hero. Even the friends by whose hand he must fall, remind him of the plighted troth by which he had led them into the land of ruin. Giselher cherishes a last hope that the father of his betrothed will keep his troth to them, and bring them deliverance. Instead of that, Rudiger must announce that he wishes to be free of his promise, and brings not protection and aid, but bloody battle and bloody death.

But the *old faith, the faith of vassals*, must take precedence of the new faith, the *faith of friendship;* the Burgundians knew that well, and therefore with stout heart they discard the faith of friendship to keep *royal faith* with their vassals; with stout heart also Giselher bids farewell to love, which his royal faith demands him to give up forever. But still a token of the now broken friendship is passed between the combatants who were once in alliance; as a death gift, Rudiger passes over his own shield to Hagen, instead of that which Frau Gotelind had given him—and the battle begins. Hagen, Folker and Giselher give back first in the strife, but Gernot hastens his men to their aid, and attacks Rudiger. Rudiger gives Gernot a mortal wound in the head, and the last stroke which Gernot serves with Rudiger's sword is Rudiger's death stroke. Both heroes sink down in death together.

The palaces and towers re-echo with the lamentations over the fallen and glorious Prince Rudiger; so that Dietrich of Bern, who kept at a distance from the conflict, sent a messenger to inquire after the cause of the melancholy cries. When he brings back intelligence of Rudiger's death, deep horror seizes the Gothic King, and he dispatches the old Hildebrand to ask the Burgundians themselves why they had slain Rudiger. Bound to avenge Rudiger's death, and contrary to Dietrich's order, all his vassals of the Gothic stock arm themselves; and when Hildebrand learns from Hagen that the deed is really done, he demands the body of the noble Margrave for funeral rites and burial. Scorn is the answer from the Burgundians, and especially from Folker. Then

the Amalungs, the giant Gothic heroes, seize their swords, and a frightful carnage commences, in which Folker the joyous minstrel lies slain by Hildebrand's mighty hand; in which Giselher and the Gothic Prince Wolfhart give each the other mortal wounds; and Hagen to avenge Folker's death, plunges on Hildebrand with such mighty blows of *Balmung*, Sigfried's sword, as compel him wounded to give way, and to return alone, for all the rest have fallen, to Dietrich. In the royal hall stand solitary, above the corpses of their brothers and companions, Gunther and Hagen.

Then Dietrich goes *alone* to the last battle. The two only remaining Burgundians, Gunther and Hagen, stand solitary and sternly outside the hall. Dietrich summons them to surrender to his lash, but proud and death-defiant Hagen hurls back the summons, he doesn't surrender to a whip till his Nibelungen sword is broken. Dietrich fights with Hagen, gives him a deep wound, seizes him with his giant arms, presses the muscular shoulders together with a lion's grip, binds him and leads him to Kriemhild. A similar combat with Gunther issues similarly. Dietrich recommends to the queen to spare the lives of the men, and sadly departs.

But Kriemhild must drain the cup of vengeance to the very bottom. If Hagen will return to her the Nibelungen treasure, she will spare his life. But the hero of Tronei, though mortally wounded and lying in ignominious bonds, yet preserves his defiance and his faith. "So long as one of my masters is alive, I will not tell you where the treasure is." Then the pitiless sister orders the head of Gunther to be struck off, and carries it to Hagen by the hair And Hagen, he quietly says: "Now is the noble king of the Burgundians dead, and Giselher too, and Gernot. No one now knows of the treasure but God and myself; from you, cruel woman, will it be concealed forever." "Now then," said Kriemhild, "I have the sword of my Sigfried which he wore when I last saw him." She draws it out of the sheath, and Sigfried's sword avenges Sigfried's death by the hand of the bloody queen of the Huns, the once graceful and meek, the once faithful and loving Kriemhild.

Then the old Hildebrand rises in anger, that the mercy which his master had recommended to the queen had been so disregarded, and he avenges Hagen's death on the *woman of vengeance*. With a piteous cry Kriemhild sinks to the earth near the corpse of her mortal enemy, herself a corpse. In sorrow, so the poem concludes, was ended the king's royal feast, as always joy turns to sorrow at last.

LETTER FROM QUIS.

UP IN THE COUNTRY, MAY, 1858.

MR. EDITOR:—The man who, when expostulated with for allowing his wife to beat him, excused himself by saying that it amused her and did not hurt him at all, manifested a philosophy worthy of a better cause; a philosophy which I am inclined to think Quis is exercising tonight, in writing this epistle. For while I anticipate the dolorous complaints of sundry readers, as they find another missive from the "member from Cranberry Centre," I announce the negative virtue in advance, by stating that while this letter will fill up a space in the Quarterly, it will not hurt any one; and therefore, before going to bed, (we *go to bed* in the country, not *retire*,) I will "make a few feeble remarks."

The town clock has just said ten, and my two wax candles are half burned down, and if under these circumstances I can spin a yarn, no small amount of credit is due me.

All the day I have been writing of things which transpired in 1633 and thereabouts, and it is difficult to bridge over the intervening space, and write in the present tense, and if this could be accomplished, it would take me so long to get back again to my work in the morning, that the day would be far spent in useless travel, which I conceive would be a labor which would bring forth but little. Still, if I can pick up the "odds and ends" of ideas and dovetail them together, the result may be worth the trial. I suppose that mental architecture, like material, has its chips and rubbish. In the rounding of corners, and in the reducing of angles, and in the fitting of particular thoughts for particular places, little ideas are knocked off, half formed fancies thrown aside, conceits unduly prominent removed, until the mental chip-basket is filled with refuse lumber, and the original conception is appropriately finished. Whoever works in mental lumber will in course of time accumulate a mass of splintered ideas and shattered fancies, good for nothing but to fill the interstices between great thoughts. So, Mr. Editor, let this letter be the chips and fragments sandwiched between the wise and mighty utterances of your other contributors.

The mental, as well as the physical man, has his dressing gown and slippers, his rocking chair and cheerful room. Throwing off the strait jacket of rigid thought, a comfortable feeling comes over us as we lapse into the robes of easy contemplation, and with feet held out to the warm fires of imagination indulge in reveries of every description. If so be, let thoughts chase each other through the mind, let nonsense play "hide and seek" with reason, let the sounds of sorrow be answered in an echo of pleasure, let the clouds of seriousness cover the sunlight of jollity, or a blaze of glory follow an eclipse of despair; there is pleasure in it all. Mixed thoughts make good mental food, as mixed liquors make good punch. This is true, and therefore if my sermon partakes of the nature of this text, do not be surprised.

Before opening my desk to write, this evening, conversation had been on various literary matters originally suggested by sundry errors in a proof sheet I was correcting. (With this kind of labor, worthy editors, you are, or should be somewhat acquainted.) "Jemima" had been printed "*Jeremiah*," thereby engendering some confusion in the matrimonial relation, and in another place, a church and society, after strenuous exertion, had become possessed of a *horse* instead of a *house*. Many people think that accuracy is possible in printing, but illustrious proof-companions, of even fourth proof, we know better, do we not? This last clause, by the way, is very much like a prayer once made by an old minister in Dover, this State, whose eccentricity was as great as his piety was real. In early life he had given some attention to medicine. One morning in church, he prayed, by request, for a sick man, and in this manner:—"But O Lord, we pray, if it be thy holy will that he may recover, *although we who are acquainted in medical matters know that he cannot!*" And again, this is similar to a sentence in the prayer of a Professor in a college not far west from Williams, commencing:—"*Although it may seem paradoxical unto thee, O Lord, nevertheless, &c.*" Hood's printers, who turned all his roses into noses, and his happiness into pappiness, could not surpass some of the curious errors which I find day by day as I look over the printed sheet.

As conversation ran on, it hit upon authors, and then your humble servant had the pleasure of telling a new anecdote, and he trusts that he dees no harm by letting it see daylight through the Quarterly. Not long after Charles Sumner's return from Europe, I had the good fortune to be one of a quartette dinner table, of which he was also one. In the course of the very agreeable "table talk," Mr. Sumner related an incident of

Thackeray and the "Virginians" which increased the dissatisfaction I had already experienced in attempting to read that story. As Mr. Sumner was driving through Pell Mell (London) in a hansom, he noticed a horseman ahead of him very much resembling Thackeray. "Thackeray, Thackeray," said Mr. Sumner; "Why Sumner, is that you," said the satirist turning in his saddle, "come and dine with me." "I am already engaged for the day," said Mr. Sumner. Thackeray replied, "come then and breakfast with me;" to which the answer was, "I leave London in the morning. But what are you writing now?" Said Thackeray, "That is the very thing I wish to talk about with you, for I fear I shall break down: I am going to take two Virginians, and placing one on the American and one on the English side, make good fellows of them both; but I am not sufficiently acquainted with your history, and wish to ask you questions." They then parted. This is almost exactly as it came from Mr. Sumner, and I must confess, Mr. Editor, that the view thus given of the "*interior life*" of the "Virginians," put me out of conceit with the whole thing. If *he* fears he shall "break down," why may not we fear the same thing? and that he told the truth in confessing ignorance of our history, is plain to all who have read the "Virginians" thus far. Another incident related by Mr. Sumner surprised me still more. While walking with Lord Brougham in his garden, the finest "orator in the English language," as he has been termed, turned to Mr. Sumner and asked. "By the way, Mr. Sumner, when did your Webster die?" Mr. Sumner answered the inquiry, and thinking it a fine opportunity to learn the opinion entertained by him of our great statesmen, continued the conversation by asking Brougham if he had seen the last American edition of Webster's works, and commented somewhat upon the books. Lord Brougham replied that he had not. "Doubtless you have seen the earlier editions," said Mr. Sumner: "No, I have not," said the Lord: "But you are familiar with some of his speeches." "No," was the answer, "*I never read but one, and that was a short speech of five minutes, at a Lord Mayor's dinner.*" Does this seem possible? and does John Bull hold his Brother Jonathan in such supreme contempt?

Now having given you these fresh anecdotes, I consider that the character of the letter is established, and can write the remainder with a light heart, although my two short candles are looking decidedly too short; but the uncertainty of a suitable state of mind in the morning, or rather the certainty of an unsuitable state, induces me to drive my pen a while longer, although my candles "wax worse and worse;" may they only make light of it!

One story always suggests another, and therefore I will note down one relating to John Adams, which has never before met the public eye, and was related to me by an old and intimate friend of the second President.

Near the close of Mr. Adams's life, when he was ninety years old, he went to Stuart, the celebrated painter, and requested him to paint his portrait. "I cannot do it," said Stuart. "But John wants it," replied Mr. Adams. "I can't do it," repeated Stuart; "I have painted you in the vigor of manhood and am satisfied; that picture represents you as you should be handed down to posterity, not as a decrepid old man, an octogenarian." Mr. Adams replied, "I am a nonogenarian now; John has written to me that he wants my portrait painted now, so that he can trace me down to the gates of death, as he has up to middle life." Stuart then turned two canvasses which were facing the wall, with the remark: "Posterity should know you in the prime of life; here are Washington and yourself as you should be known." These were both excellent portraits, and very characteristic; Washington with a sober expression and closed mouth, and Adams smiling with his mouth open. It should here be remarked that Adams was, if the term might be used, garrulous, and in the habit of speaking freely of every one, and had but recently said many severe things concerning Hamilton to Dr. Dana, of Connecticut, who published them during the political campaign. In later life, Mr. Adams was conscious of this fault. After Stuart had turned the canvasses, Adams stood and looked at them, and at last remarked: "Yes, Mr. Stuart, you *are* remarkable for giving the *characters* of those you paint; these are perfect. *Washington like a wise man, kept his mouth shut; Adams like a fool, always had his open.*"

Two cases of curious answers recently came to my knowledge which may amuse you for a moment. The wife of a man who resides at the head of the Avenue was sick and expected soon to die. Her husband, a man of a fast nervous walk, and a remarkably quick manner of lifting his feet, was passing up the street when a friend accosted him with, "How is your wife this morning, Mr. Foster?" Mr. Foster, without stopping his walk bowed, saying, "*Just alive I thank you, Just alive I thank you,*" and continued on at his rapid rate, and for aught I know is walking now. The train of this is as follows: A partner in a large firm in Boston died; call his name Smith. An individual called one morning at the counting-room, and ignorant of his death, asked the survivor, "Is Mr. Smith in?" "No sir, he is not," was the cool reply. "Will he be in this morning?" continued the inquirer. "No sir, I do

not think he will." "Sorry; where can I find him?" "*At Lot No.* —, *Mount Auburn!*"

A thought occurs to me here that perhaps I may be unconsciously repeating something already said in a previous letter, and as my file of Quarterlies is not at hand, the risk must be run, and if it should be found that this epistle contains "twice told tales," you may thoughtfully consider these two points:—that a man has an undoubted right to quote from himself, and again, that some things will bear repetition. When one finds himself in a decided dilemma, it is fortunate to have the ingenuity to furnish reasons. *Ecce signum!* This quoting from one's self is, however, sometimes dangerous, as an item of experience teaches me. Last winter at a literary entertainment I embodied in an article which I read, a part of a paper written for and printed in the Quarterly, and which was partially copied into a newspaper. Judge of my disgust when accused privately of stealing part of my thunder from said newspaper! What can a man say when accused of *stealing from himself*? But all my children (*literary* ones) now have such a strong family resemblance that their father, at least, recognizes them.

I did not finish my epistle last night. My candles "run down" (so did my watch) and disappeared in the candlestick, and were past being brought "up to snuff," and I retreated to my night quarters. This is a genuine May morning, and the air is "flagrant" as Mrs. Partington would say, with the fresh springing grass, the opening leaves, and the pear and apple blossoms which surround the house. Merry birds are singing in all the trees, and some in a brown uniform, or in a uniform brown, are picking comfort under my window. It is too pleasant to remain within doors, and I shall bring my thoughts to a summary close. There is a stereotype way of beginning and ending documents of all kinds, and there are certain phrases which can be appropriately used under all circumstances. I am thinking that I may as well prepare a preface which will answer for any or all future letters, prose or poetry, and thus relieve your readers of the tedium of large front and back doors to my future small literary buildings. For instance, I might begin in the quadruped—icular Long-fellow-nian metre, thus:

Should you ask me my dear fellow,
Why I write this letter to you.
Write to you this bright May morning
This delightful bright May morning,
I should answer, I should tell you,

That my thoughts are turned toward you,
Turned in letter-wise toward you,
That my pen runs in this metre,
That my heart beats to this measure,
And that all around about me,
In the fields and in the meadows,
In the air and in the water,
Looks so bright and joyous to me,
Brings such happiness unto me,
That I wish to write this letter,
Write it in this curious metre,
Metre called the Hiawathic,
Longfellownian four foot metre, &c., &c., &c.

You see that it would be easy to make a preface in this way that would answer for any kind of a letter; or it might be done in a more elaborate manner after this fashion:

E'er since the time of Father Adam,
Or Eve, our much berated Madam,
Eve-entually and for good reason,
So guilty found of fruit-ful tree-son,
And being the cause of man's first fall,
The first eve-dropper of us all;
And since the days of Major Noah,
That ark-angel of days of yore,
When sure there was, as Moses sings,
A mighty tide in human things,
(A tide which Shakspeare says if taken
At flood, will surely save your bacon.
And this assertion is no sham,
As this same flood saved Noah's Ham,)
And ever since the days of Solomon,
Who wrote wise things to make a volum'on,
And flirted with the Queen of Sheba,
Proving himself the same as we be,
And from those days down to the present,
No lauded lord, or pestered peasant,
Has ever lacked a busy pen,
To deduce deeds to after ken;
Yet some have nearly passed their time
Before they found a place in rhyme,
Which proves again that modest worth
Is still o'erlooked on sinful earth,
And thus great deeds *may* go unsung,
The same as rogues oft go unhung,
Who while their lives get an extension,
Are saved the trouble of suspension!

Pollok sang of the "course of time,"
And others sing of time of course,
And things long buried we rehearse,
Speak gravely of the things now dead,
Write eulogistics never read,
Till leaves of manuscript grow sere
And language ailing finds its bier!
Now, therefore, what should hinder me, &c., &c.—

Do you see how easy it is to write prefaces, which contain no ideas, and yet serve admirably to introduce any thing one wishes to say, especially if it be something resembling Yours Truly,

QUIS.

Rain drops
Which are falling all around,
First dancing on the housetops,
Then hiding on the ground;
Little fairy-like musicians
With anything for keys,
Beating tunes upon the windows,
Keeping time among the trees;
And a deeper bass is sounding
When they're dropping into caves,
With a tenor from the zephyr,
And an alto from the waves.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print,
A Book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

WHEN last we went to press the storms of March were howling—*et cetera*.

The reader (if any one is unfashionable enough to read a College article) is requested to "understand" the usual splurge on the weather, the characteristics of the four classes of College, and the undoubted success of the QUARTERLY enterprise.

Having premised this by way of introduction, we proceed to endure an "affectionate parting scene" with our readers, and (D. V.—our Devil permitting) consign the QUARTERLY to abler, though not more willing hands than our own. We see our many faults, and regret them as much as any one can; but appeal, from criticism, to the proverb, "Who does the best—" but the verse is too well known to bear quotation. It is unfortunate that knowledge, like money, is too often acquired after it is too late to apply it to the object for which it was most desired. This is one of the chief difficulties in the publication of the Quarterly. One board of editors spend a year in gaining a part of that experience which they needed to begin with, and then give way to others who shall go through the same course of schooling during the next year; a course which, however profitable it may be to the editors, is not equally profitable to the readers.

Our "feelings" on this momentous occasion, can be better fancied than described,—except in one respect. Pecuniarily, we feel like sympathizing with the good deacon who prayed:—"O Lord! grant me neither riches nor poverty—*especially poverty*!" Knowing, however, that the desire of money is the root of all evil, we have determined to desire it as little as we can, (not as little of it as we can,) like Chaucer's Squier, making a "vertue of necessite."

THE other day, sitting uneasily in our easy-chair, and wishing copy "to the Devil,' we took down a copy of "A True and Faithful Narrative, &c." We meditated, wondered,—wished. Oh! for a similar conjunction now, of the planets! Would that some lecturer might rise and say, "all speculative science is at an end; the period of all things is at hand! on Friday next this world shall be no more." The effect of such an announcement, if believed, cannot be certainly predicted yet, like "the song the Siren's sang, or the name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women," though a puzzling question it is not altogether beyond conjecture.

Of the effect of such an announcement on the "External World," it is unnecessary to speak. Turn we then to College, and consider its probable effect here.

And not the least in importance would be the perfect freedom from that comprehen-

sive class of objects called *bores*. No longer should we hole-wearers,—persons that always come and never go not what else to do, and stay for the same reason—"e prayers and Latin synonymes ("*in pace quiescant!*") themselves by destroying other persons' property and much to do on their own account to continue their fav

While the consternation prevailed, there might poss some of the store keepers and dealers in wood; article obtained by them at a reasonable advance on the u could be rented without paying for two or three rooms house.

For the sake of their feelings, we forbear to mentio which would be made by those who spend a hundred leave unpaid bills of five dollars due to their washerw who have established an "agency" (at the expense, or to supply liquor in lots to suit purchasers. You migh morning and evening prayers, of numbers of persons "calling in" occasionally, being "excused on account

Notices of rewards, offered for the recovery of whe would be replaced by advertisements of "Complete s Inquire at No.——— S. C."

There would be a general meeting of all the borrow purpose of restoring the said books to their delighted belonging to the public libraries, by leaving in them sp out the engravings, or neatly cutting out any extracts vainly attempt to ease their conscience by the most h

Speaking about books,—certain dignitaries, (reve certain dignitaries (we use an indefinite expression, no and this is probably the reason, that being nobody's b to at all; certain dignitaries would come forward w this: "We have had a talent committed to us, and w of employing it that we might give it to our lord with given to us to light all that are in the house, and we h the wind might blow it out if exposed; or rather, w for fear that it might consume itself in its legitimate tic difference between a book that is used up, and o ceive that difference would require a sha per metaphy

"Could distin ish and div
A hair 'twixt South and South west

In the light of this new dispensation we ca n see th dents in the dark: we shall therefore provide a suitab of art, which have been presented long ago f r the use students, having paid their tax for the "use of the lib catalogue in hand, only to learn that the bo s they r proachable regions of outer darkness. No lo ger sh blush unseen, nor the "Museè Francais" was their

And last, but not least, an effect almost inconceivable would be produced. All our delinquent subscribers would throng our sanctum,

> "Each pressing forward in the mighty throng,
> Contending to *pay up*, then making room
> For greater multitudes that were to come."

TRAVELING the other day on a road not a thousand miles from here, we entered a car for a short ride. The car was full, i. e., a part of the seats were full, and the rest were "occupied" by a single person in the middle of each. We had the curiosity to count—thirteen "occupied" seats. Seven or eight gentlemen were standing, or walking up and down the car seeking seats, but finding none. We, of course, approached one of the unapproachables, and glancing at the crinoline that covered a whole car-seat, asked innocently if "that seat was engaged." She succeeded in pouting most bewitchingly as she answered that it was not, and———but no matter about that! When we left the car we were not particularly fatigued; although the rest of the men stood up all the way, enjoying a gorgeous, though rather unsatisfactory display of beauty, and probably meditating on the words of the philosopher: "Be aisy, be aisy, and if you can't be aisy, be as aisy as you can."

We have heard the assertion thoughtlessly made that the "golden rule" was never fully and literally obeyed. We wish to make a single exception to this statement. In forming and expressing our opinions of others we are invariably inclined to judge them by the same standard by which we would have them judge us. Apply this principle in college and out of college; from the candidate for the valedictory who says "He is a very good fellow, *but* he is a poor scholar," to the would-be universal genius who says "He is a very good fellow, *but* he is a regular grub;" from the dashing belle who says "She is a very nice girl, *but* she has no conversational power," to the "substantial" blue-stocking who remarks with becoming gravity "She is a very nice girl, *but* still she is all talk;" and you will see that the golden rule is not without followers although it may be without honor.

THE conversational hobby here just now is (always excepting that persecuted subject, the weather,) the new Chapel. Our apprehensions that it was to be a "castle in the air," have been overthrown by the Chapel rising in the air until it has now attained a height equal to about twice the "stature of a perfect man." The statement that it is as little as possible like any of the other buildings here, is at once the truth, and the greatest compliment we could bestow upon it. We should be glad to stop here: we must however add a *but*. It seems to us that some persons (holding the bag?) are inclined to exercise an economy which is no economy at all. Surely we have had experience enough here of buildings without a cellar, and it can need no argument in 1858 to prove that the best and safest way to warm and ventilate a large building is by having an airy cellar with a large furnace in it, yet no provision seems to be making for such an arrangement. We have even heard it said that some persons (probably out of sympathy with the West-college style of architecture) were in favor of substituting a square tower for the steeple figured in the plan; a proceeding which would seem very much like taking that famous step which is said to lead from the sublime to the ridiculous.

MR. JACKSON of New York City, who in addition to his former liberality has re-

cently donated to the College the sum of twenty thousand dollars to found a professorship of Christian Theology at Williams, had made arrangements to furnish an entertainment to the officers, students and friends of Williams, on the evening of Col. Ephraim Williams' birthday. As, however, that day came within two days of Washington's birthday, (a State holiday,) it was thought suitable to unite the celebration of the two days in a single entertainment. On the evening of Monday, February 22d, the Mansion House was thronged, chiefly by students and "the sex." It would be a useless trouble to attempt to describe the scene which preceded the supper: those who saw it can never forget it; and those who did not could never appreciate it from any description. The entertainment itself was all that liberality could suggest, or care provide.

After this more substantial part of the entertainment had been well discussed, our honored President, who was of course the master of ceremonies, introduced

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul,"

by a short address, made in his usual happy, though unpretending manner. Rev. Calvin Durfee then read a letter from Mr. Jackson, which we are only prevented from publishing by the impossibility of making room for so long a communication; after which toasts were given and replied to by Prof. Phillips, and by White, Buel, Cooper and Longmuir of the Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshmen classes, respectively. At the request of Prof. Perry, who was necessarily absent, Harry Hopkins moved that a committee be appointed to set out a young elm tree to mark the site of Fort Massachusetts, which being removed from sight has become so nearly out of mind that it was with difficulty that a person could be found who could point out the exact position which the Fort occupied. The motion was supported by an appropriate speech, showing the entire suitableness of the proposed monument. A committee was appointed consisting of Prof. Perry, Harry Hopkins, and the first member of each class in alphabetical order. (The tree has since been set out, and is situated about three miles from College.)

Excellent addresses were also made by Prof. Ballard, Dr. Sabin, and Prof. Albert Hopkins.

While our brother editor, who had been nearly sick for several days, was speaking, the air in the room became so oppressive that he fainted. With the presence of mind usually displayed on such occasions, a crowd was instantly formed which made it almost impossible for a well man to breathe. One Sophomore fainted, and a good many more would have made less trouble if they had fainted too. At length our friend recovered sufficiently to leave the room; his temper unruffled (strange!) by the novel proceeding, although his collar was considerably wilted by the hot coffee which had been thrown in his face by some enthusiastic person who had joined in the general endeavor to revive him.

On the whole, the festivities of the evening passed off altogether satisfactorily, and would have contributed (had anything been needed to produce that effect,) to unite more firmly, in the minds of all who were present, the names of Jackson and of Williams.

As it is customary for students to brag of the invitations (real or imaginary) which they have received to join the different Societies of College, we will take this oppor-

tunity to state that we have received a most cordial and flattering letter from the Φ Φ Φ (Philo-flunk Fraternity) which was organized some two years ago. This Society is said to be making extensive arrangements for interesting and appropriate exercises on the 22d and 23d of June. Their invitation is still under consideration.

A SOCIETY has been formed, called the Williams Art Association, on the plan and for the purposes suggested in the article on Art Among Us, p. 333, *antea*. We have seen the constitution which meets our entire approval.

THE game of foot-ball which used to be played between the Sophomores and Freshmen, has lately been superseded by a match game at base-ball. Such a game was played on Saturday, May 29th, and resulted in a decided victory by the Freshmen. The principle fault we have to find with the performance is that about half the time was spent in playing, and the other half in disputing the umpire. In our innocent simplicity, we had always supposed that the business of the umpire was to give judgment, not to stand and dispute half an hour with every player who happened to want to be his own umpire.

Three games were played. The first was won by the Sophomores, both parties playing as if they were half asleep. The two succeeding games were played with spirit and skill, and were both won by the Freshmen (in spite of their poor play as "outers") by their unequaled success in batting and running. The ground was such as to give a decided advantage to the "in" side, a circumstance which gave very considerable "odds" to the Freshmen, who, being better "inners" though poorer "outers" than the Sophomores, knew better how to avail themselves of the advantage.

LAST winter's innovation of late breakfast and later prayers, has become, we suppose, an established institution of College. After a fair trial, we must consider it an unmitigated failure. It must have been intended for either the profit or convenience of the students, but we fail to see how it accomplishes either. A more awkward way of cutting up a student's time could hardly be imagined.

LIKE many other reporters, we had prepared, in advance, a long and interesting account of the Junior Exhibition, which was to have taken place on the 20th of April: we are, however, prevented from publishing it by the unexpected and unfortunate contingency that the said Exhibition was deferred. This (the report, not the Exhibition) would have been of interest to the philosopher as well as to the historian, as it discussed in the most lucid and satisfactory manner, several perplexed questions relating to the social and political economy of College. Should the demand for it be sufficient to justify such an undertaking, this valuable treatise will be published in a short time. To add to the interest of the book, various articles will be contributed by those who are best qualified to speak on the different subjects considered. The following is the proposed Table of Contents:

PHILOSOPHY OF HUMBUGS.

CAP. I. *Exhibitions*, public and private; (modesty forbids us to mention the author of this article.)

CAP. II. *Friendship Before Elections:* or "a friend in need," (of votes!) is "a friend indeed;" by individuals whose name is Legion.

CAP. III. *A Due Regard for the Faculty:* or "Blushing honors" and cringing

servility: long may the latter be the price of the former; by those who want an "Honor," yet fear that a partial Faculty may so far sympathise with their fellow-students as not to appreciate their merit.

CAP. IV. *Truth*—a metaphysical dogma: by those who are obliged to go home (!) on account of the sickness of a friend, and find themselves unable to study or recite for several days after their return to College.

CAP. V. "*Beauty and the Beast*:" or "*Dress* makes the man, the want of it the fellow;" by those who "To *woman* give up what was meant for *man*kind," and think that the chief end of College is to teach tea-table etiquette and the art of dressing well.

CAP. VI. *The Real and the Ideal:* by the mock-schedule committee, assisted by the proprietors of the Gymnasium, Water-works, and Gardening Association, together with the publishers of Catalogues, Laws, and other works of a purely imaginative character.

AN important addition has been made to the Senior class during the past year. It has been suggested that "It is n't *fair*," but the insinuation is beneath our notice. The scholarship of the new members may be inferred from the fact that not one of them has "flunked" or "fizzled," while their X's are literally *numberless*. We would respectfully suggest that it is desirable to have in our "Class Books," the photographs of *all* the members of the class.

IT has been customary for the Quarterly to keep the public informed, from time to time, as to the exact state of the College hydrants. To avoid future anxiety and trouble, we will make the general statement that the Water-works, last summer, were safely put into winter quarters, where they will remain until further notice. Students wishing to use H O are recommended to apply to the Professor of Chemistry in the Academy of Lagado, for the most practicable means of obtaining a supply. Perhaps it could be obtained from what remains of the cucumbers after the sunshine has been extracted!

WE are happy to be able to announce the following persons as our successors as Editors of the QUARTERLY:

EDITORS OF VOL. VI.

S. G. W. BENJAMIN, *Constantinople, Turkey*; J. HUNT BUTLER, JR., *Northampton*; HIRAM M. DICKINSON, *Wilmington, Vt*; S. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, *Owego, N. Y.* EBEN BURT PARSONS, *Pittsfield*.

Their first number will be issued on the first day of August.

The supper given to the retiring board by their successors, was altogether a splendid affair; and if the Table then set was any indication of the quality of the tables which they will set before their readers, we may safely predict a perfect treat to the readers of each number of the Quarterly.

Literary Societies.

THE usual elections of the Literary Societies last term, resulted as follows:

Philotechnian.—R. HALSTED WARD, President; HENRY HERRICK, Vice-President; S. W. CARPENTER, Secretary; HARRY HOPKINS, Senior Editor; JOHN W. VIRGIN, Junior Editor; HARRY HOPKINS, Class Valedictorian.

Philologian.—CURTIS J. LYONS, President; ROBERT E. ADAMS, Vice President; EDWARD P. HUMPHREY, Secretary; CHARLES H. BROWN, Reader; JOSEPH D. BARTLEY, Treasurer; J. P. P. WHITE, Class Valedictorian.

The second Adelphic Union Debate came off in the College Chapel, on Wednesday Evening, March 10, 1858. The representatives of the two Societies were as follows:

Philotechnian.—MARCUS N. PRESTON, Orator; S. W. CARPENTER, J. BUTTS DAVIS, M. L. P. HILL, Debaters.

Philologian.—TIMOTHY M. BROWN, Orator; J. P. P. WHITE, CHARLES H. BISSELL, CHARLES H. BROWN, Debaters.

The debate, on the question "RESOLVED—That the scheme of the Cleveland Emancipation Convention ought to receive the support of the American people," was supported on the affirmative by the 'Logians, and was more than usually interesting. The music was furnished, as usual, by the members of the *Philharmonia.*

The Adelphic Union Exhibition is expected to take place on the evening of June 23d. The appointments are as follows:

PHILOTECHNIANS.		PHILOLOGIANS.
	Debaters:	
GEORGE H. BECKWITH.		CHARLES H. BROWN.
	Poets:	
E. P. WILLARD.		C. H. EVEREST.
	Orators:	
H. B. MCCLELLAN.		E. H. FITCH.
B. F. LEE, JR.		O. P. BUEL.
W. D. DAY.		C. E. K ROYCE.

Valedictorian—ROBET MEECH.

MILLS THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—*Officers*—WM. A. LLOYD, President, E. A. PIERCE, Vice President, J. P. CHAMBERLAIN, Secretary.

COMMENCEMENT, August 4th.—*Marshals for the Class of* 1858.—S. W. CARPENTER, W. F. HOPKINS.

THE Prize Rhetorical Exhibition, *alias* "Moonlight," is to be held on Tuesday evening, August 3d, 1858. The following appointments have been made by the Faculty: *Juniors*—O. P. BUEL, C. E. K. ROYCE, W. W. WILLIAMS. *Sophomores*—S. W. COOPER, JOS. H. KNOX, D. S. PHILLIPS. *Freshmen*—G. LONGMUIR, GEORGE F. MILLS, J. F. SPALDING.

REV. Asa D. Smith is requested not to entertain any serious apprehensions on account of his death, which was reported (by mistake) in the last No. of the Quarterly.

A FINE steel engraving of Prof. Tatlock has been made by Sartain. It can be obtained by mail, post-paid, by sending fifty cents to Robert P. Wilson, Williams College.

THE usual EXCHANGES have been received and made. Among their number we are happy to find a new magazine, "The Collegiate Record, conducted by the students of Western Reserve College." May they find their *easy* chair twice as comfortable as ours has been, and their subscribers three times as punctual in paying their subscriptions.

To Contributors.

FOR the benefit of our successors, we will once more beg that contributions to the Williams Quarterly be handed in at as early a date as possible. There are always

enough good pieces, but unfortunately too many of them come in when it is too late to print them.

We have received this term some poetry,—good, but in too long pieces for our use: also some pieces in a style of sentiment and expression with which we have not been familiar since we roomed in——the nursery! Some good prose pieces, not rejected, have been unavaidably crowded out, and will be handed to the editors of the next Quarterly.

"The Stream of Life" compares a student's life to a mill-stream. We think that the chief similarity is that that "goes through the mill," and so does he! Yet the author takes no notice of so important a resemblance. He can't come in.

A Freshman begins his ode:

"Vacation! 'tis a charming sound,
To every student's ear."

The reason why, he does not give, but we suppose there can be no doubt on that point.

"The Sunny Side of College" is an unworthy treatment of a worthy subject. Much has been published of late which, taken alone, might give a very incorrect idea of College Life. For us it is, perhaps, more profitable to look at the Shady Side, but for those living beyond the sound of the Chapel bell, the case may be very different. If your piece gave even a tolerable view of your subject, we should be glad to print it.

"Stanzas" are rejected, as they come to us without the real name of the author.

Another piece, which shall be "A Deed Without a Name," must have been written by a metaphysical Senior just recovering from a fit of sea-sickness. Here is a fair specimen:

"The wind sighing its penguin-like music among the sail-blocks, sweeping in foaming wrath the dashing surges over the deck of our trusty swan-like ship, faithfully and dauntlessly watched by our experienced captain.

Then it is that the imagination takes wing, and aided by its receptive powers (*sense*) recalls all the horrors of past realities, leaving its agonized victim to brood over his melancholy ways in penitential humility."

A former editor of the Quarterly sends us a printed report of a speech delivered by an A. B., of the class of '57,

"Who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning."

We give a part of one or two of the best sentences:—"It is to a heavenly and not an earthly tribunal, that we are to account for our belief in, and co-operation for that system for whose origination and establishment my grandfather's neighbor, having bid a last adieu to the consorts of his early life, and kissed affectionately the velveted soil of my own sister State, with aching anxiety, from an alien clime, directed with whispering accents, his meandering steps, to spill with an only brother, his last drop of blood, in the jail at Carthage—a system whose intrinsic adaptation to the palmary auxiliaries to eupathy and governmental harmony is as baneful as its potency is marvelous,—&c." "A system whose bellowing cannons once thundered their deafening yells across the Atlantic, to be saturated with cartridges rolled up with that immortal parchment, the constitution of our country." "If we attempt to collate the smoothness of our sociality with the austerity of their engrossments"—&c., &c., *ad indefinitum*.

"O for a *forty parson power*, to chant
Thy praise,——!"

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